HYMNS TRIED & TRUE

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HYMNS TRIED AND TRUE

IS A COLLECTION OF NEW AND OLD HYMNS
SUITABLE FOR EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Compiled and Edited by

D. B. TOWNER

Director of Music, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

PRICES

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FOREWORD

IN compiling this book great care has been exercised in order that the hymns should be in harmony with the teaching of God's Word and Christian experience, and that the music should be inspiring and worshipful, and at the same time singable for the average congregation. While many of the songs are new and are published for the first time in this book, they have been sufficiently tested to prove their merit. It also contains a large number of the more popular hymns of the day, and half a hundred of the very familiar hymns which are desirable in evangelistic and social meetings. It is with an earnest desire to advance the cause of Christ through song that *Hymns Tried and True* is sent forth.

1 Trust and Obey.

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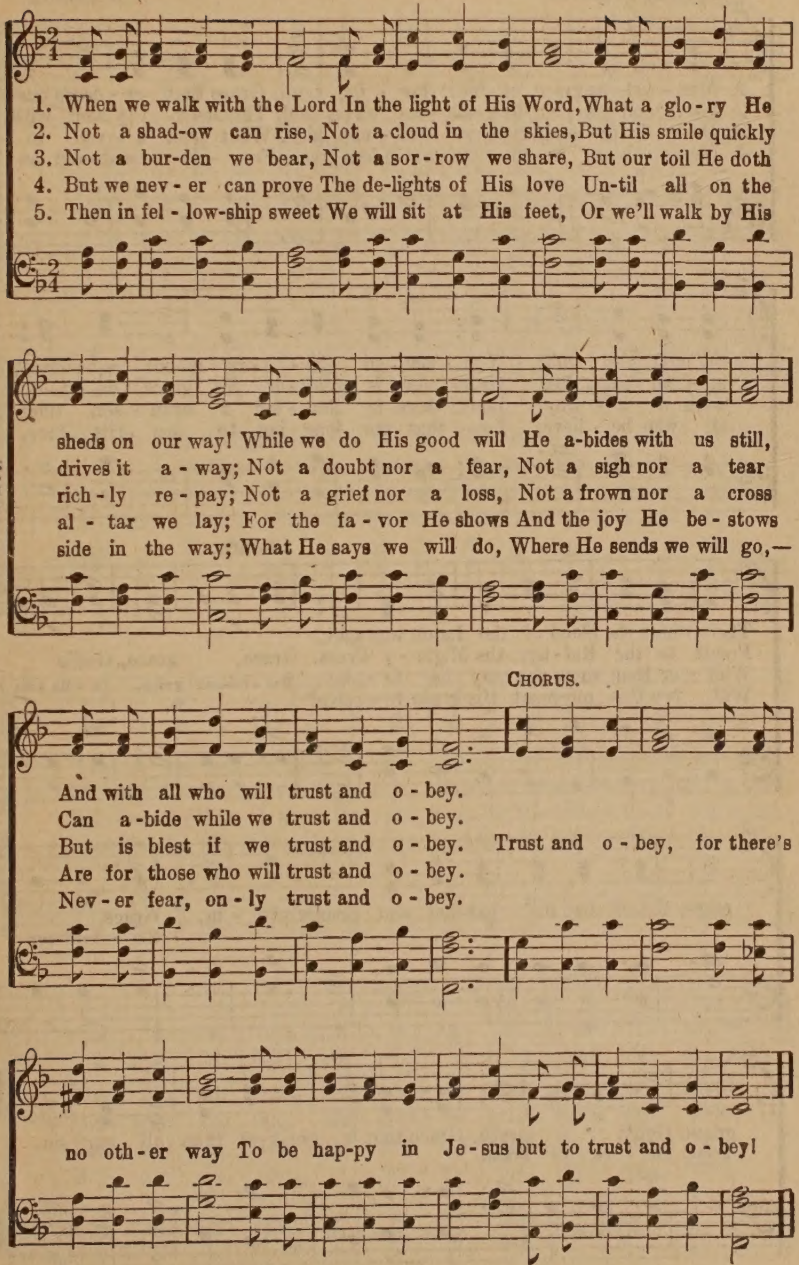
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows And the joy He be-stows
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o-bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
Are for those who will trust and o-bey.
Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus but to trust and o-bey!

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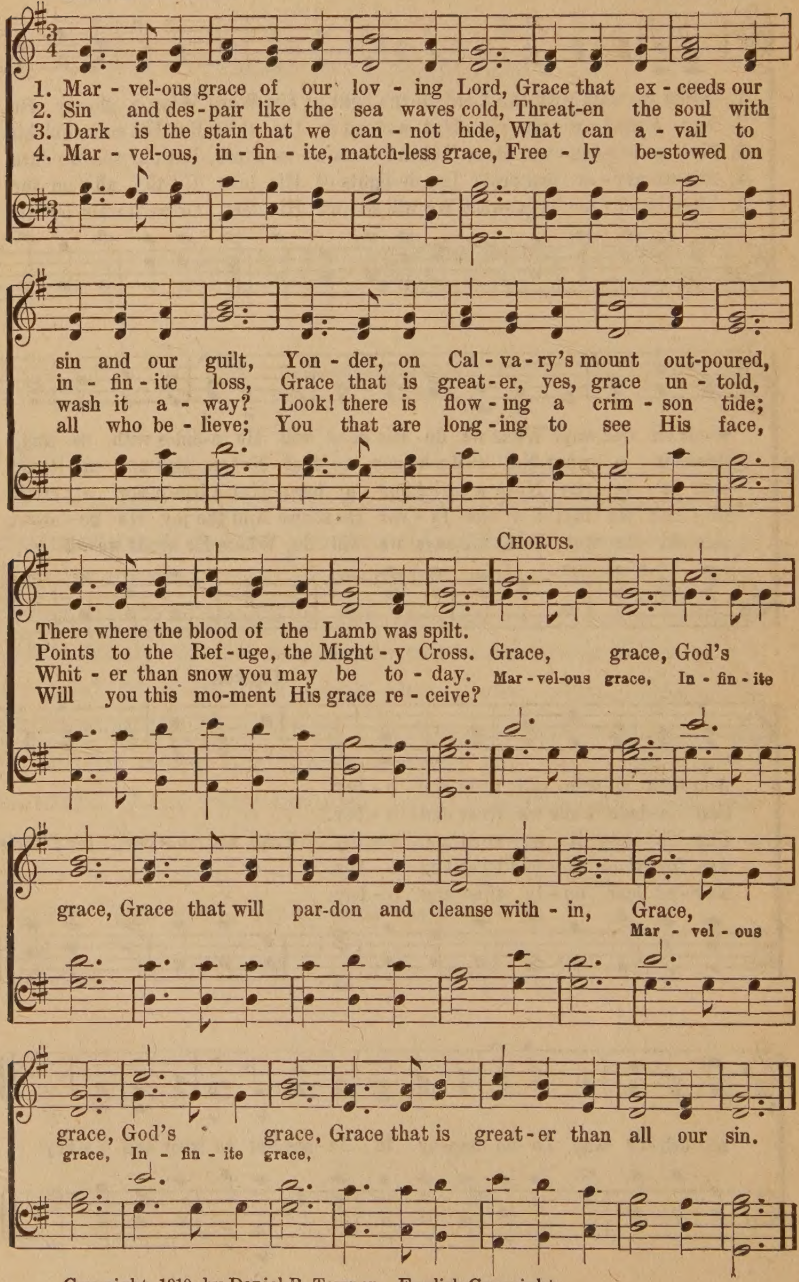
Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Mar - vel-ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Sin and des-pair like the sea waves cold, Threat-en the soul with
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
4. Mar - vel-ous, in - fin - ite, match-less grace, Free - ly be-stowed on
sin and our guilt, Yon - der, on Cal - va - ry's mount out-poured,
in - fin - ite loss, Grace that is great-er, yes, grace un - told,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,
CHORUS.
There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace, God's
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar - vel-ous grace, In - fin - ite
Will you this mo-ment His grace re - ceive?
grace, Grace that will par-don and cleanse with - in, Grace,
Mar - vel - ous
grace, God's grace, Grace that is great-er than all our sin.
grace, In - fin - ite grace,

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Jesus is All the World to Me.

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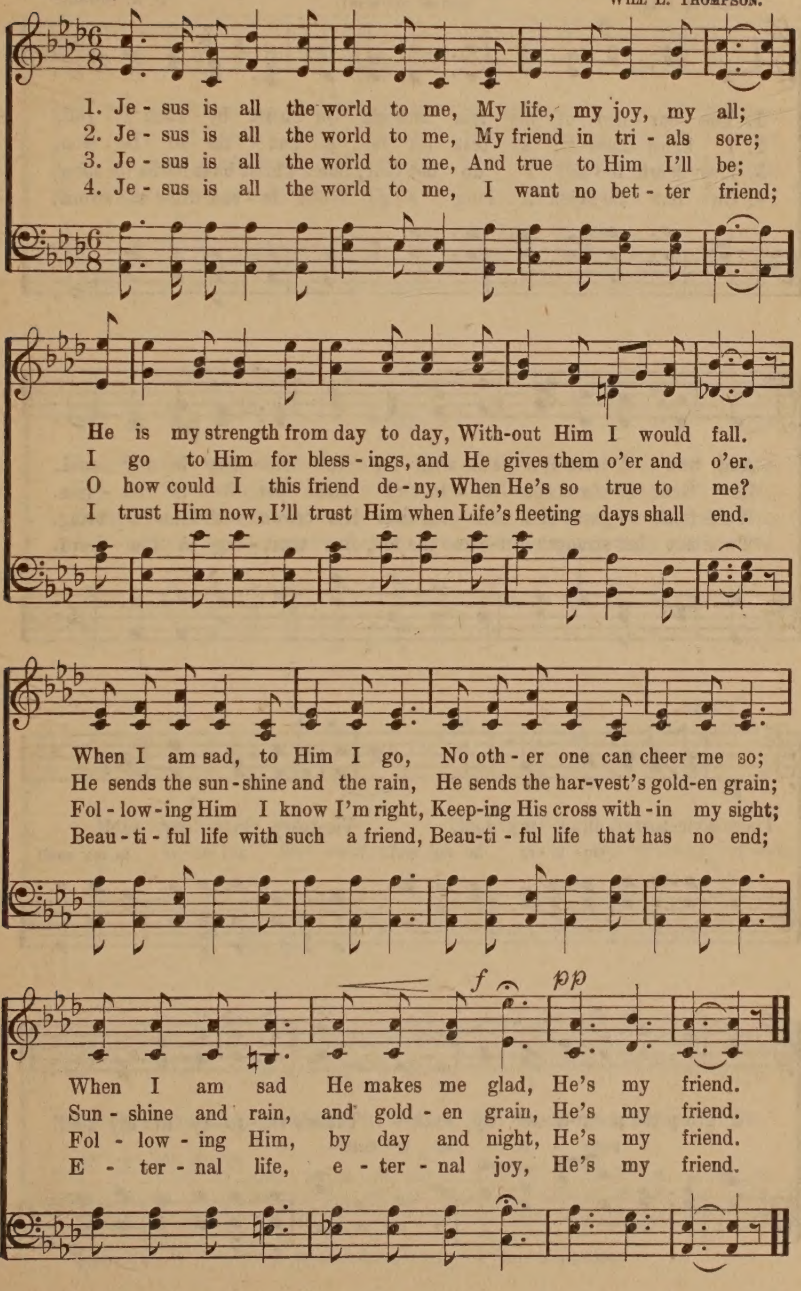
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep-ing His cross with - in my sight;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

There's Victory in My Soul!

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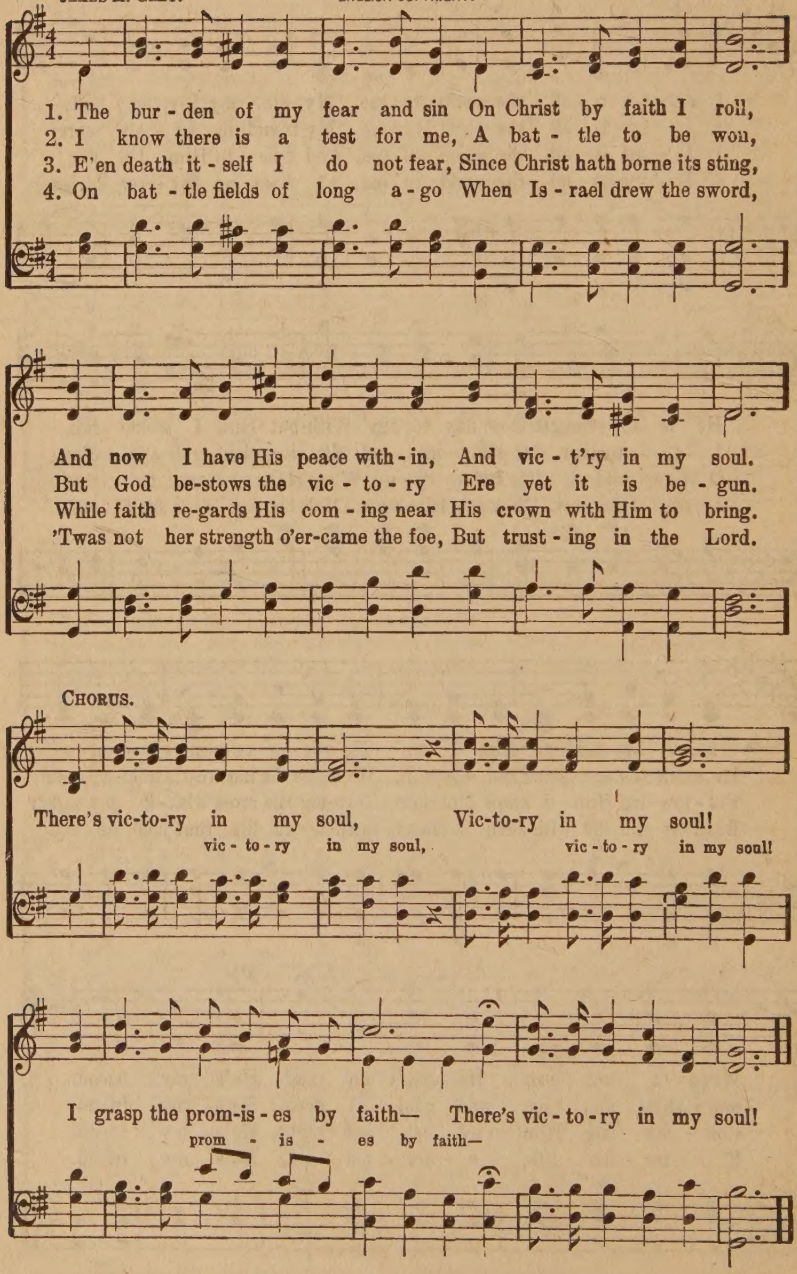
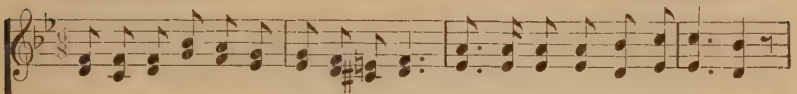
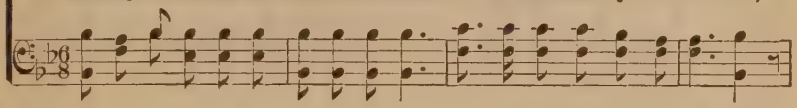
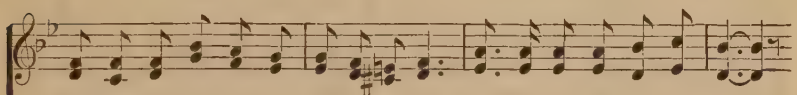
JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

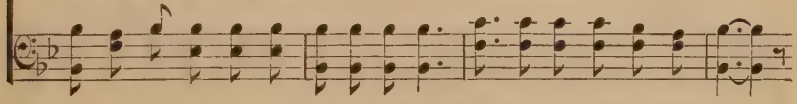

1. The bur - den of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll,
2. I know there is a test for me, A bat - tle to be won,
3. E'en death it - self I do not fear, Since Christ hath borne its sting,
4. On bat - tle fields of long a - go When Is - rael drew the sword,
And now I have His peace with - in, And vic - t'ry in my soul.
But God be-stows the vic - to - ry Ere yet it is be - gun.
While faith re-gards His com - ing near His crown with Him to bring.
'Twas not her strength o'er-came the foe, But trust - ing in the Lord.
CHORUS.
There's vic-to-ry in my soul, Vic-to-ry in my soul!
vic - to - ry in my soul, vic - to - ry in my soul!
I grasp the prom-is - es by faith— There's vic - to - ry in my soul!
prom - is - es by faith—

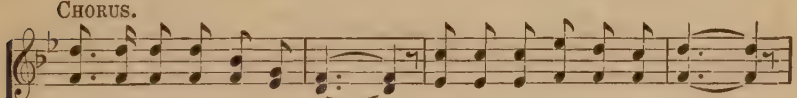
Tell the Sweet Story of Love.

ADA BLENKHORN. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. If you would rescue a soul from its sin, Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus;
2. If you would comfort a sorrowing heart, Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus;
3. If you would kindle love's beautiful flame, Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus;
4. Would you make earth like a heaven below, Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus;

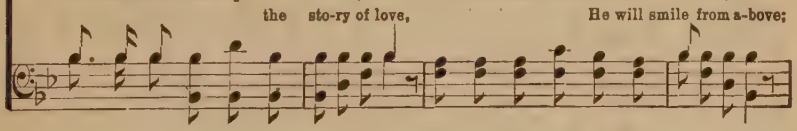




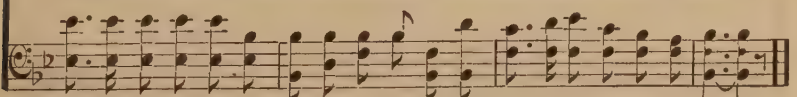
If for God's kingdom a soul you would win, Tell the sweet sto-ry of love.
Joy o-ver-flow-ing His peace will impart, Tell the sweet sto-ry of love.
In darkened hearts that have ne'er heard His name, Tell the sweet story of love.
Lov - ing-ly, gen-tly, wher-ev-er you go, Tell the sweet sto-ry of love.

CHORUS.



Tell the sweet sto-ry of love, Je - sus will smile from a - bove;..
the sto-ry of love, He will smile from a-bove;



Tell the sweet story, the beau-ti-ful sto-ry, The wonderful sto-ry of love.



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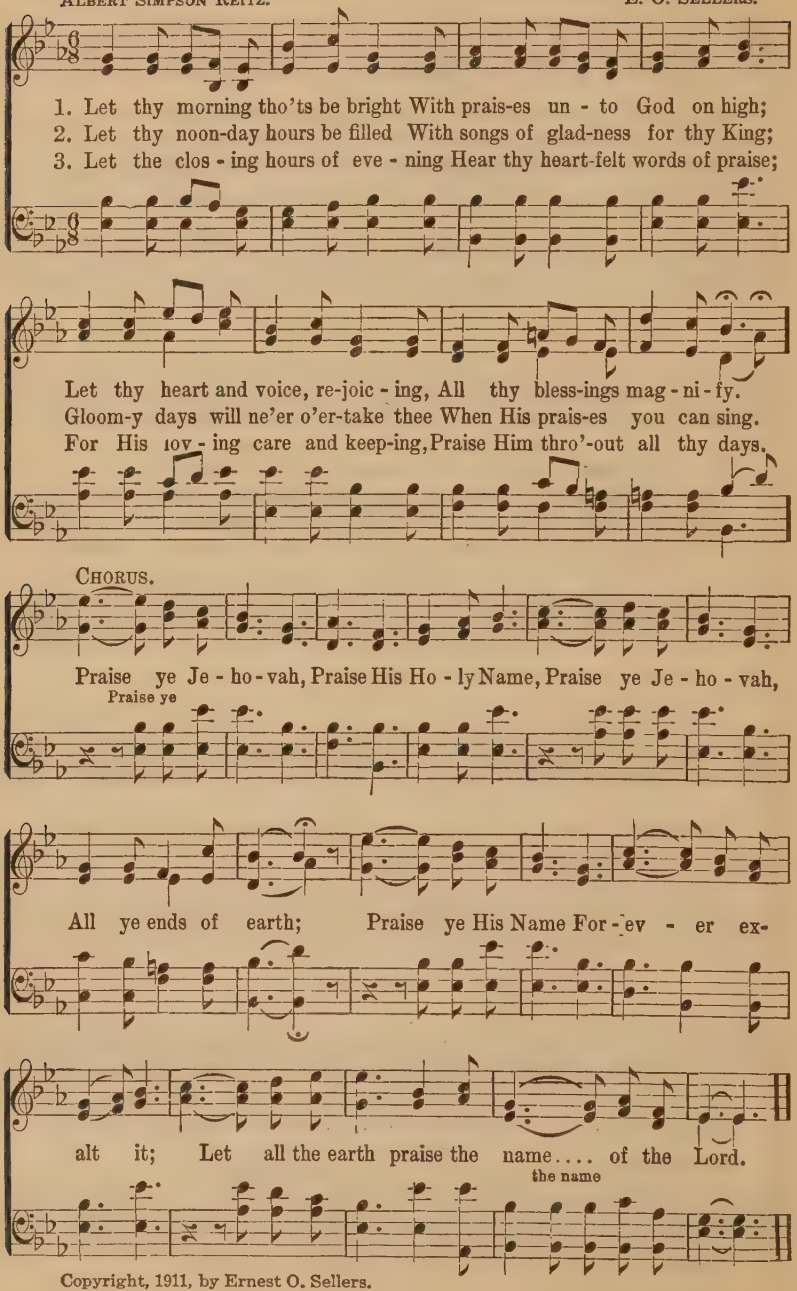
Praise Ye Jehovah.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. E. O. SELLERS.


1. Let thy morning tho'ts be bright With prais-es un - to God on high;
2. Let thy noon-day hours be filled With songs of glad-ness for thy King;
3. Let the clos - ing hours of eve - ning Hear thy heart-felt words of praise;
Let thy heart and voice, re-joic - ing, All thy bless-ings mag - ni - fy.
Gloom-y days will ne'er o'er-take thee When His prais-es you can sing.
For His lov - ing care and keep-ing, Praise Him thro'-out all thy days.
CHORUS.
Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Praise His Ho - ly Name, Praise ye Je - ho - vah,
Praise ye
All ye ends of earth; Praise ye His Name For - ev - er ex-
alt it; Let all the earth praise the name.... of the Lord.
the name

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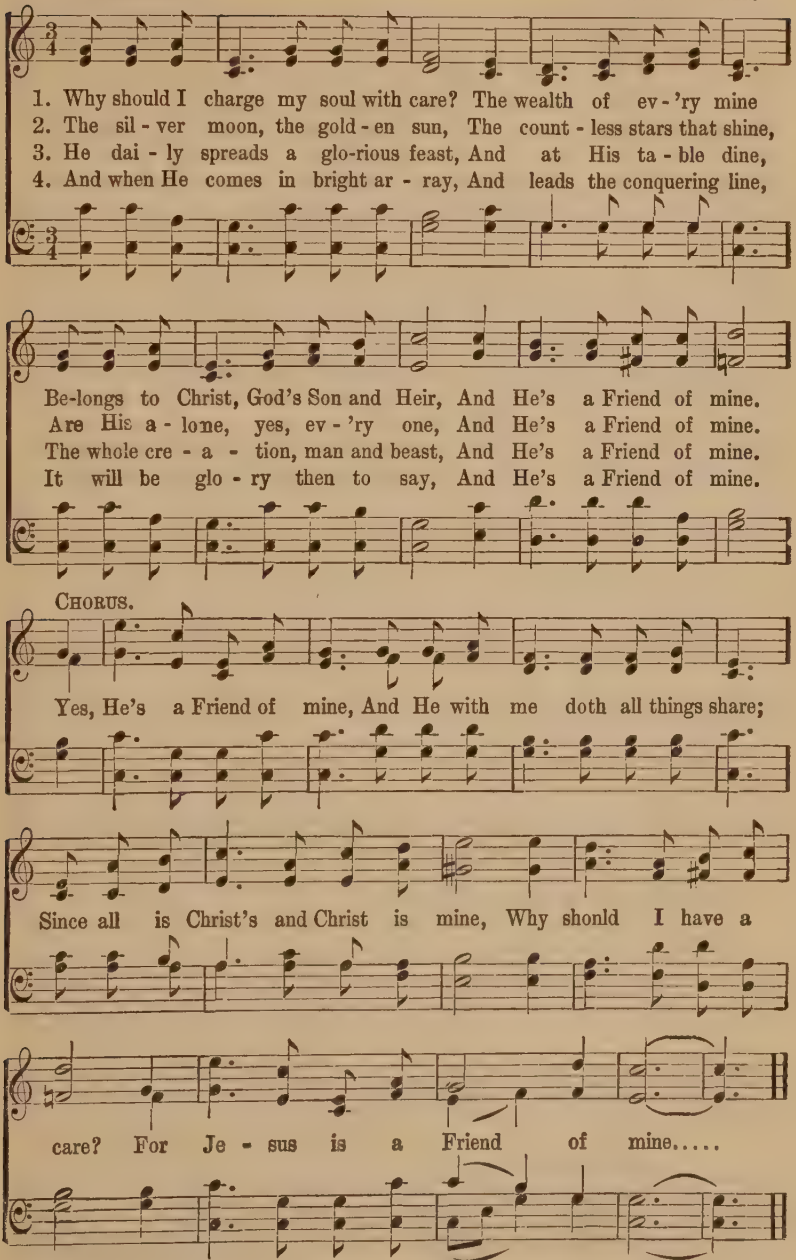
He's a Friend of Mine.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth of ev-'ry mine
2. The sil-ver moon, the gold-en sun, The count-less stars that shine,
3. He dai-ly spreads a glo-rious feast, And at His ta-ble dine,
4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conquering line,
Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
It will be glo-ry then to say, And He's a Friend of mine.
CHORUS.
Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;
Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why shonld I have a
care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.....

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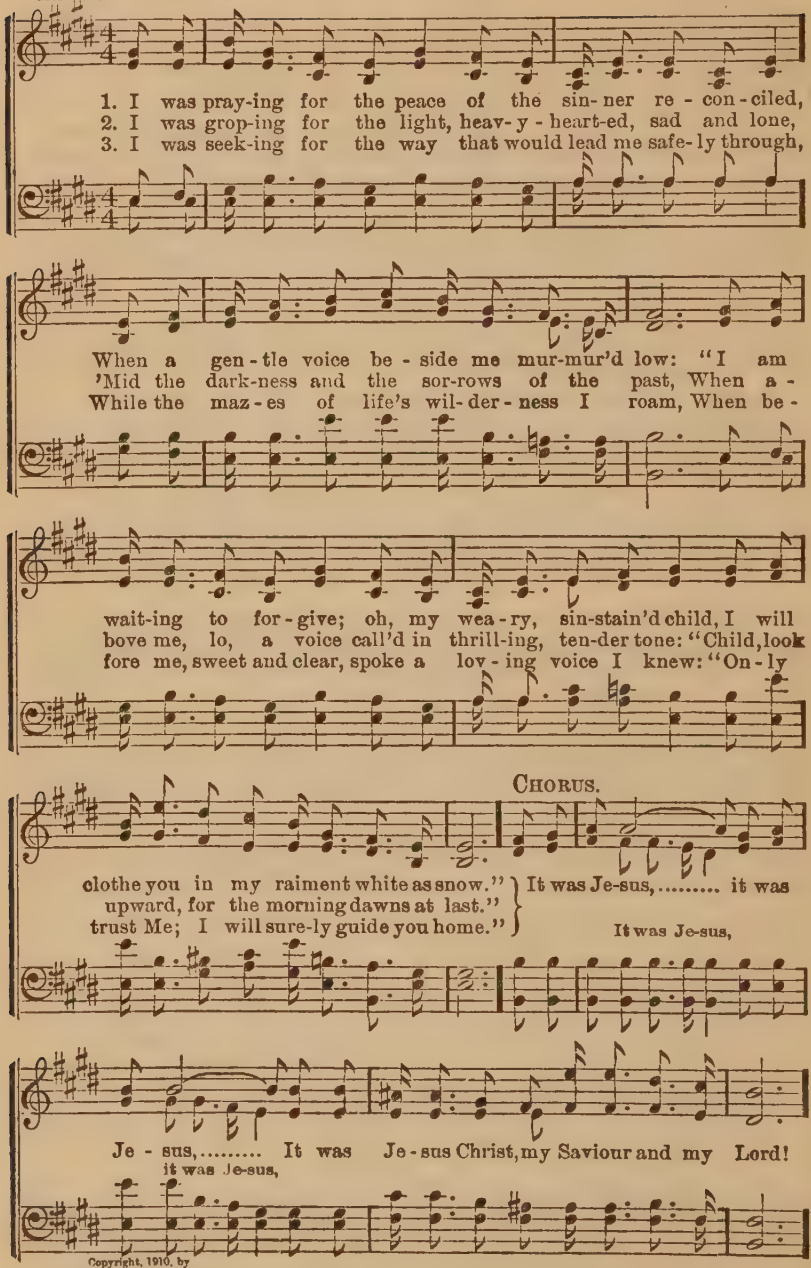
It Was Jesus.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I was pray-ing for the peace of the sin-ner re-con-ciled,
2. I was grop-ing for the light, heav-y-heart-ed, sad and lone,
3. I was seek-ing for the way that would lead me safe-ly through,
When a gen-tle voice be-side me mur-mur'd low: "I am
'Mid the dark-ness and the sor-rows of the past, When a-
While the maz-es of life's wil-der-ness I roam, When be-
wait-ing to for-give; oh, my wea-ry, sin-stain'd child, I will
bove me, lo, a voice call'd in thrill-ing, ten-der tone: "Child, look
fore me, sweet and clear, spoke a lov-ing voice I knew: "On-ly
CHORUS.
clothe you in my raiment white as snow."
upward, for the morning dawns at last."
trust Me; I will sure-ly guide you home."
It was Je-sus, ... it was
It was Je-sus,
Je-sus, ... It was Je-sus Christ, my Saviour and my Lord!
it was Je-sus,

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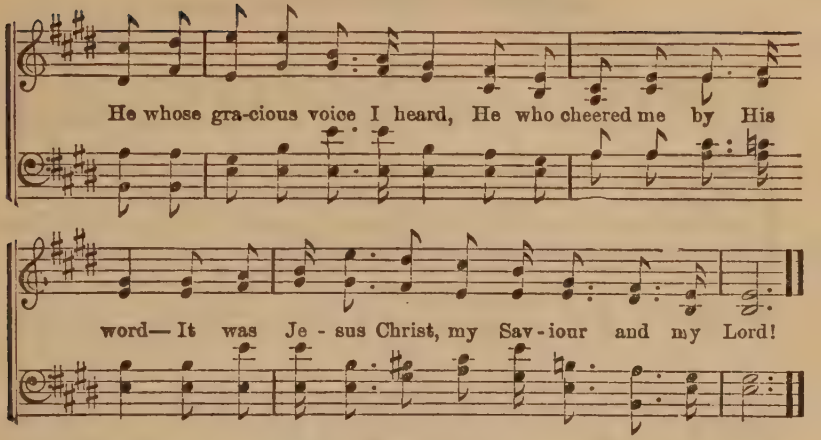
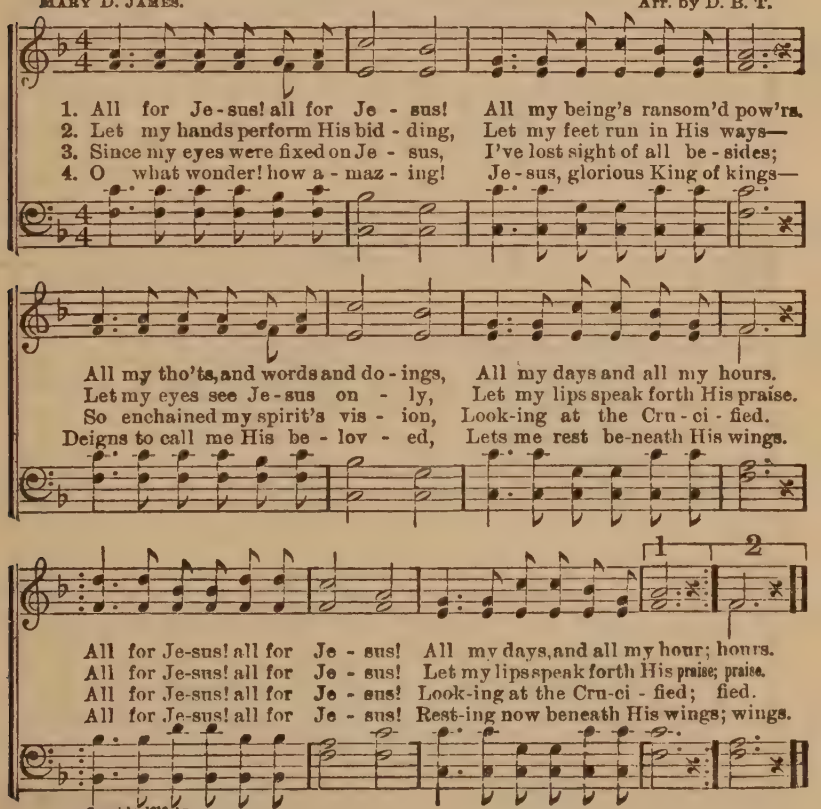


9 All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arr. by D. B. T.

1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs,
2. Let my hands perform His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways—
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - sides;
4. O what wonder! how a - maz - ing! Je-sus, glorious King of kings—
All my tho'ts, and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So enchained my spirit's vis - ion, Look-ing at the Cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest be-neath His wings.
1
2
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hour; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the Cru-ci - fied; fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest-ing now beneath His wings; wings.

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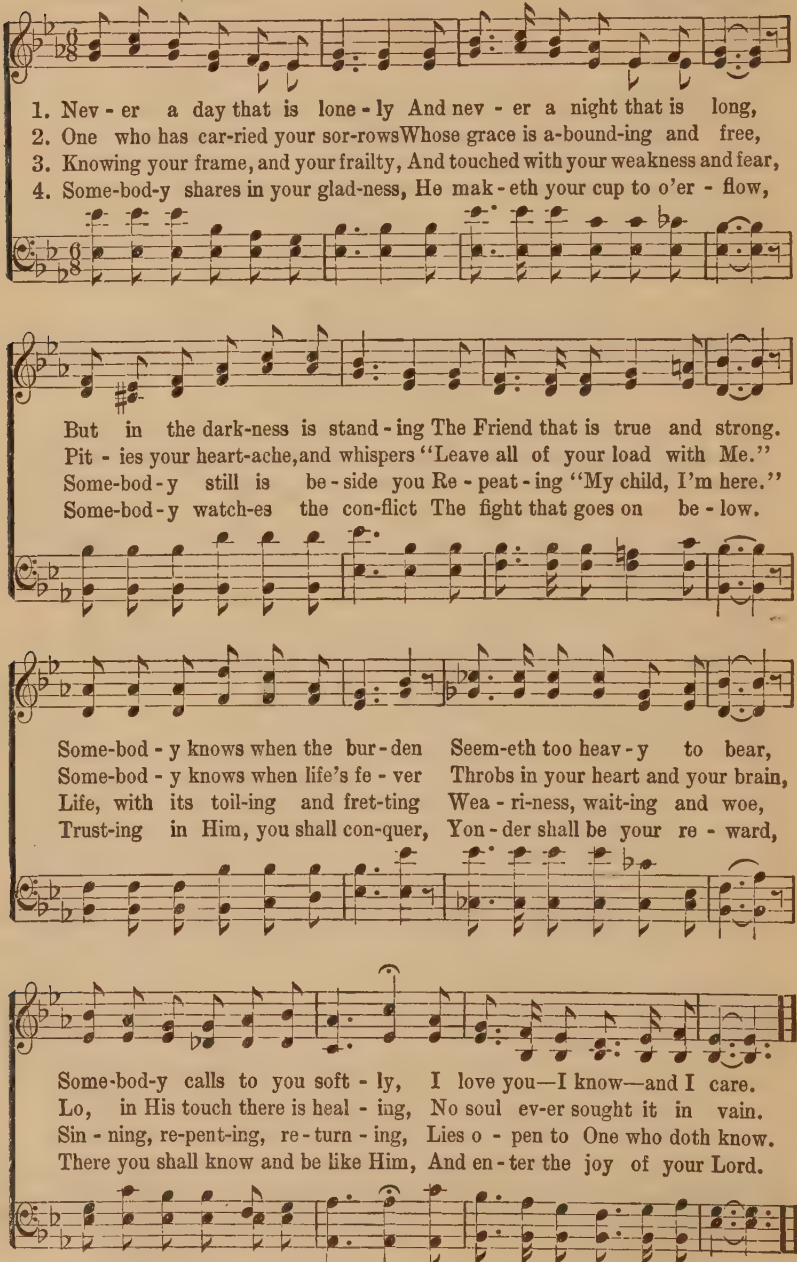
There is Someone Who Knows.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. E. L. WOLSLAGLE.


1. Nev - er a day that is lone - ly And nev - er a night that is long,
2. One who has car-ried your sor-rows Whose grace is a-bound-ing and free,
3. Knowing your frame, and your frailty, And touched with your weakness and fear,
4. Some-bod-y shares in your glad-ness, He mak - eth your cup to o'er - flow,
But in the dark-ness is stand - ing The Friend that is true and strong.
Pit - ies your heart-ache, and whispers "Leave all of your load with Me."
Some-bod - y still is be - side you Re - peat - ing "My child, I'm here."
Some-bod - y watch-es the con-flict The fight that goes on be - low.
Some-bod - y knows when the bur - den Seem-eth too heav - y to bear,
Some-bod - y knows when life's fe - ver Throbs in your heart and your brain,
Life, with its toil-ing and fret-ting Wea - ri-ness, wait-ing and woe,
Trust-ing in Him, you shall con-quer, Yon - der shall be your re - ward,
Some-bod-y calls to you soft - ly, I love you—I know—and I care.
Lo, in His touch there is heal - ing, No soul ev-er sought it in vain.
Sin - ning, re-pent-ing, re - turn - ing, Lies o - pen to One who doth know.
There you shall know and be like Him, And en - ter the joy of your Lord.

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Jesus, the Crucified.

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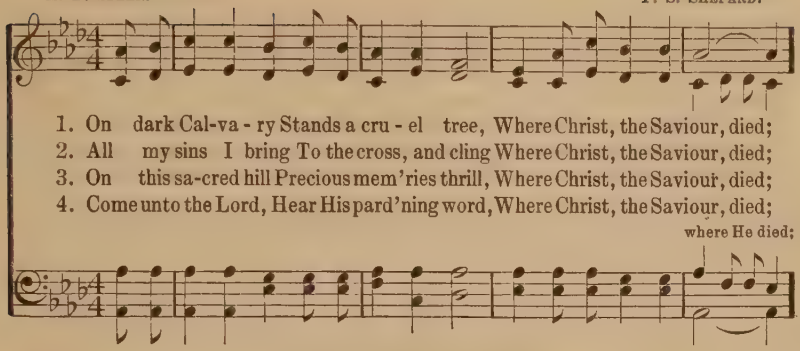
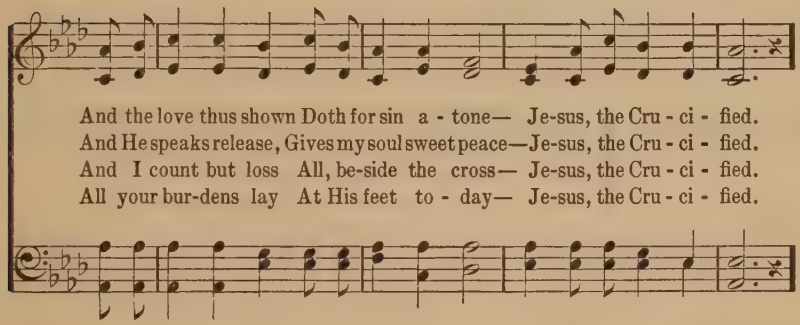
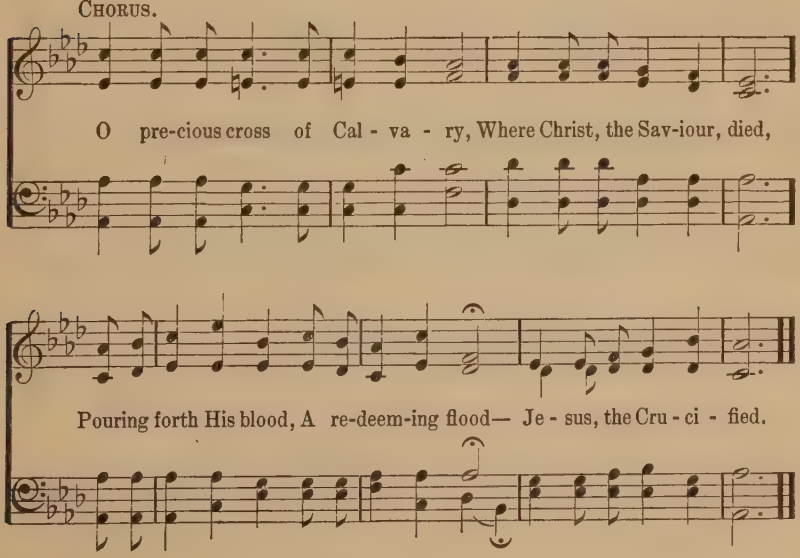
H. D. SPEAR. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. On dark Cal-va - ry Stands a cru - el tree, Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
2. All my sins I bring To the cross, and cling Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
3. On this sa-cred hill Precious mem'ries thrill, Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
4. Come unto the Lord, Hear His pard'ning word, Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
where He died;

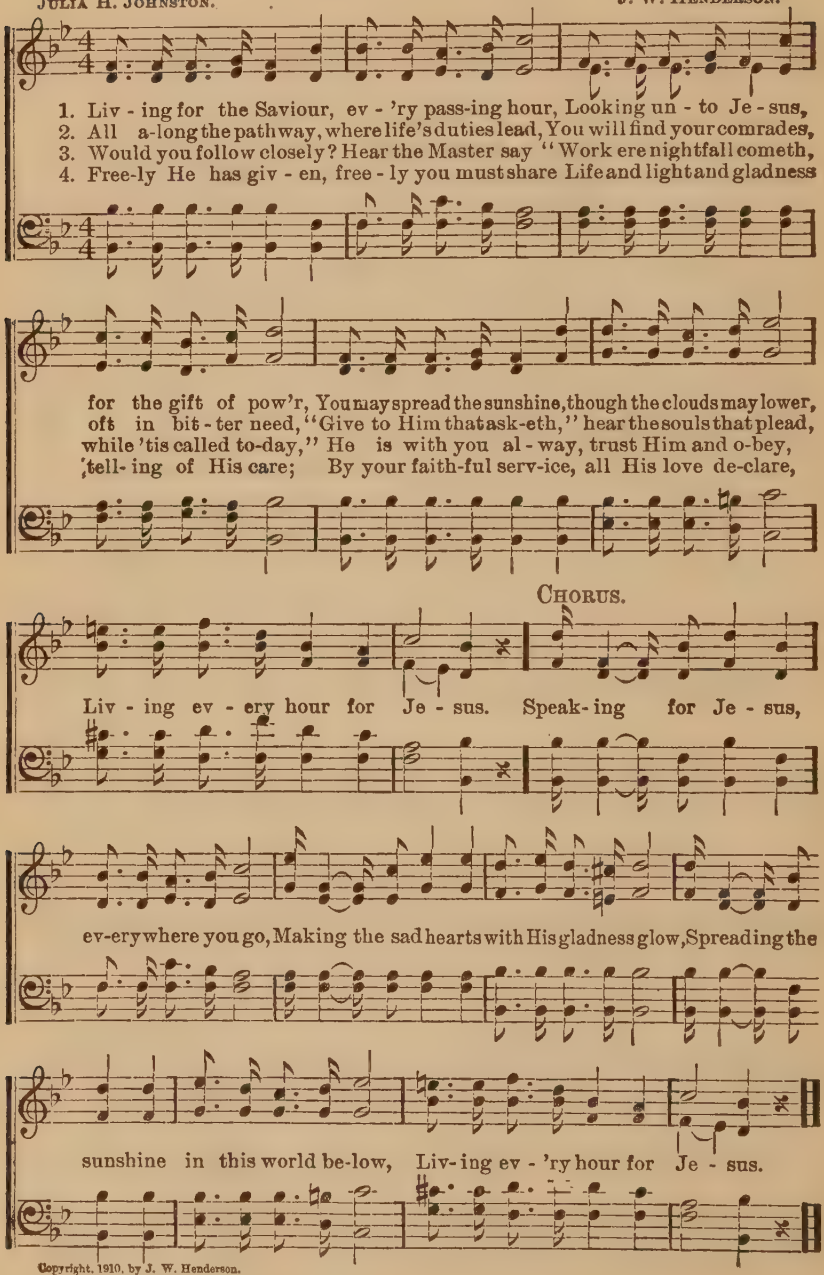

And the love thus shown Doth for sin a - tone— Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
And He speaks release, Gives my soul sweet peace—Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
And I count but loss All, be-side the cross— Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
All your bur-dens lay At His feet to - day— Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.


O pre-cious cross of Cal - va - ry, Where Christ, the Sav-iour, died,
Pouring forth His blood, A re-deem-ing flood— Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

Living Every Hour for Jesus.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. W. HENDERSON.


1. Liv - ing for the Saviour, ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, Looking un - to Je - sus,
2. All a-long the path way, where life's du ties lead, You will find your com rades,
3. Would you follow closely? Hear the Master say "Work ere night fall cometh,
4. Free-ly He has giv - en, free - ly you must share Life and light and gladness
for the gift of pow'r, You may spread the sunshine, though the clouds may lower,
oft in bit - ter need, "Give to Him that ask-eth," hear the souls that plead,
while 'tis called to-day," He is with you al - way, trust Him and o-bey,
tell- ing of His care; By your faith-ful serv-ice, all His love de-clare,
CHORUS.
Liv - ing ev - ery hour for Je - sus. Speak - ing for Je - sus,
ev-ery where you go, Making the sad hearts with His gladness glow, Spreading the
sunshine in this world be-low, Liv- ing ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus.

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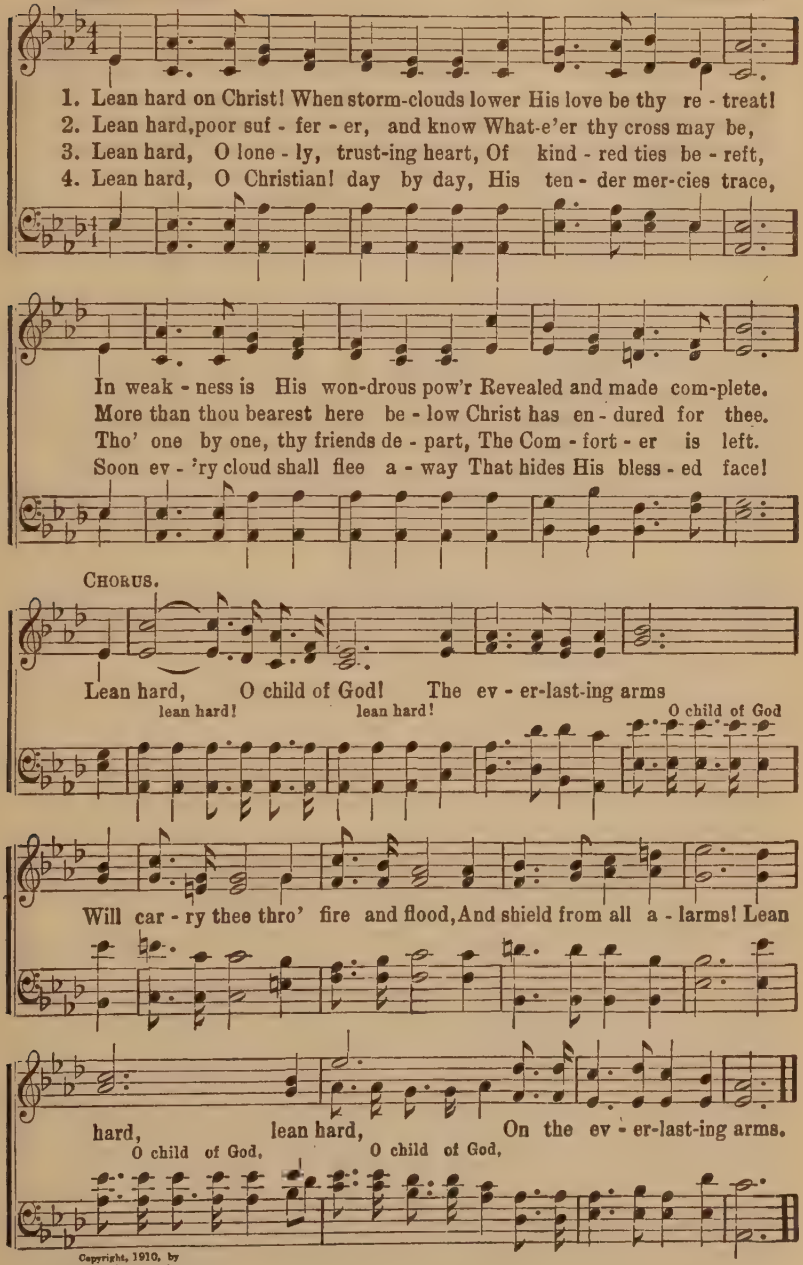
Lean Hard On Christ.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Lean hard on Christ! When storm-clouds lower His love be thy re - treat!
2. Lean hard, poor suf - fer - er, and know What-e'er thy cross may be,
3. Lean hard, O lone - ly, trust-ing heart, Of kind - red ties be - reft,
4. Lean hard, O Christian! day by day, His ten - der mer-cies trace,
In weak - ness is His won-drous pow'r Revealed and made com-plete.
More than thou bearest here be - low Christ has en - dured for thee.
Tho' one by one, thy friends de - part, The Com - fort - er is left.
Soon ev - 'ry cloud shall flee a - way That hides His bless - ed face!
CHORUS.
Lean hard, O child of God! The ev - er-last-ing arms
lean hard! lean hard! O child of God
Will car - ry thee thro' fire and flood, And shield from all a - larms! Lean
hard, lean hard, On the ev - er-last-ing arms.
O child of God, O child of God,

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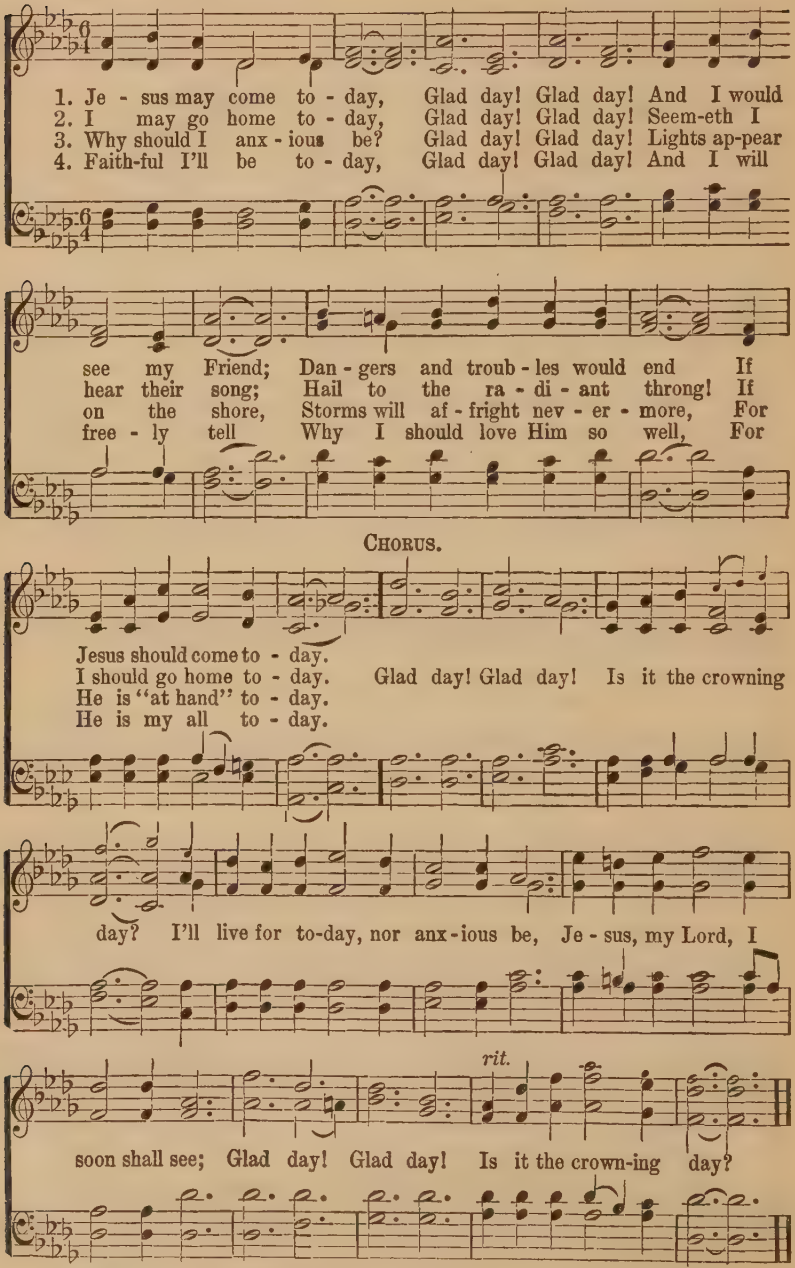
Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For
CHORUS.
Jesus should come to - day.
I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.
day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

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Only a Sinner.

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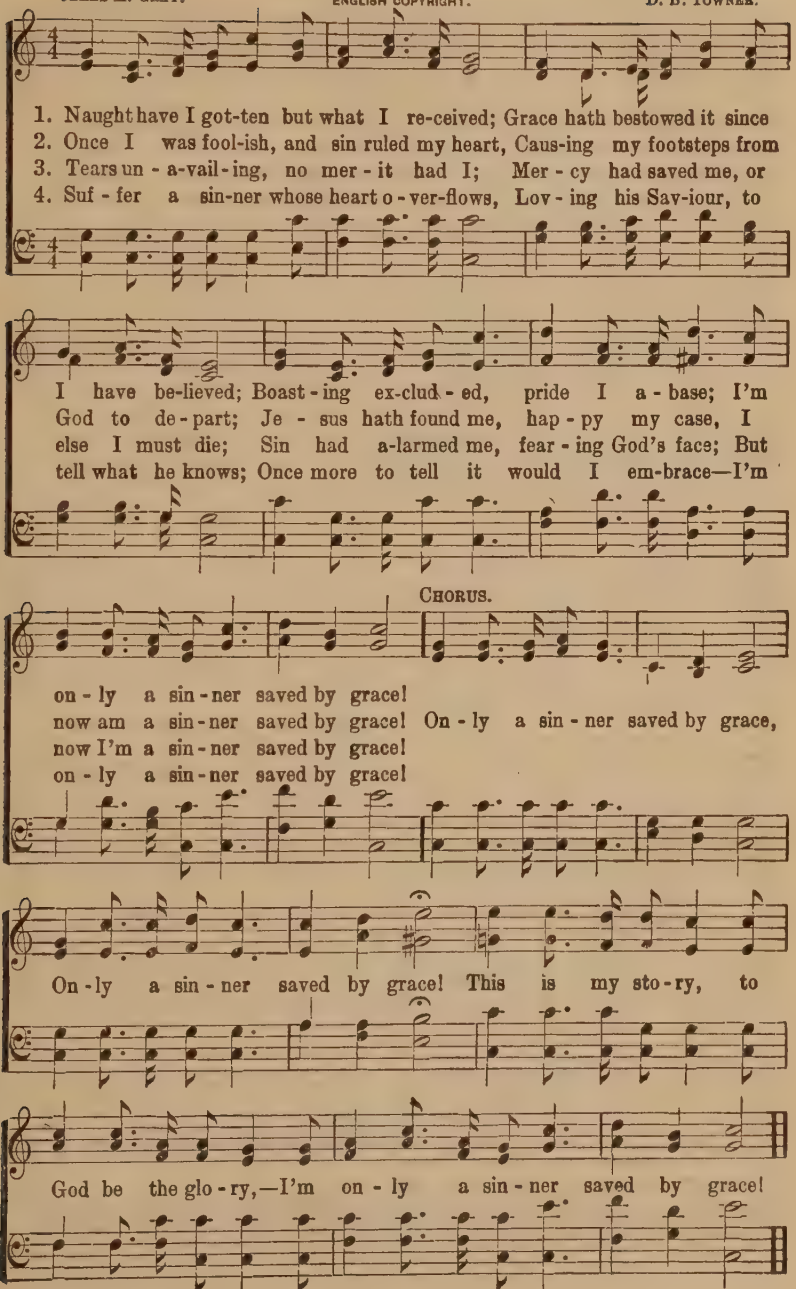
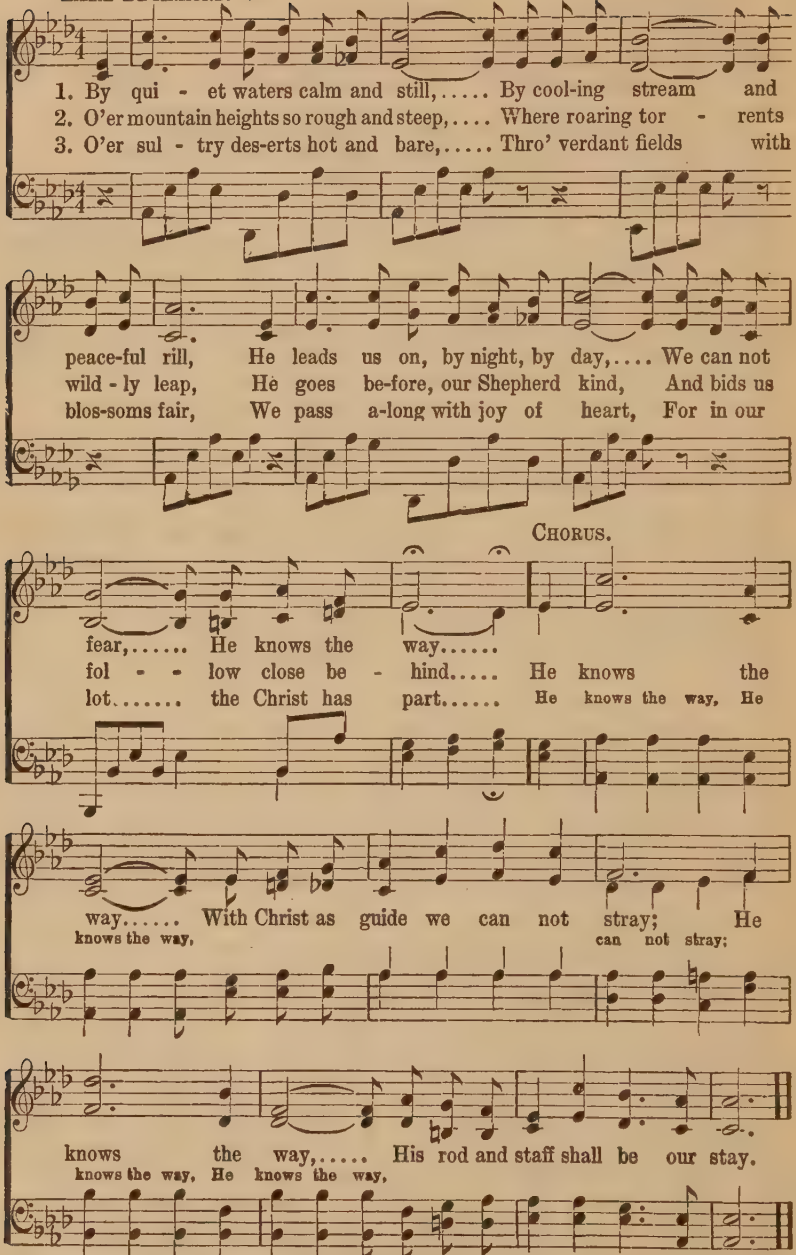
JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a-vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin-ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav-iour, to
I have be-lieved; Boast - ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I'm
CHORUS.
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now am a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace,
now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

By Quiet Waters.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. IRA B. WILSON.

1. By qui - et waters calm and still,..... By cool-ing stream and
2. O'er mountain heights so rough and steep,.... Where roaring tor - rents
3. O'er sul - try des-erts hot and bare,..... Thro' verdant fields with
peace-ful rill, He leads us on, by night, by day,.... We can not
wild - ly leap, He goes be-fore, our Shepherd kind, And bids us
blos-soms fair, We pass a-long with joy of heart, For in our
CHORUS.
fear,..... He knows the way.....
fol - - low close be - hind..... He knows the
lot..... the Christ has part..... He knows the way, He
way..... With Christ as guide we can not stray; He
knows the way, can not stray;
knows the way,..... His rod and staff shall be our stay.
knows the way, He knows the way,

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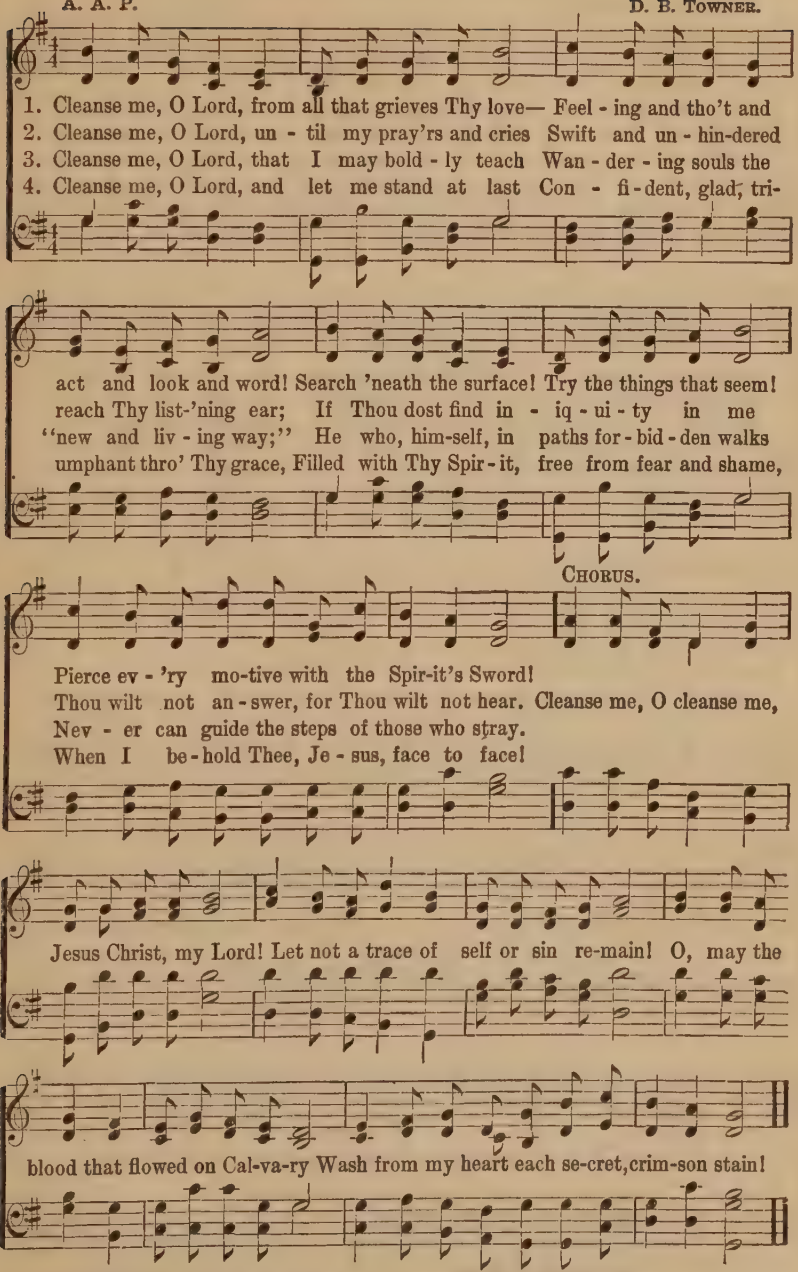
Cleanse Me, O Lord!

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.


1. Cleanse me, O Lord, from all that grieves Thy love— Feel - ing and tho't and
2. Cleanse me, O Lord, un - til my pray'rs and cries Swift and un - hin-dered
3. Cleanse me, O Lord, that I may bold - ly teach Wan - der - ing souls the
4. Cleanse me, O Lord, and let me stand at last Con - fi-dent, glad, tri-
act and look and word! Search 'neath the surface! Try the things that seem!
reach Thy list-'ning ear; If Thou dost find in - iq - ui - ty in me
"new and liv - ing way;" He who, him-self, in paths for - bid - den walks
umphant thro' Thy grace, Filled with Thy Spir - it, free from fear and shame,
Chorus.
Pierce ev - 'ry mo-tive with the Spir-it's Sword!
Thou wilt not an - swer, for Thou wilt not hear. Cleanse me, O cleanse me,
Nev - er can guide the steps of those who stray.
When I be - hold Thee, Je - sus, face to face!
Jesus Christ, my Lord! Let not a trace of self or sin re-main! O, may the
blood that flowed on Cal-va-ry Wash from my heart each se-cret, crim-son stain!

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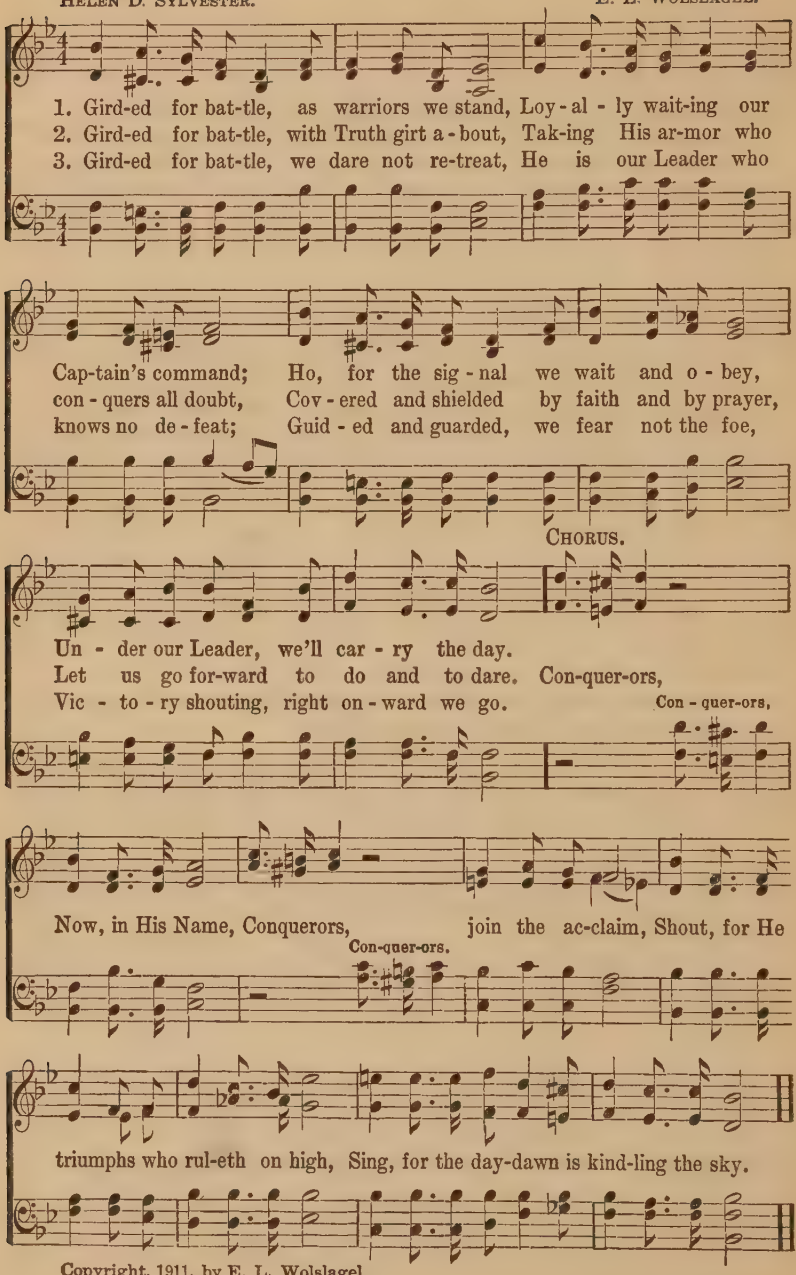
Girded For Battle.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. E. L. WOLSLAGEL.


1. Gird-ed for bat-tle, as warriors we stand, Loy-al - ly wait-ing our
2. Gird-ed for bat-tle, with Truth girt a-bout, Tak-ing His ar-mor who
3. Gird-ed for bat-tle, we dare not re-treat, He is our Leader who
Cap-tain's command; Ho, for the sig - nal we wait and o - bey,
con - quers all doubt, Cov - ered and shielded by faith and by prayer,
knows no de - feat; Guid - ed and guarded, we fear not the foe,
CHORUS.
Un - der our Leader, we'll car - ry the day.
Let us go for-ward to do and to dare. Con-quer-ors,
Vic - to - ry shouting, right on - ward we go.
Con - quer-ors,
Now, in His Name, Conquerors, join the ac-claim, Shout, for He
Con-quer-ors.
triumphs who rul-eth on high, Sing, for the day-dawn is kind-ling the sky.

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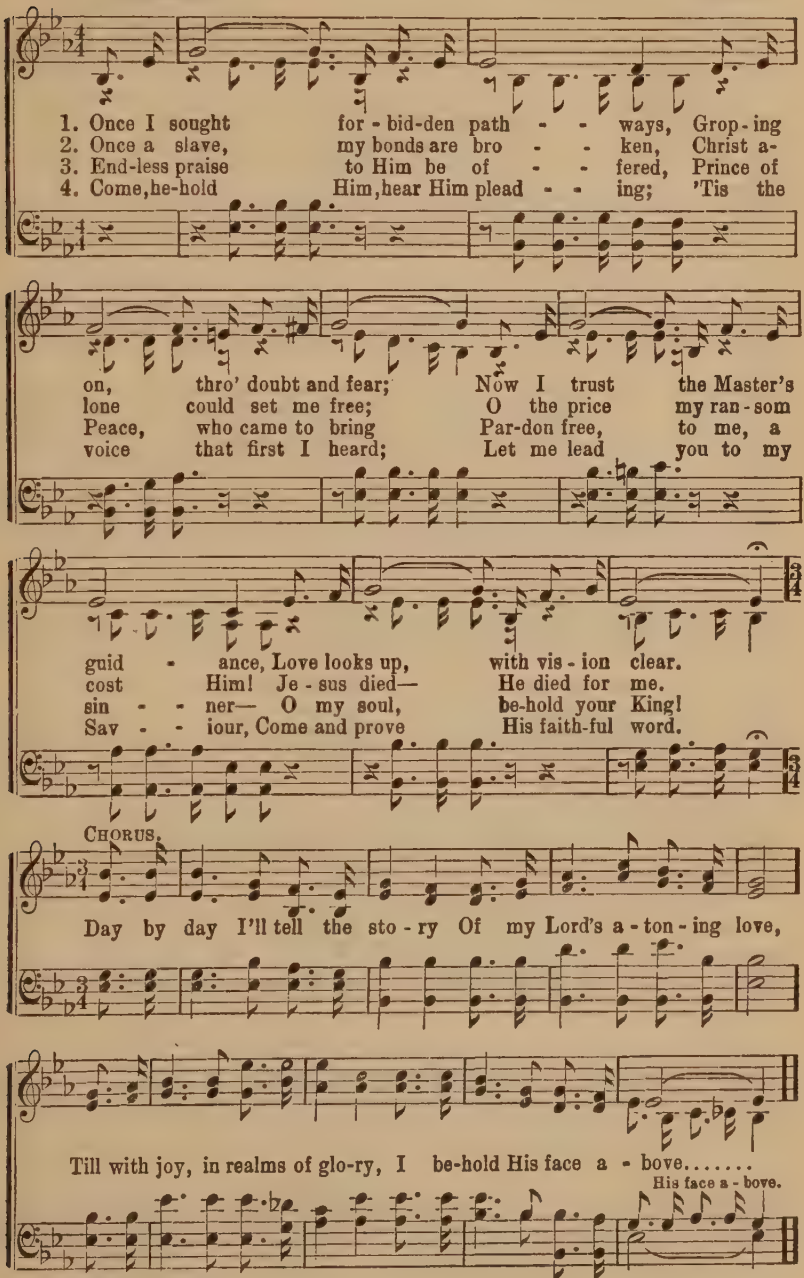
19 Day By Day I'll Tell the Story.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. A. R. LYTLE.

1. Once I sought for - bid-den path - - ways, Grop - ing
2. Once a slave, my bonds are bro - - ken, Christ a-
3. End-less praise to Him be of - - fered, Prince of
4. Come, he-hold Him, hear Him plead - - ing; 'Tis the
on, thro' doubt and fear; Now I trust the Master's
lone could set me free; O the price my ran - som
Peace, who came to bring Par-don free, to me, a
voice that first I heard; Let me lead you to my
guid - ance, Love looks up, with vis - ion clear.
cost Him! Je - sus died— He died for me.
sin - - ner— O my soul, be-hold your King!
Sav - - iour, Come and prove His faith-ful word.
CHORUS.
Day by day I'll tell the sto - ry Of my Lord's a - ton - ing love,
Till with joy, in realms of glo-ry, I be-hold His face a - bove.....
His face a - bove.

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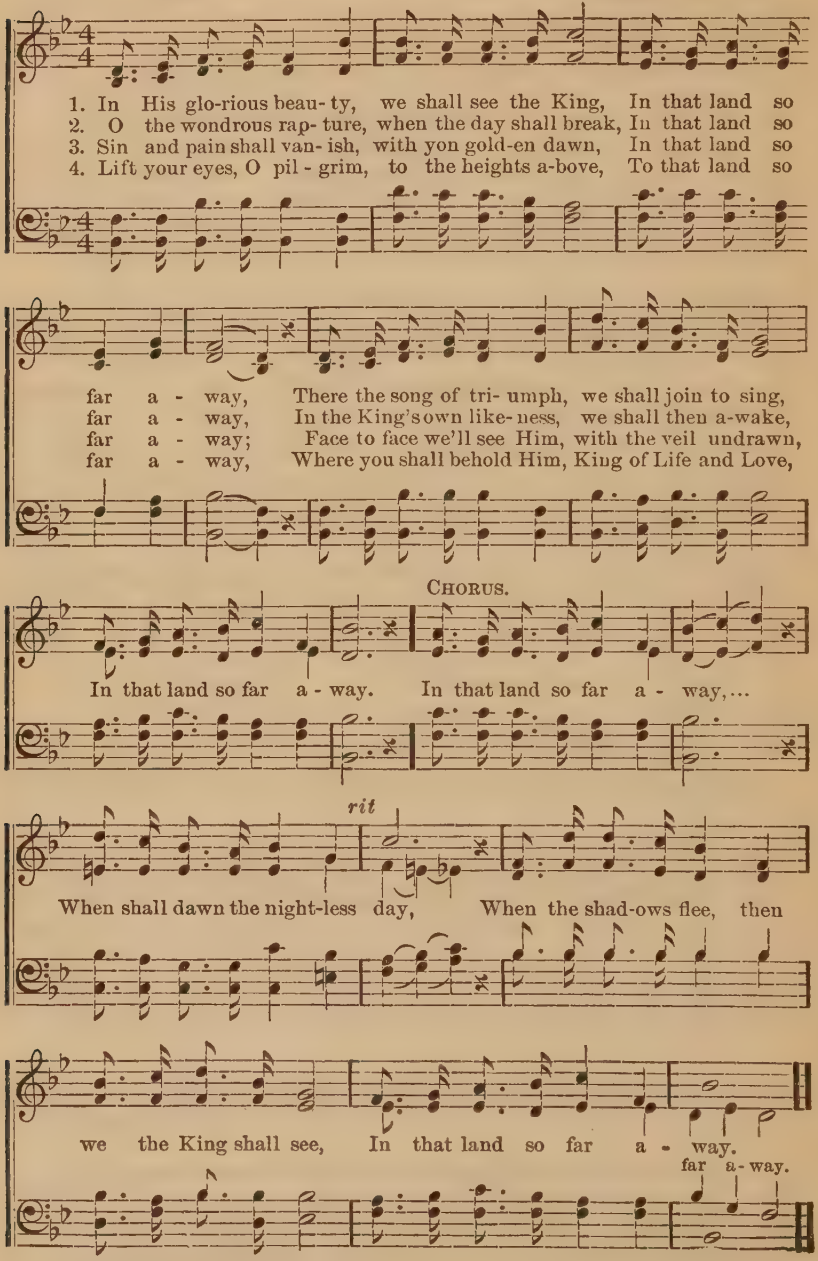
In That Land So Far Away.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. M. J. BABBITT.

1. In His glo-rious beau- ty, we shall see the King, In that land so
2. O the wondrous rap- ture, when the day shall break, In that land so
3. Sin and pain shall van- ish, with yon gold-en dawn, In that land so
4. Lift your eyes, O pil - grim, to the heights a-bove, To that land so
far a - way, There the song of tri- umph, we shall join to sing,
far a - way, In the King's own like- ness, we shall then a-wake,
far a - way; Face to face we'll see Him, with the veil undrawn,
far a - way, Where you shall behold Him, King of Life and Love,
CHORUS.
In that land so far a - way. In that land so far a - way,...
rit
When shall dawn the night-less day, When the shad-ows flee, then
we the King shall see, In that land so far a - way.
far a-way.

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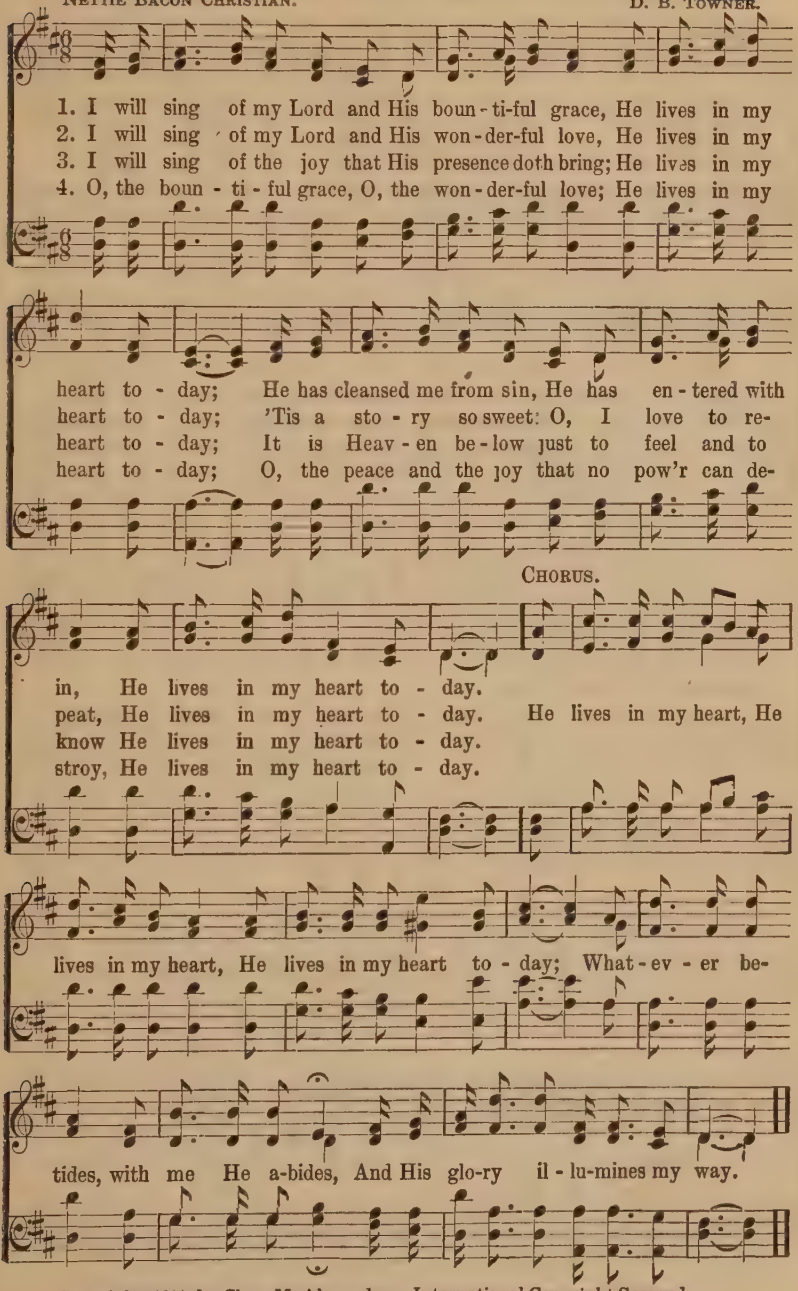
21 He Lives In My Heart To-day.

NETTIE BACON CHRISTIAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I will sing of my Lord and His boun-ti-ful grace, He lives in my heart to-day; He has cleansed me from sin, He has en-tered with
2. I will sing of my Lord and His won-der-ful love, He lives in my heart to-day; 'Tis a sto-ry so sweet: O, I love to re-
3. I will sing of the joy that His presence doth bring; He lives in my heart to-day; It is Heav-en be-low just to feel and to
4. O, the boun-ti-ful grace, O, the won-der-ful love; He lives in my heart to-day; O, the peace and the joy that no pow'r can de-
CHORUS.
in, He lives in my heart to-day.
peat, He lives in my heart to-day. He lives in my heart, He
know He lives in my heart to-day.
stroy, He lives in my heart to-day.
lives in my heart, He lives in my heart to-day; What-ev-er be-
tides, with me He a-bides, And His glo-ry il-lu-mines my way.

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I'm a Pilgrim.

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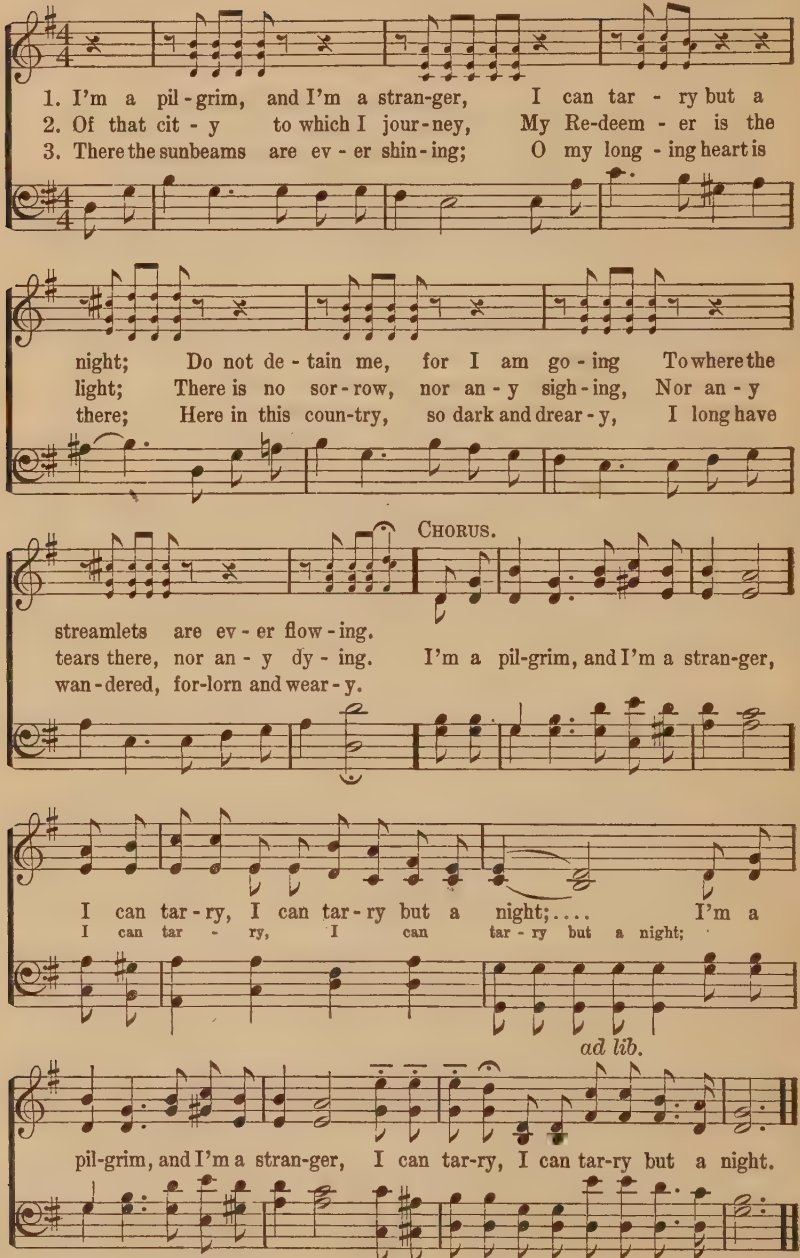
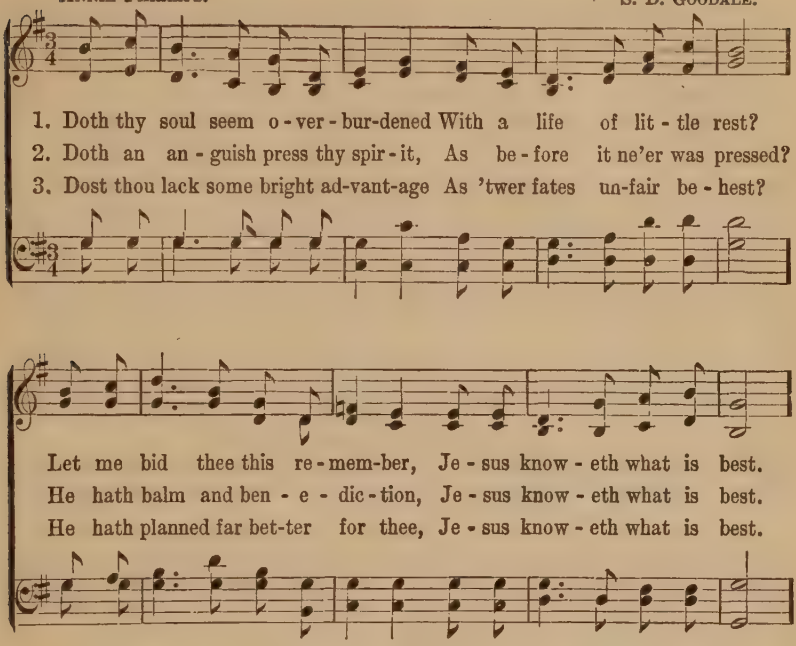
MARY DANA SHINDLER. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry but a
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem - er is the
3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shin - ing; O my long - ing heart is
night; Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the
light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y
there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear - y, I long have
CHORUS.
streamlets are ev - er flow - ing.
tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger,
wan - dered, for-lorn and wear - y.
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;.... I'm a
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;
ad lib.
pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Jesus Knoweth What is Best.

ANNIE PHILLIPS. S. D. GOODALE.


1. Doth thy soul seem o - ver - bur-dened With a life of lit - tle rest?
2. Doth an an - guish press thy spir - it, As be - fore it ne'er was pressed?
3. Dost thou lack some bright ad-vant-age As 'twer fates un-fair be - hest?
Let me bid thee this re - mem-ber, Je - sus know - eth what is best.
He hath balm and ben - e - dic - tion, Je - sus know - eth what is best.
He hath planned far bet-ter for thee, Je - sus know - eth what is best.
CHORUS.
He hath all far reach-ing wis - dom, His a pit - y un - ex-pressed;
Seek the sweet - ness of His com-fort, Je - sus know - eth what is best.

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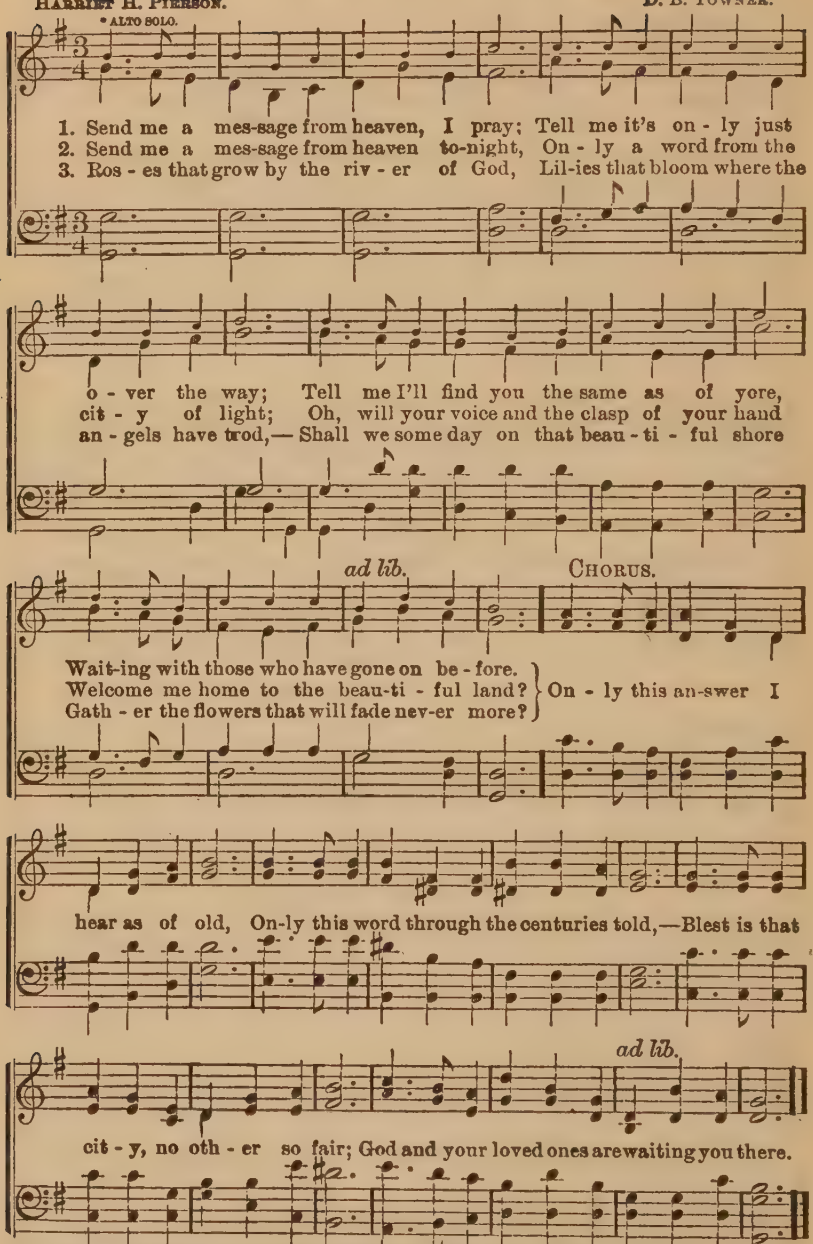
Send Me a Message.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


* ALTO SOLO.
1. Send me a mes-sage from heaven, I pray; Tell me it's on - ly just
2. Send me a mes-sage from heaven to-night, On - ly a word from the
3. Ros - es that grow by the riv - er of God, Lil-ies that bloom where the
o - ver the way; Tell me I'll find you the same as of yore,
cit - y of light; Oh, will your voice and the clasp of your hand
an - gels have trod,— Shall we some day on that beau - ti - ful shore
ad lib.
CHORUS.
Wait-ing with those who have gone on be - fore.
Welcome me home to the beau-ti - ful land?
Gath - er the flowers that will fade nev-er more?
On - ly this an-swer I
hear as of old, On-ly this word through the centuries told,—Blest is that
ad lib.
cit - y, no oth - er so fair; God and your loved ones are waiting you there.

* Let a few ladies hum the small notes, or let them be sung softly by a clear tenor voice.

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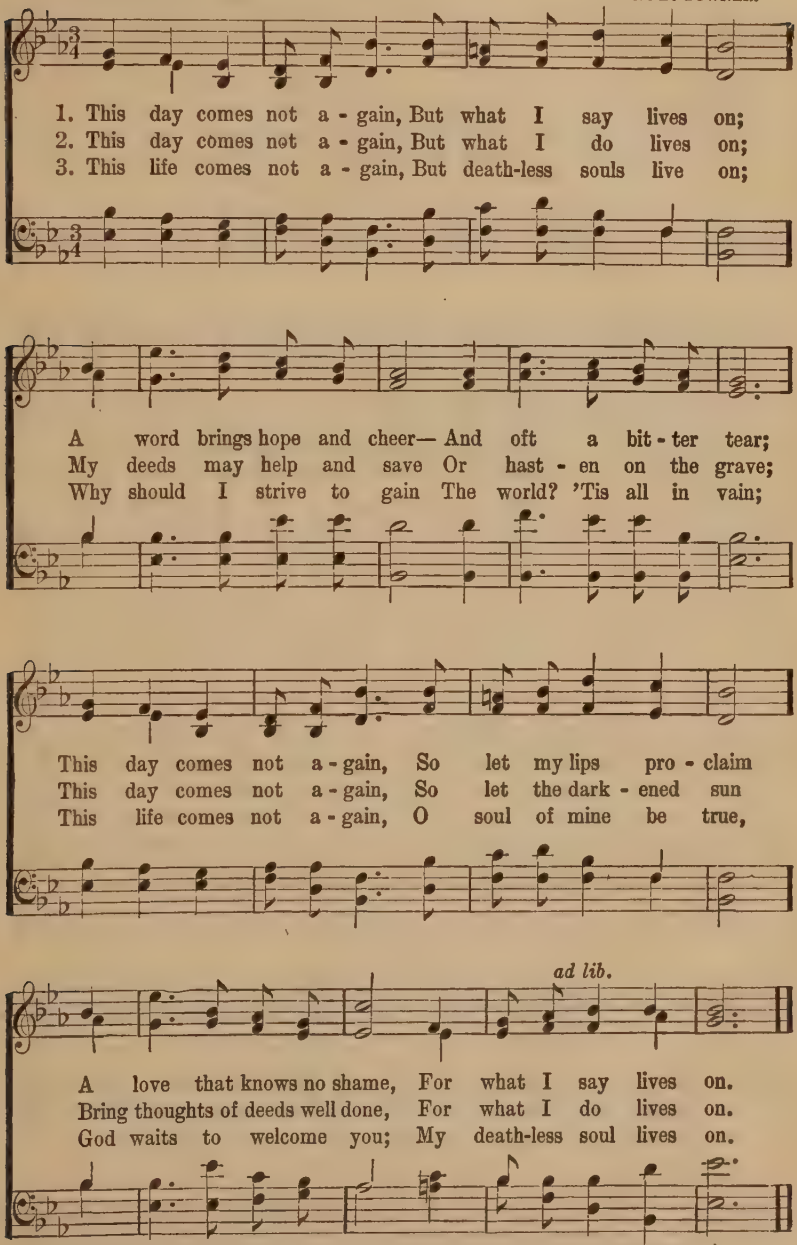
This Day Comes Not Again.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.


1. This day comes not a - gain, But what I say lives on;
2. This day comes not a - gain, But what I do lives on;
3. This life comes not a - gain, But death-less souls live on;
A word brings hope and cheer— And oft a bit - ter tear;
My deeds may help and save Or hast - en on the grave;
Why should I strive to gain The world? 'Tis all in vain;
This day comes not a - gain, So let my lips pro - claim
This day comes not a - gain, So let the dark - ened sun
This life comes not a - gain, O soul of mine be true,
ad lib.
A love that knows no shame, For what I say lives on.
Bring thoughts of deeds well done, For what I do lives on.
God waits to welcome you; My death-less soul lives on.

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Ride On in Majesty.

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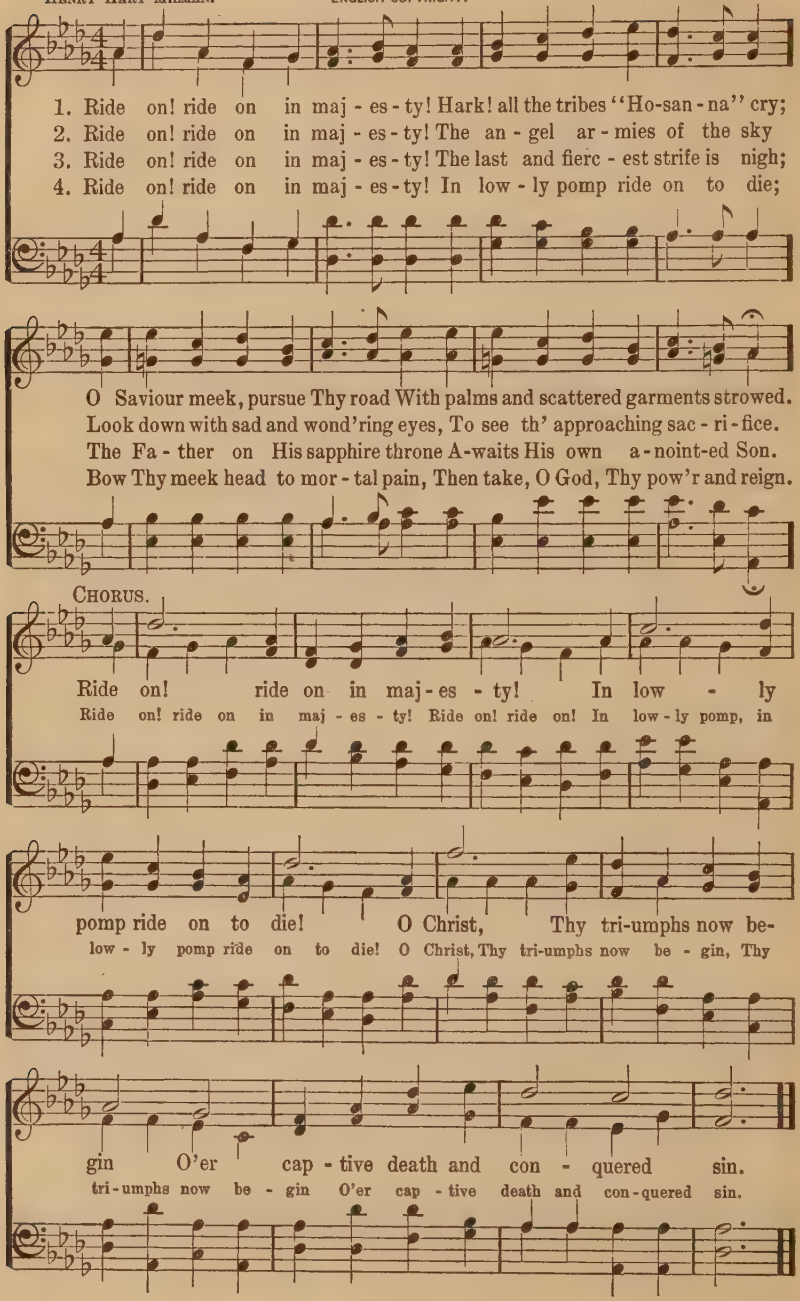
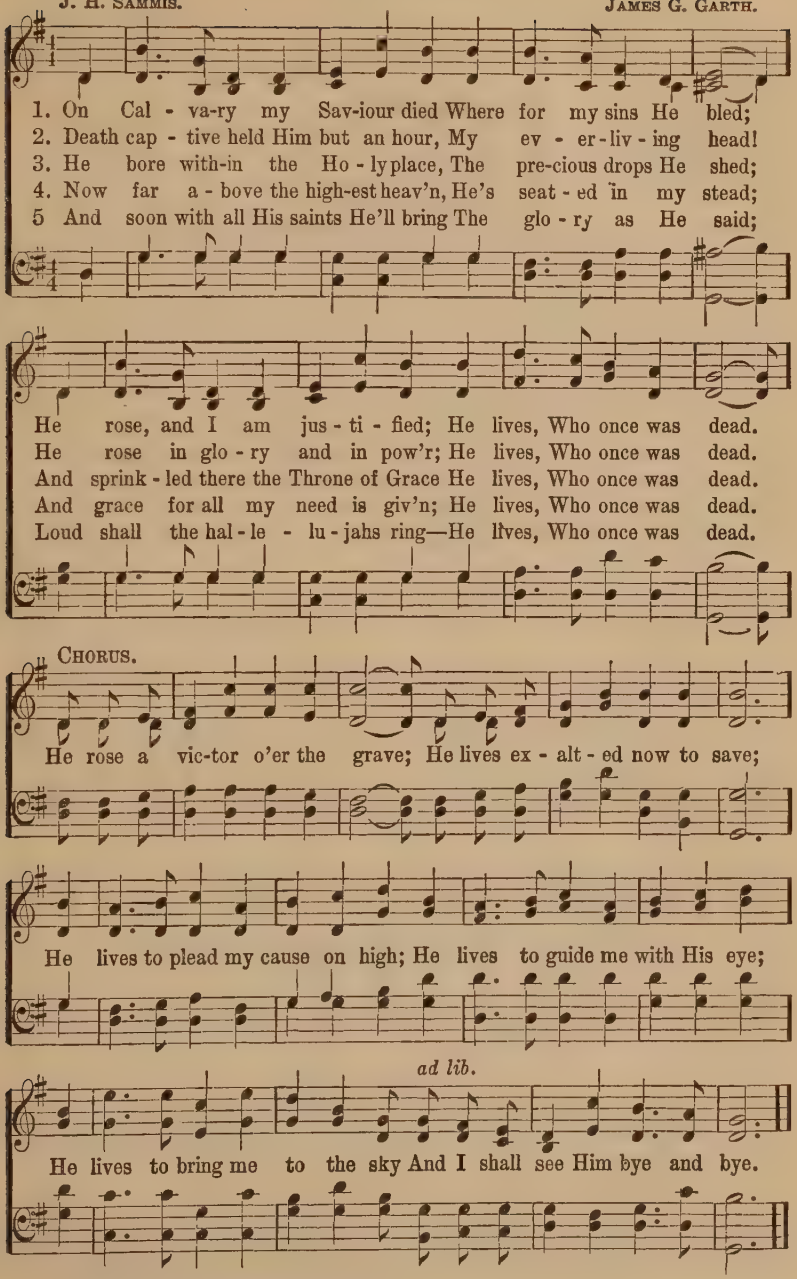
HENRY HART MILMAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san - na" cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes, To see th' approaching sac - ri - fice.
The Fa - ther on His sapphire throne A-waits His own a - noint-ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.
CHORUS.
Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly
Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Ride on! ride on! In low - ly pomp, in
pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be-
low - ly pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be - gin, Thy
gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
tri-umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con-quered sin.

He Lives.

J. H. SAMMIS. JAMES G. GARTH.


1. On Cal - va-ry my Sav-iour died Where for my sins He bled;
2. Death cap - tive held Him but an hour, My ev - er-liv - ing head!
3. He bore with-in the Ho - ly place, The pre-cious drops He shed;
4. Now far a - bove the high-est heav'n, He's seat - ed in my stead;
5 And soon with all His saints He'll bring The glo - ry as He said;
He rose, and I am jus - ti - fied; He lives, Who once was dead.
He rose in glo - ry and in pow'r; He lives, Who once was dead.
And sprink - led there the Throne of Grace He lives, Who once was dead.
And grace for all my need is giv'n; He lives, Who once was dead.
Loud shall the hal - le - lu - jahs ring—He lives, Who once was dead.
CHORUS.
He rose a vic-tor o'er the grave; He lives ex - alt - ed now to save;
He lives to plead my cause on high; He lives to guide me with His eye;
ad lib.
He lives to bring me to the sky And I shall see Him bye and bye.

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Look and Live.

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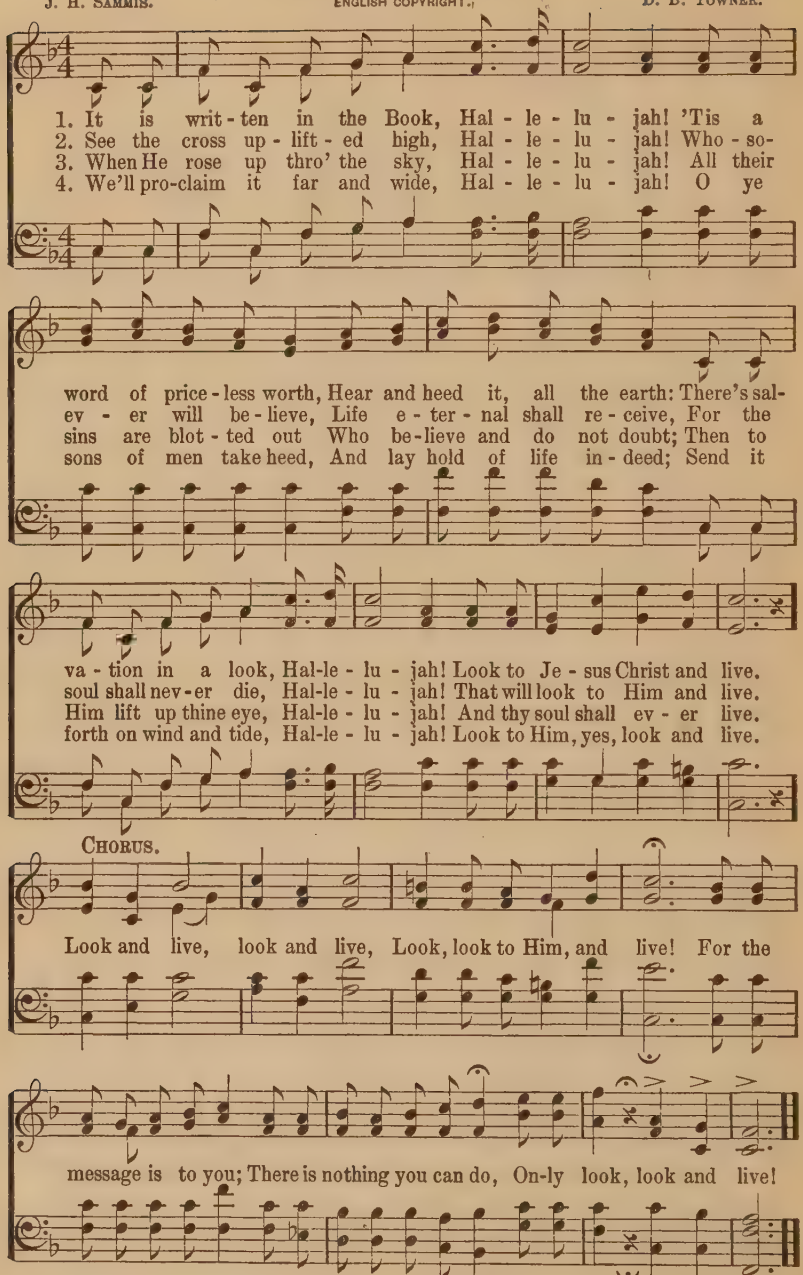
J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. It is writ - ten in the Book, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis a
word of price - less worth, Hear and heed it, all the earth: There's sal-
va - tion in a look, Hal-le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus Christ and live.
2. See the cross up - lift - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Who - so-
ev - er will be - lieve, Life e - ter - nal shall re - ceive, For the
soul shall nev - er die, Hal-le - lu - jah! That will look to Him and live.
3. When He rose up thro' the sky, Hal - le - lu - jah! All their
sins are blot - ted out Who be - lieve and do not doubt; Then to
Him lift up thine eye, Hal-le - lu - jah! And thy soul shall ev - er live.
4. We'll pro-claim it far and wide, Hal - le - lu - jah! O ye
sons of men take heed, And lay hold of life in - deed; Send it
forth on wind and tide, Hal-le - lu - jah! Look to Him, yes, look and live.
CHORUS.
Look and live, look and live, Look, look to Him, and live! For the
message is to you; There is nothing you can do, On-ly look, look and live!

Jesus Saves.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. E. L. WOLESLAGEL.

1. Christ the Sav - iour, blest Re - deem - er, Saves from
2. Weak and way - ward un - de - serv - ing, Still His
3. Ye who wan - der, worn and wea - ried, Seek - ing
4. Grace He giv - eth for each mo - ment, Sav - ing

1. Christ the Sav - iour, blest Re - deem - er,

sin,..... and sanc - ti - fies; Trust Him whol - ly,
blood..... was shed for thee; Dost thou doubt? O
peace..... in hope - less quest; Turn and see your
power..... in time of need; At the throne in

Saves from sin and sanc - ti - fies. Trust Him wholly,

come yet clos - er, Thou art pre - cious in His eyes.
come and prove it, Come this hour to cal - va - ry.
Lord who fol - lows, Say - ing "Come to Me and rest."
heav - en yon - der, Je - sus stands to in - ter - cede.

come yet clos - er, Thou art pre - cious in His eyes.

CHORUS.

O de - lay not—take the par-don Of-fered now so full and free;

O de - lay not, for this mo-ment Je - sus comes and calls for thee.

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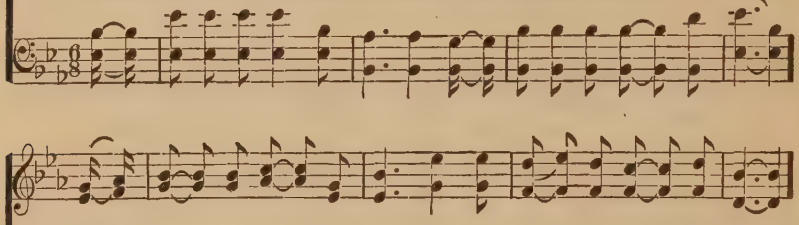
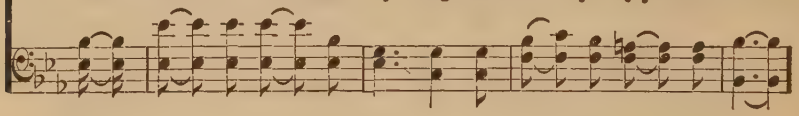
Scatter the Sunbeams.

JOHN C. BLAIR. D. B. TOWNER.

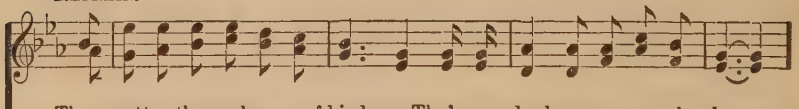
1. There was nev-er a sun-beam gold-en That fell on a des - o - late place
2. A song, be it ever so hallowed, Or freighted with memories dear,
3. There was nev-er a heart so hard-ened Or tainted with sin and de- spair,
4. Yet count-less thousands are yearn-ing For sympathy, kindness and love,
5. There was nev-er a sun-beam wasted, Or a song that was sung in - vain,

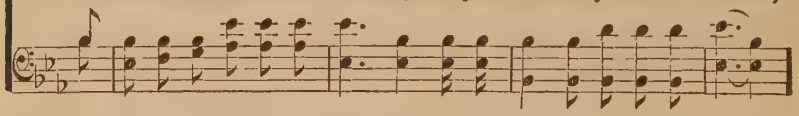


But left some trace of its pres-ence That time could nev-er ef - face.
May slumber in silence for - got - ten Thro' man-y and man-y a year.
But the love of the dear Re - deem-er Might find an abiding place there.
And souls in darkness are dy - ing With-out one gleam from a-bove.
And souls that seem lost and dy - ing Christ's mercy may yet re-claim.



REFRAIN.



Then scatter the sunbeams of kindness, Tho' your deeds may nev-er be known;

The har-vest will rip-en in glo - ry, If the seeds be faith-ful-ly sown.

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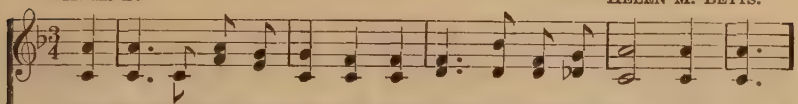
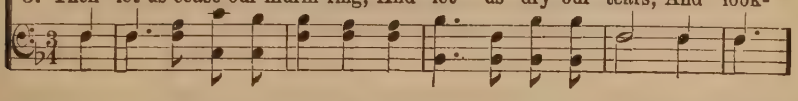
31 Some Day There'll Be No Dawn-Time.

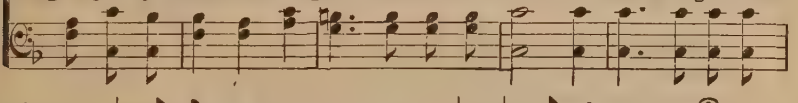
H. M. B. HELEN M. BETTS.



1. Some day there'll be no dawn-time, Some day the night will cease, Some day
2. Some day our Father'll call us, Some day we're go-ing home, Some day
3. Then let us cease our murm'ring, And let us dry our tears, And look-

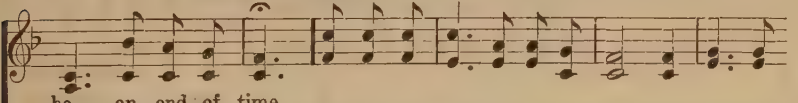


there'll be no heart-ache, Some day 'twill all be peace. We'll need the sun no
we'll drop our bur-dens, Some day we'll cease to roam. Then we'll not mind the
ing glad-ly God-ward, For-get our doubts and fears. Re - mem-b'ring He who

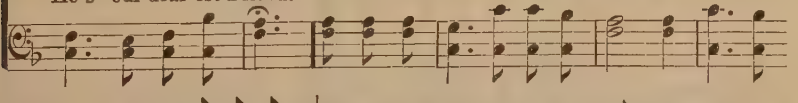


long-er, Nor moon nor stars to shine, When we go home to glo-ry, There'll
winding Of the path our feet have trod, If on - ly in the wind-ing, The
promised, Is faith-ful to the end, We have no need of wor - ry For

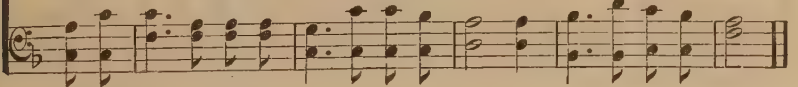
CHORUS.



be an end of time.
path has led to God. Then we will sing, Oh, how we'll sing, When time shall
He's our dear-est Friend.



be no more. We'll praise the King, our ris-en King, Up - on the gold-en shore.



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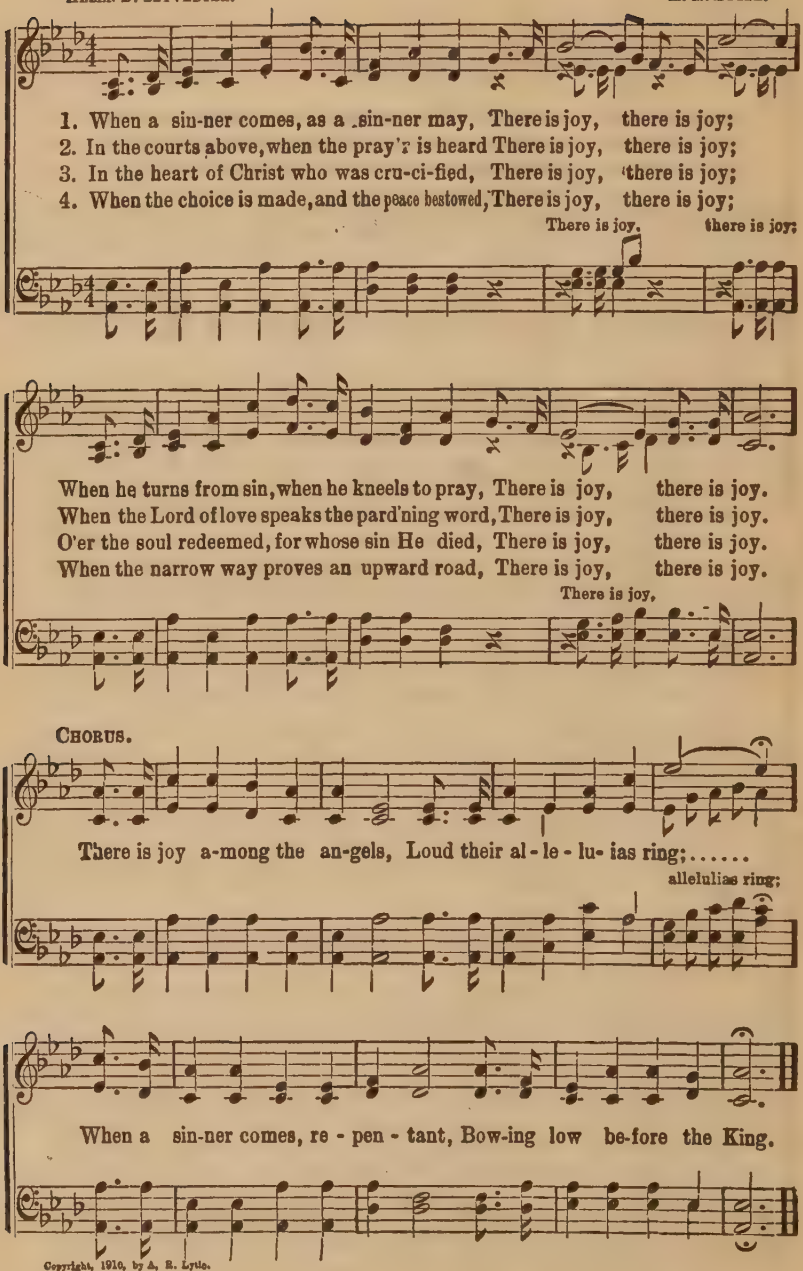
There is Joy.

HELEN D. SLYVESTER. A. R. LYTLE.


1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy, there is joy;
2. In the courts above, when the pray'r is heard There is joy, there is joy;
3. In the heart of Christ who was cru-ci-fied, There is joy, there is joy;
4. When the choice is made, and the peace bestowed, There is joy, there is joy;
There is joy, there is joy;
When he turns from sin, when he kneels to pray, There is joy, there is joy.
When the Lord of love speaks the pard'ning word, There is joy, there is joy.
O'er the soul redeemed, for whose sin He died, There is joy, there is joy.
When the narrow way proves an upward road, There is joy, there is joy.
There is joy.
CHORUS.
There is joy a-mong the an-gels, Loud their al - le - lu- ias ring;.....
allelulias ring;
When a sin-ner comes, re - pen - tant, Bow-ing low be-fore the King.

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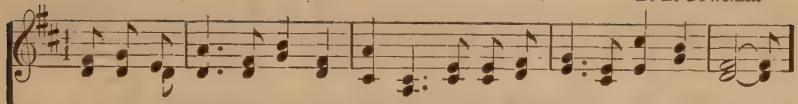
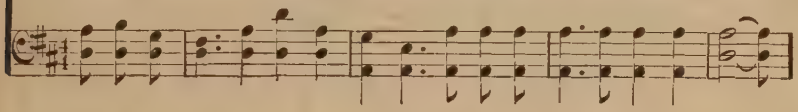
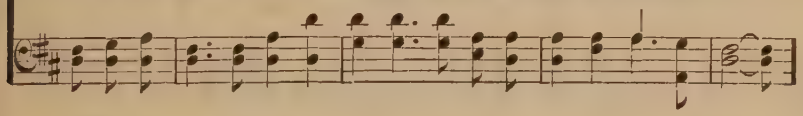
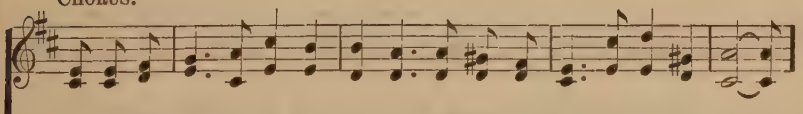
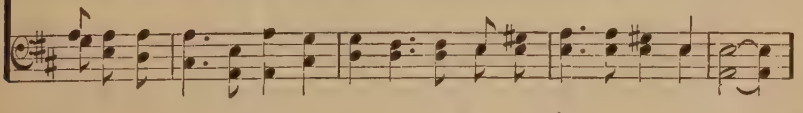
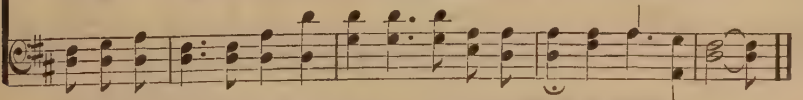
He Died For All.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. For all the Saviour's heart was broken; Yea, ev'ry soul to Him was dear.
2. For all His faith-ful prayers ascended! His great compassion welcomed all.
3. For all, 'midst bitter shame and scorning, His hands and feet and side were riven!
4. For all He longs with deepest yearning; His grace He offers free-ly now!

To all the tid-ings glad were spoken By an-gel voic-es, sweet and clear.
To all His lov-ing care ex-tend-ed—He did not slight the feeb-lest call.
To all, up-on that Easter morning. The res-ur-rec-tion hope was giv'n.
To all His gen-tle face is turn-ing. He wills to save! What willest thou?

Chorus.



For all, for all—He left the glo-ry; And shed His blood on Cal-va-ry!

For all, for all—O hear the sto-ry! He died for all—He died for thee!



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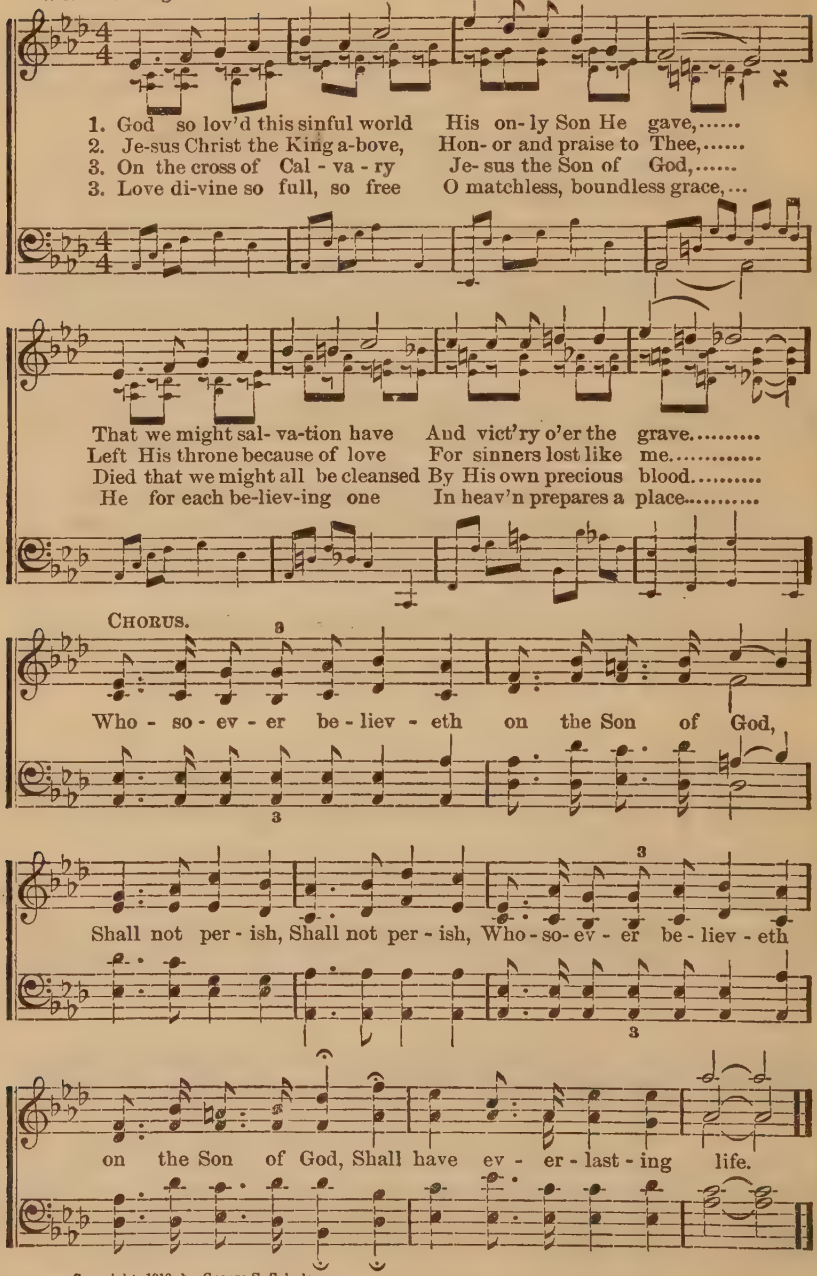
Whosoever Believeth.

Words Arranged. GEORGE S. SCHULER.


1. God so lov'd this sinful world His on- ly Son He gave,.....
2. Je-sus Christ the King a-bove, Hon- or and praise to Thee,.....
3. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je- sus the Son of God,.....
3. Love di-vine so full, so free O matchless, boundless grace,...
That we might sal- va-tion have And vict'ry o'er the grave.....
Left His throne because of love For sinners lost like me.....
Died that we might all be cleansed By His own precious blood.....
He for each be-liev-ing one In heav'n prepares a place.....
CHORUS.
Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth on the Son of God,
Shall not per - ish, Shall not per - ish, Who - so- ev - er be - liev - eth
on the Son of God, Shall have ev - er - last - ing life.

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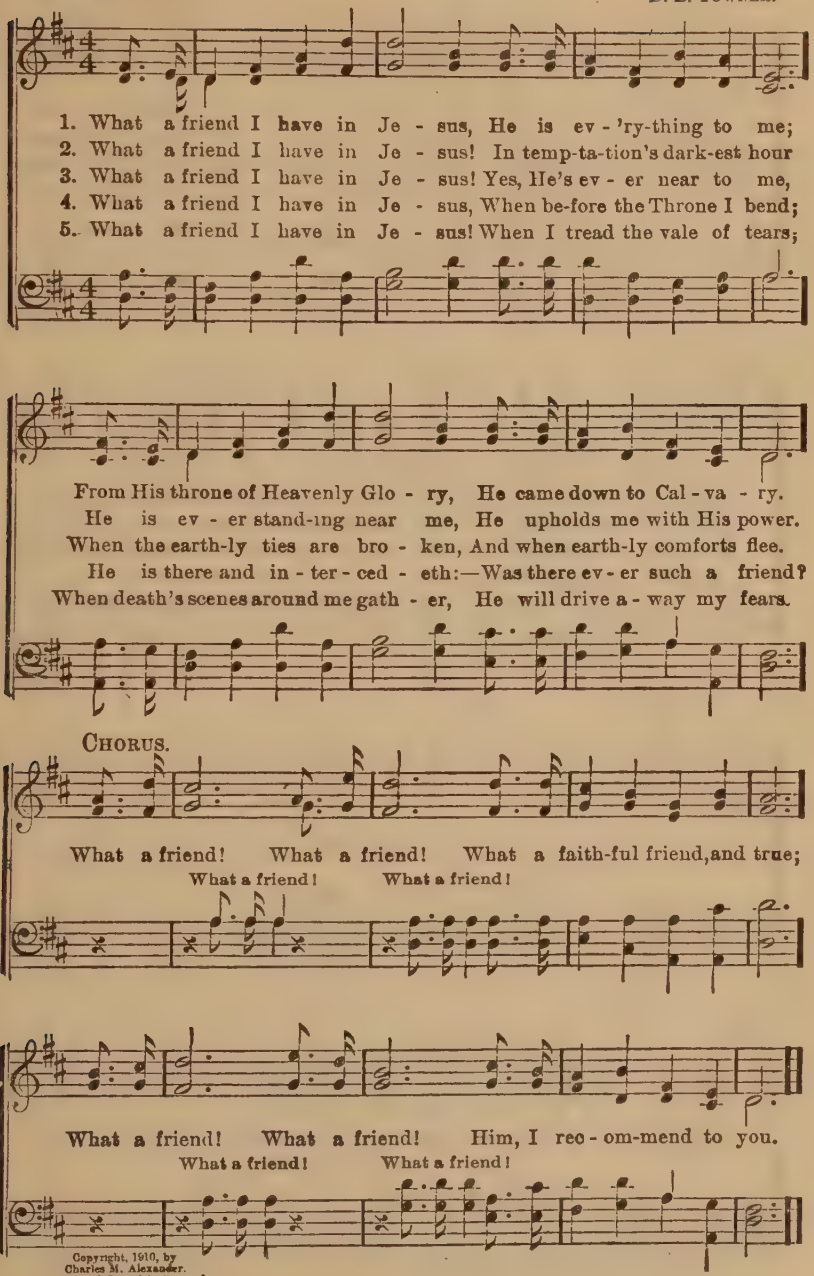
What a Friend.

E. M. WADSWORTH. D. B. TOWNER.


1. What a friend I have in Je - sus, He is ev - 'ry-thing to me;
2. What a friend I have in Je - sus! In temp-ta-tion's dark-est hour
3. What a friend I have in Je - sus! Yes, He's ev - er near to me,
4. What a friend I have in Je - sus, When be-fore the Throne I bend;
5. What a friend I have in Je - sus! When I tread the vale of tears;
From His throne of Heavenly Glo - ry, He came down to Cal - va - ry.
He is ev - er stand-ing near me, He upholds me with His power.
When the earth-ly ties are bro - ken, And when earth-ly comforts flee.
He is there and in - ter - ced - eth:—Was there ev - er such a friend?
When death's scenes around me gath - er, He will drive a - way my fears.
CHORUS.
What a friend! What a friend! What a faith-ful friend, and true;
What a friend! What a friend!
What a friend! What a friend! Him, I rec - om-mend to you.
What a friend! What a friend!

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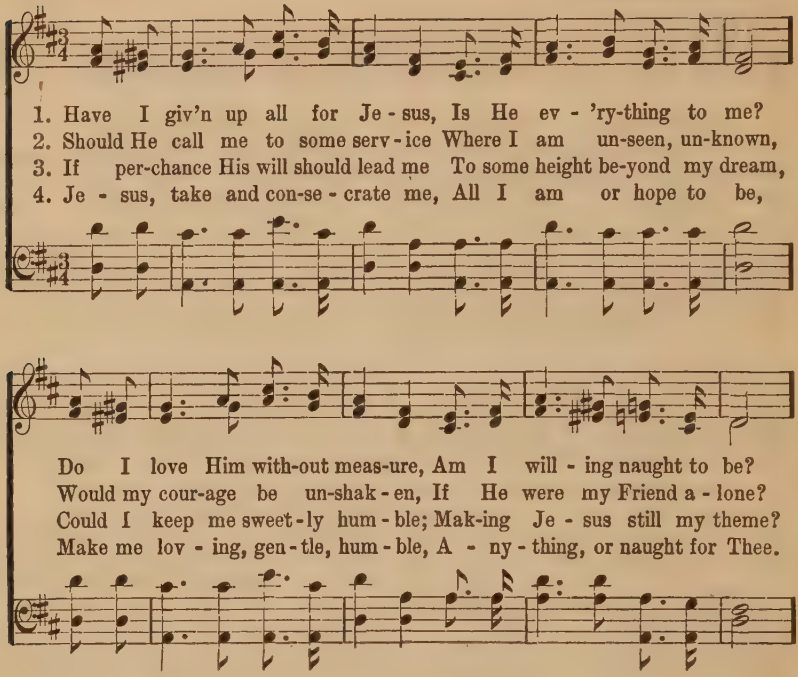
Have I Given Up All for Jesus?

H. M. B. HELEN M. BETTS.


1. Have I giv'n up all for Je - sus, Is He ev - 'ry-thing to me?
2. Should He call me to some serv - ice Where I am un-seen, un-known,
3. If per-chance His will should lead me To some height be-yond my dream,
4. Je - sus, take and con-se - crate me, All I am or hope to be,
Do I love Him with-out meas-ure, Am I will - ing naught to be?
Would my cour-age be un-shak - en, If He were my Friend a - lone?
Could I keep me sweet - ly hum - ble; Mak-ing Je - sus still my theme?
Make me lov - ing, gen - tle, hum - ble, A - ny - thing, or naught for Thee.
CHORUS.
Oh, to give up all for Je - sus, That my life His will may sway,
To be a - ny-thing or noth-ing, This my ear-nest prayer to-day.

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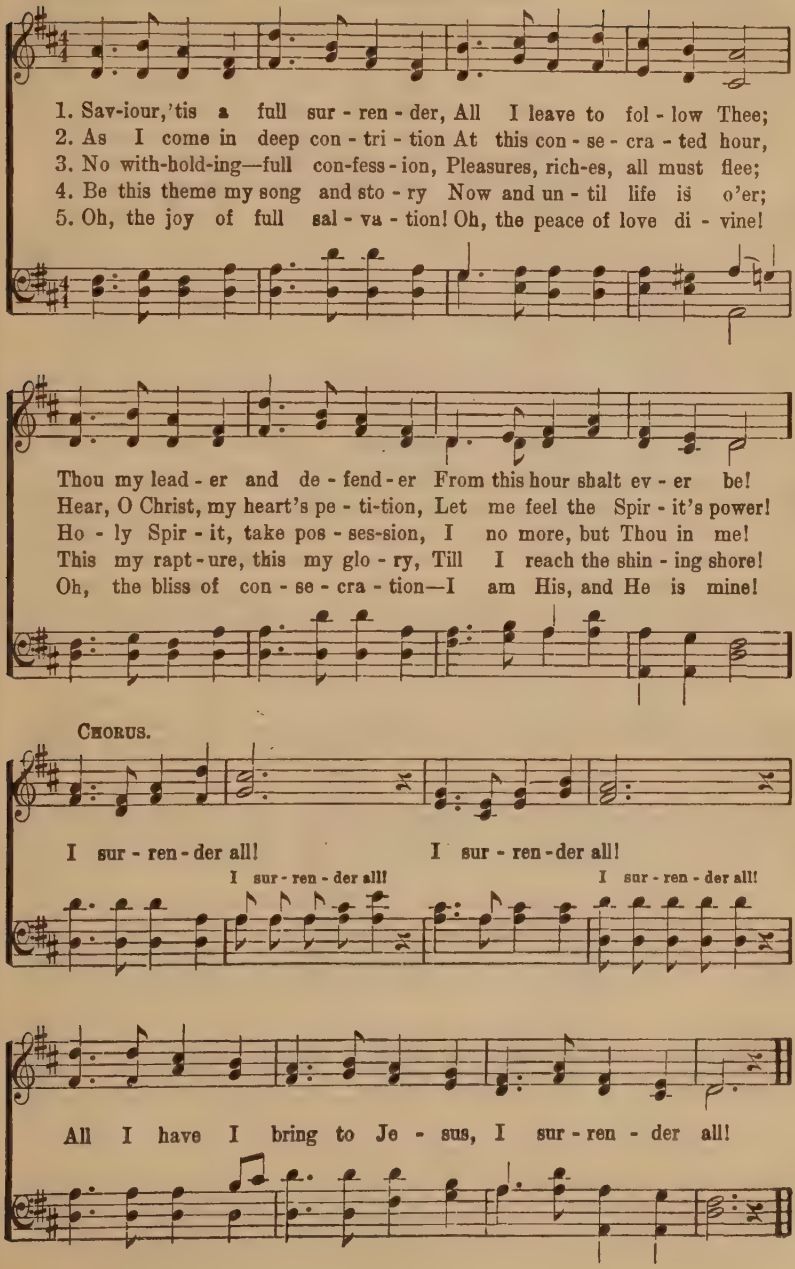
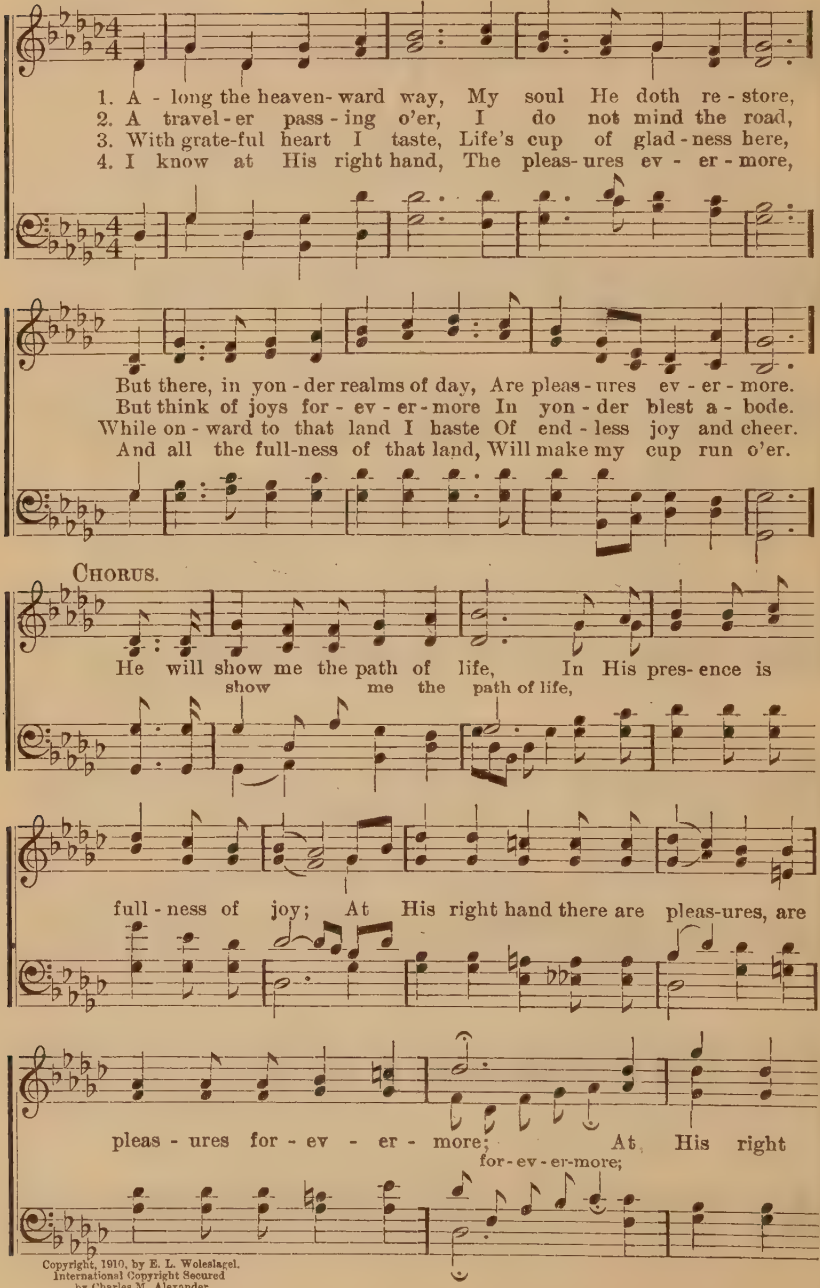
Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Sav-iour,'tis a full sur - ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con - tri - tion At this con - se - cra - ted hour,
3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess - ion, Pleasures, rich-es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!
Thou my lead - er and de - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be!
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti-tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's power!
Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos - ses-sion, I no more, but Thou in me!
This my rapt - ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore!
Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion—I am His, and He is mine!
CHORUS.
I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!
I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!
All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!

Pleasures Evermore.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. E. L. WOLESLAGEL.


1. A - long the heaven- ward way, My soul He doth re - store,
2. A travel - er pass - ing o'er, I do not mind the road,
3. With grate-ful heart I taste, Life's cup of glad - ness here,
4. I know at His right hand, The pleas - ures ev - er - more,
But there, in yon - der realms of day, Are pleas - ures ev - er - more.
But think of joys for - ev - er - more In yon - der blest a - bode.
While on - ward to that land I haste Of end - less joy and cheer.
And all the full-ness of that land, Will make my cup run o'er.
CHORUS.
He will show me the path of life, In His pres- ence is
show me the path of life,
full - ness of joy; At His right hand there are pleas-ures, are
pleas - ures for - ev - er - more; At His right
for-ev-er-more;

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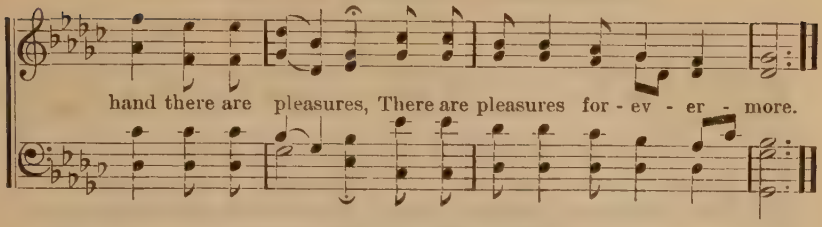
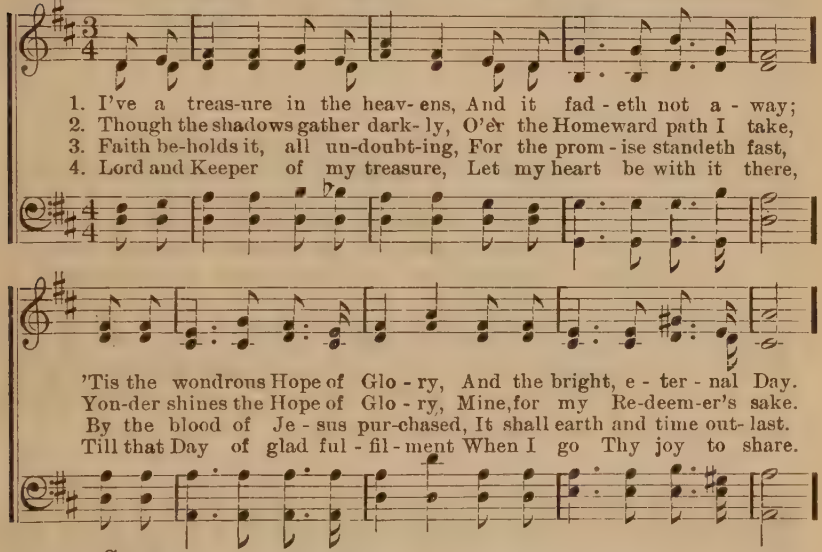
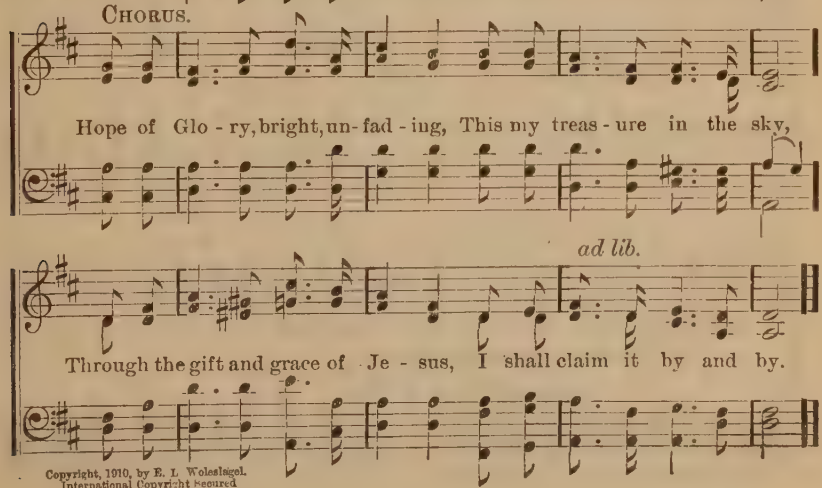


39 A Treasure in the Heavens.

HARRIETTE WATERS. E. L. WOLESLAGEL.


1. I've a treas-ure in the heav- ens, And it fad - eth not a - way;
2. Though the shadows gather dark- ly, O'er the Homeward path I take,
3. Faith be-holds it, all un-doubt-ing, For the prom - ise standeth fast,
4. Lord and Keeper of my treasure, Let my heart be with it there,
'Tis the wondrous Hope of Glo - ry, And the bright, e - ter - nal Day.
Yon-der shines the Hope of Glo - ry, Mine, for my Re-deem-er's sake.
By the blood of Je - sus pur-chased, It shall earth and time out- last.
Till that Day of glad ful - fil - ment When I go Thy joy to share.

CHORUS.


Hope of Glo - ry, bright, un- fad - ing, This my treas - ure in the sky,
ad lib.
Through the gift and grace of Je - sus, I shall claim it by and by.

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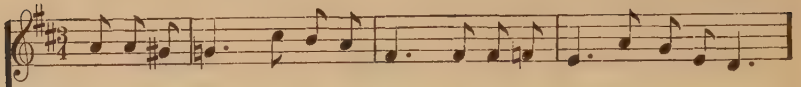
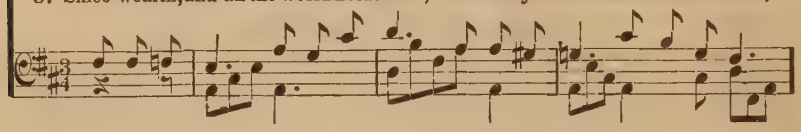
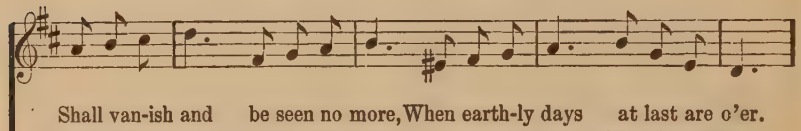
The Things Not Seen Are Eternal.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. E. O. SELLERS.

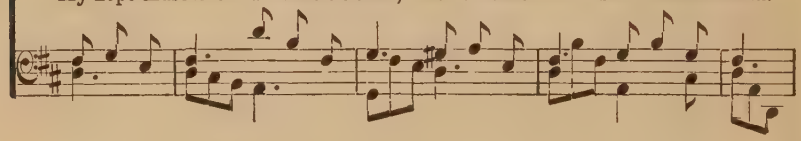


1. The sun and moon that bright-ly shine, And all the wealth of rar-est mine,
2. The earth and sea, and starry sky, Shall perish in the bye-and-bye;
3. Since wealth, and all the world holds dear, So swiftly fades when death is near,

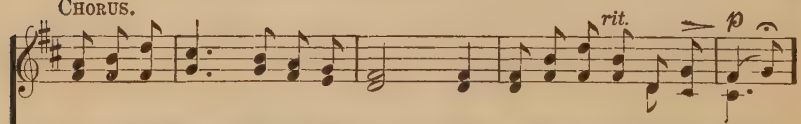




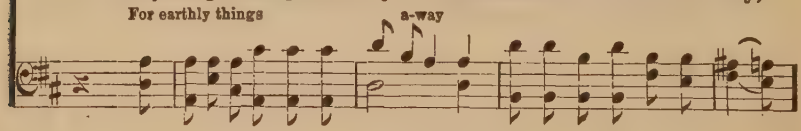
Shall van-ish and be seen no more, When earth-ly days at last are o'er.
But things un-seen are countless gems In ev-er-last - ing di - a-dems.
My hope must not be built on sand, But on that un - seen treasure-land.

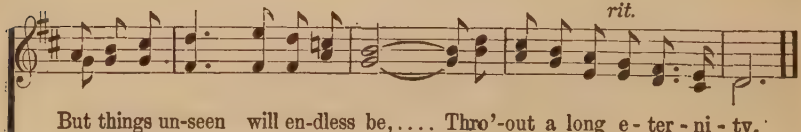


CHORUS.

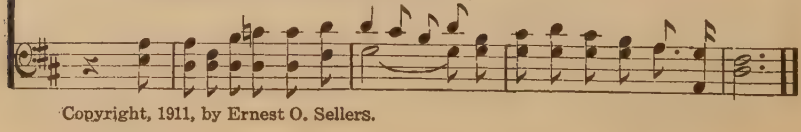


For earthly things shall pass a - way Like shadows at the close of day;





But things un-seen will en-dless be, ... Thro'-out a long e - ter - ni - ty.



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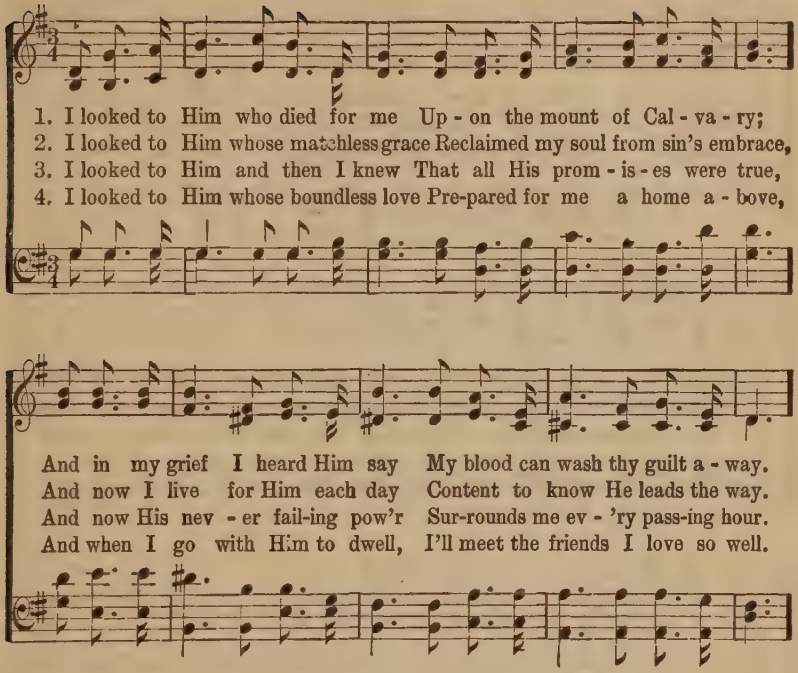
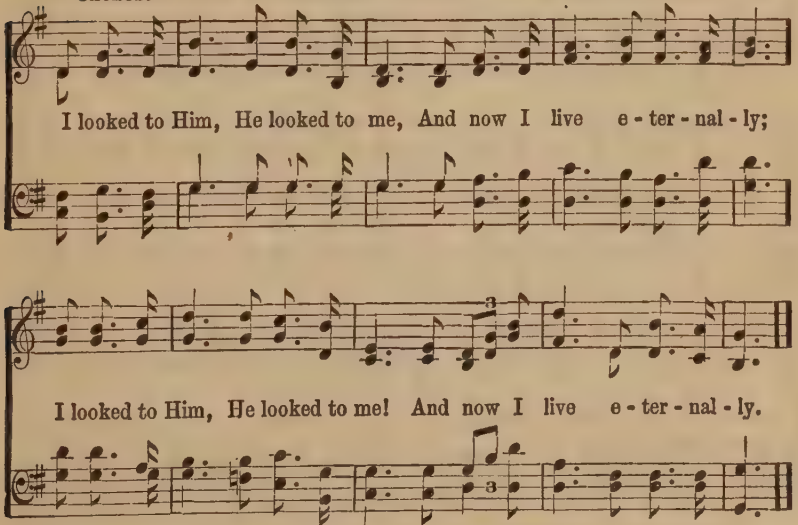
I Looked to Him.

A. S. Reitz. D. B. Towner.


1. I looked to Him who died for me Up - on the mount of Cal - va - ry;
2. I looked to Him whose matchless grace Reclaimed my soul from sin's embrace,
3. I looked to Him and then I knew That all His prom - is - es were true,
4. I looked to Him whose boundless love Pre-pared for me a home a - bove,
And in my grief I heard Him say My blood can wash thy guilt a - way.
And now I live for Him each day Content to know He leads the way.
And now His nev - er fail-ing pow'r Sur-rounds me ev - 'ry pass-ing hour.
And when I go with Him to dwell, I'll meet the friends I love so well.

Chorus.



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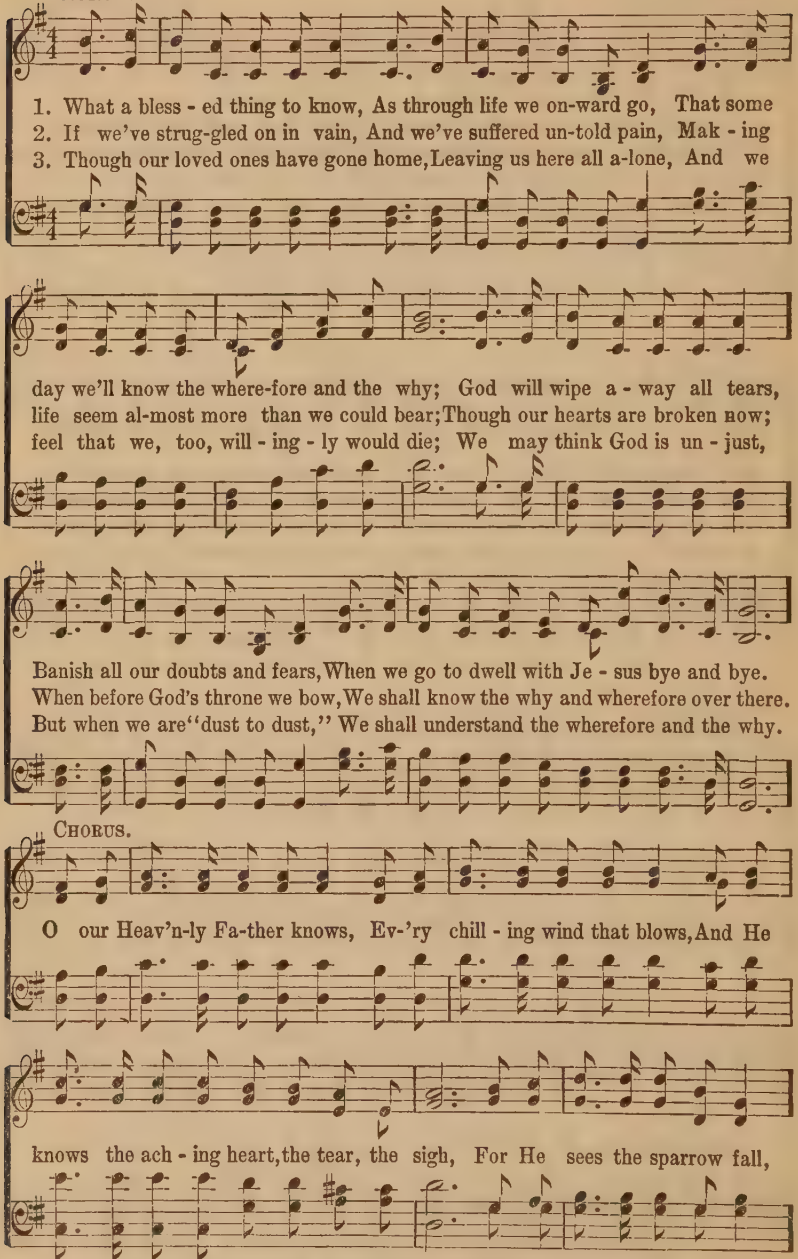
The Wherefore and the Why.

RUTH INGE BJORK. D. B. TOWNER.


1. What a bless - ed thing to know, As through life we on-ward go, That some
2. If we've strug-gled on in vain, And we've suffered un-told pain, Mak - ing
3. Though our loved ones have gone home, Leaving us here all a-lone, And we
day we'll know the where-fore and the why; God will wipe a - way all tears,
life seem al-most more than we could bear; Though our hearts are broken now;
feel that we, too, will - ing - ly would die; We may think God is un - just,
Banish all our doubts and fears, When we go to dwell with Je - sus bye and bye.
When before God's throne we bow, We shall know the why and wherefore over there.
But when we are "dust to dust," We shall understand the wherefore and the why.
CHORUS.
O our Heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows, Ev-'ry chill - ing wind that blows, And He
knows the ach - ing heart, the tear, the sigh, For He sees the sparrow fall,

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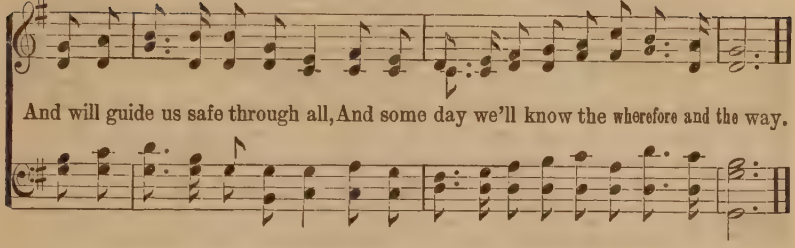
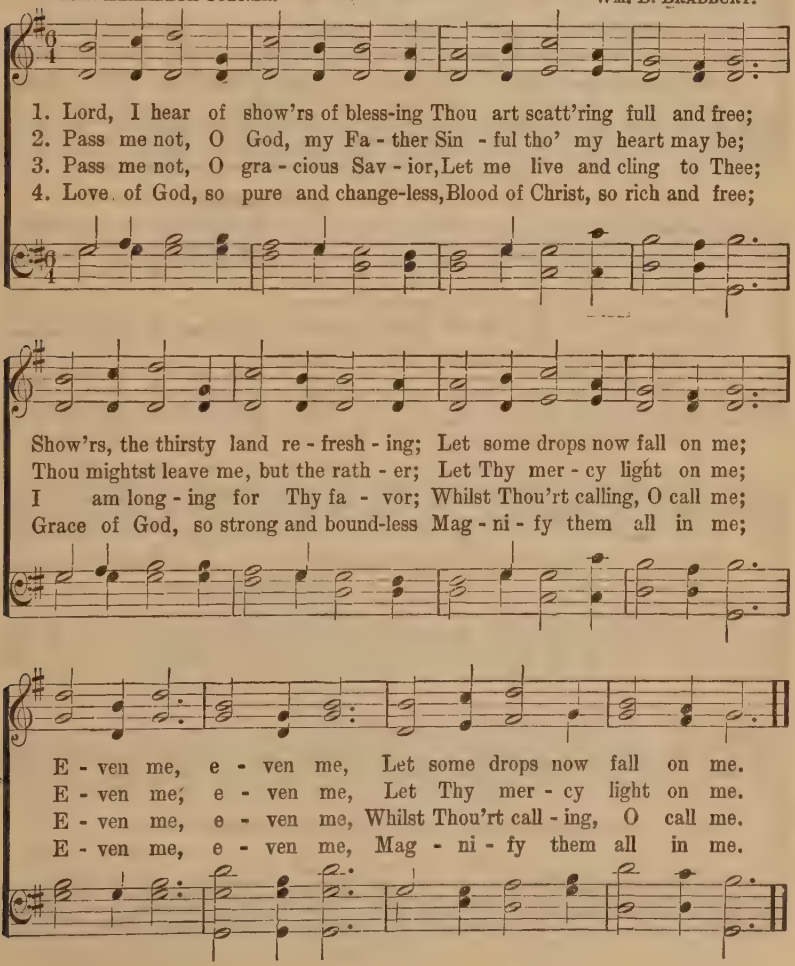
The Wherefore and the Why.



43 Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less Mag - ni - fy them all in me;
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

44 The Hand that was Wounded for Me!

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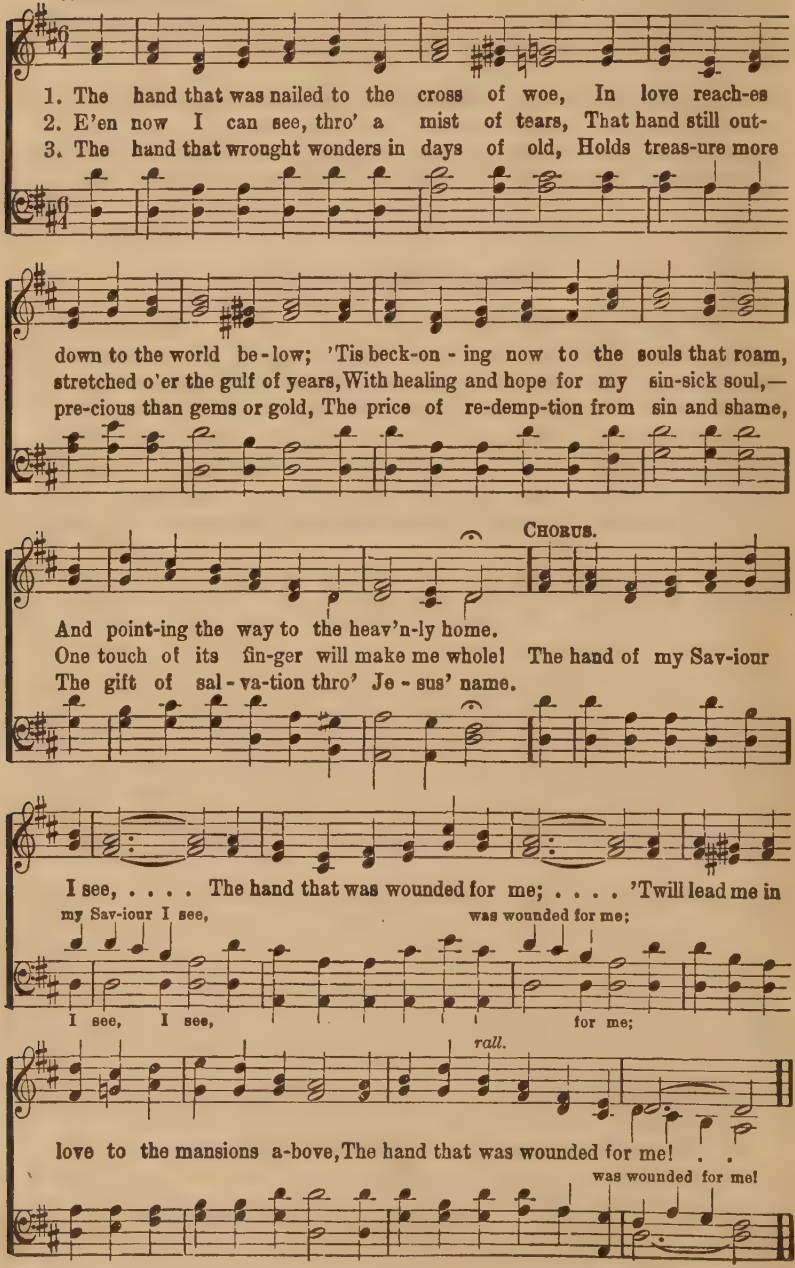
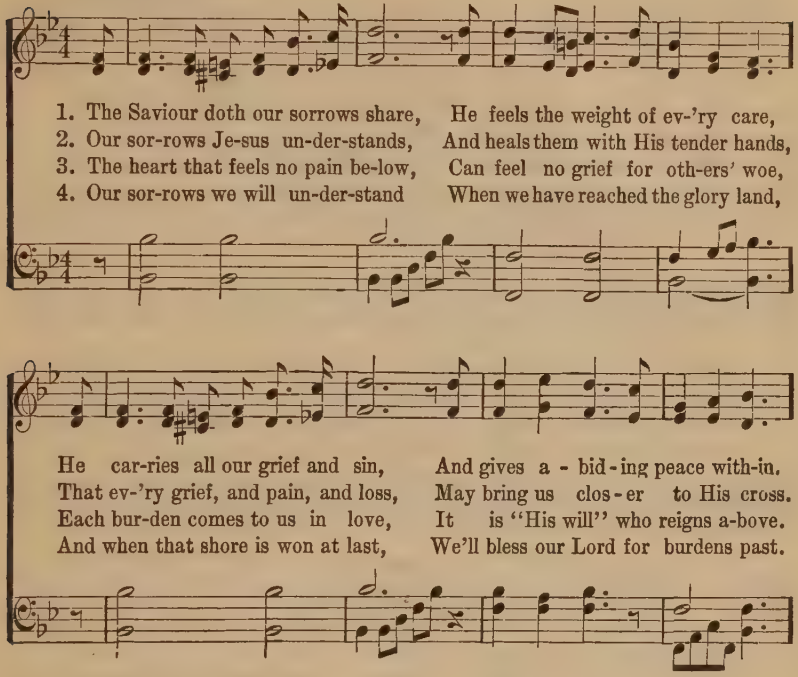
HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

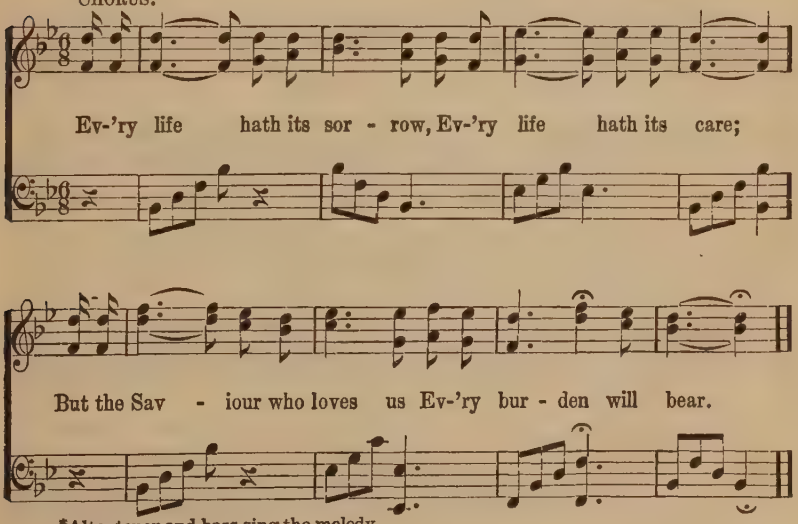

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treas-ure more
down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul,—
pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame,
CHORUS.
And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole! The hand of my Sav-iour
The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.
I see, ... The hand that was wounded for me; . . . . 'Twill lead me in
my Sav-iour I see,
was wounded for me;
I see, I see,
for me;
rall.
love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me! . .
was wounded for me!

Every Life Hath Its Sorrow.

ELIZABETH B. STREID. Arr. A. R LYTLE.


1. The Saviour doth our sorrows share, He feels the weight of ev-'ry care,
2. Our sor-rows Je-sus un-der-stands, And heals them with His tender hands,
3. The heart that feels no pain be-low, Can feel no grief for oth-ers' woe,
4. Our sor-rows we will un-der-stand When we have reached the glory land,
He car-ries all our grief and sin, And gives a - bid - ing peace with-in.
That ev-'ry grief, and pain, and loss, May bring us clos - er to His cross.
Each bur-den comes to us in love, It is "His will" who reigns a-bove.
And when that shore is won at last, We'll bless our Lord for burdens past.

*CHORUS.



*Alto, tenor and bass sing the melody.

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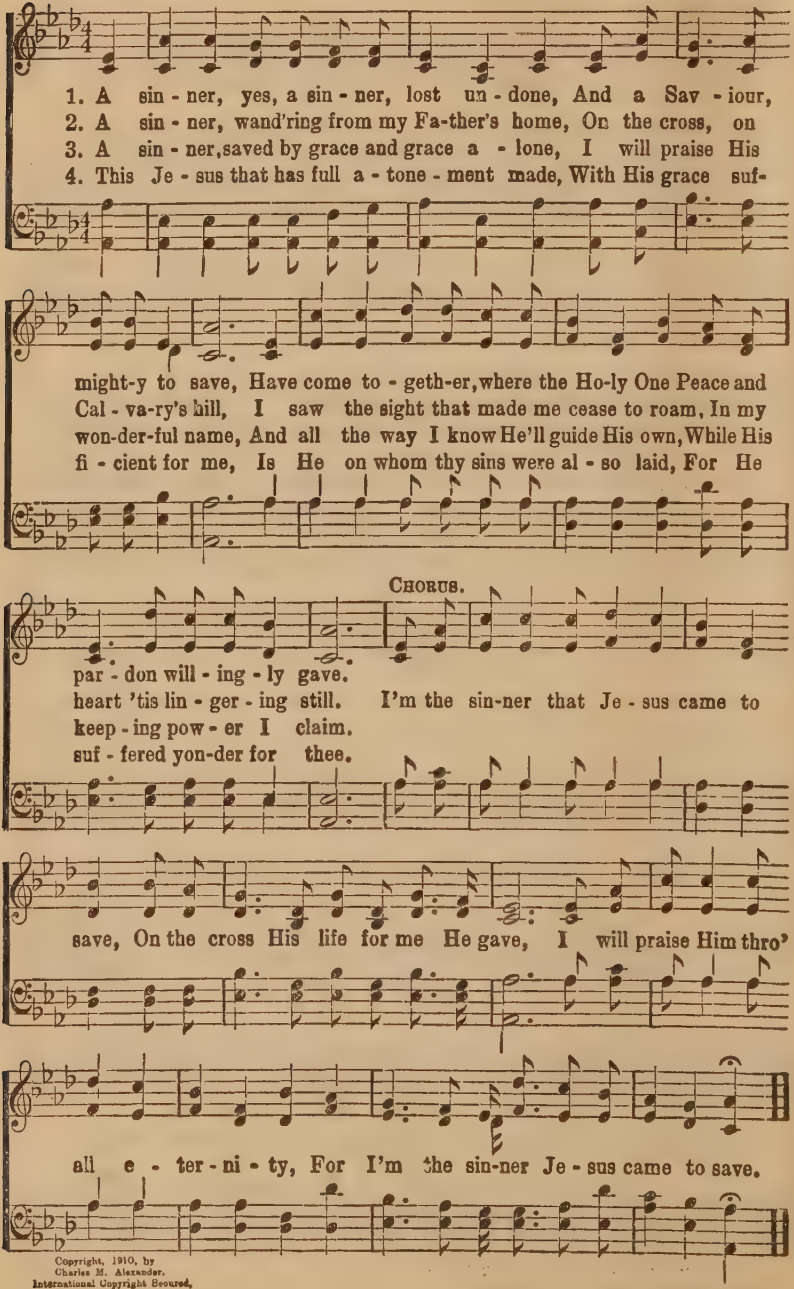
46 I'm the Sinner that Jesus Came to Save.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. A sin - ner, yes, a sin - ner, lost un - done, And a Sav - iour,
2. A sin - ner, wand'ring from my Fa-ther's home, On the cross, on
3. A sin - ner, saved by grace and grace a - lone, I will praise His
4. This Je - sus that has full a - tone - ment made, With His grace suf-
might-y to save, Have come to - geth-er, where the Ho-ly One Peace and
Cal - va-ry's hill, I saw the sight that made me cease to roam, In my
won-der-ful name, And all the way I know He'll guide His own, While His
fi - cient for me, Is He on whom thy sins were al - so laid, For He
CHORUS.
par - don will - ing - ly gave.
heart 'tis lin - ger - ing still. I'm the sin-ner that Je - sus came to
keep - ing pow - er I claim.
suf - fered yon-der for thee.
save, On the cross His life for me He gave, I will praise Him thro'
all e - ter - ni - ty, For I'm the sin-ner Je - sus came to save.

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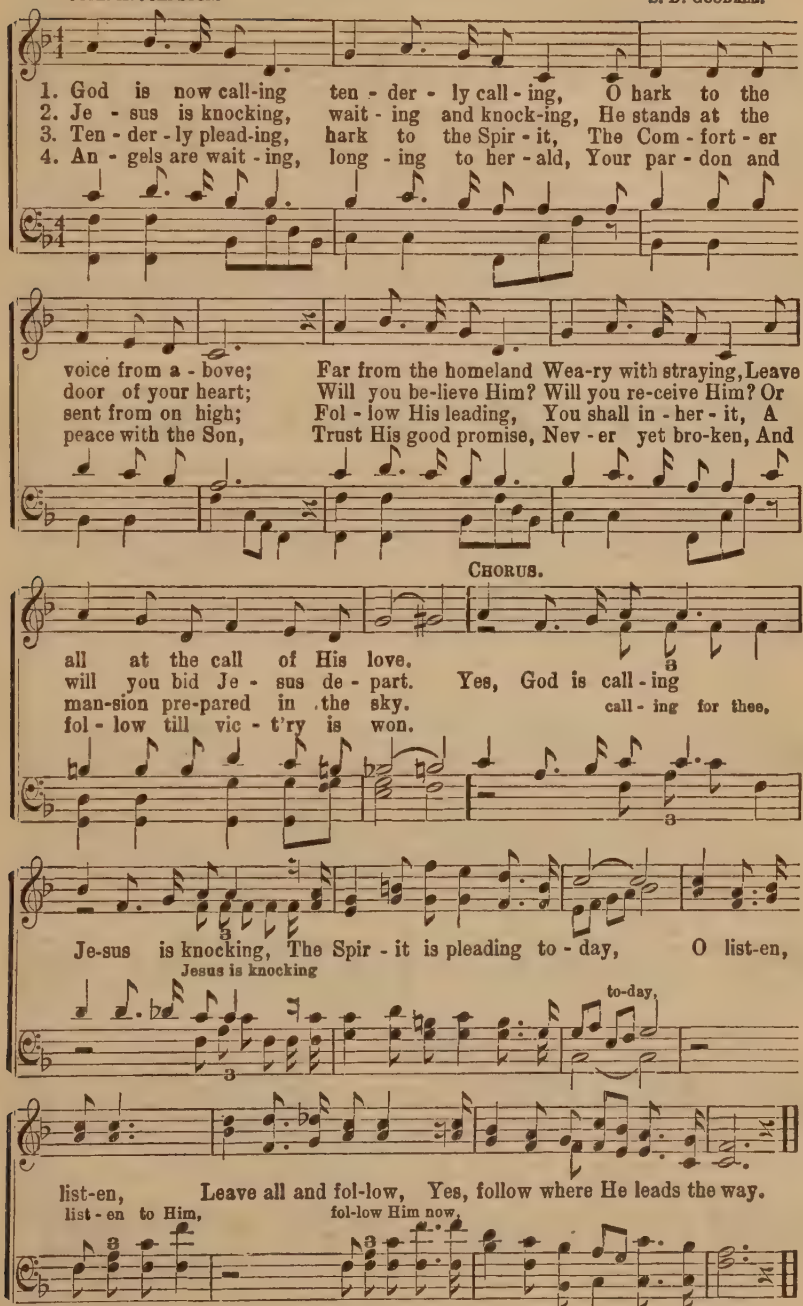
The Heavenly Call.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. S. D. GOODALE.


1. God is now call-ing ten - der - ly call - ing, O hark to the
2. Je - sus is knocking, wait - ing and knock-ing, He stands at the
3. Ten - der - ly plead-ing, hark to the Spir - it, The Com - fort - er
4. An - gels are wait - ing, long - ing to her - ald, Your par - don and
voice from a - bove; Far from the homeland Wea-ry with straying, Leave
door of your heart; Will you be-lieve Him? Will you re-ceive Him? Or
sent from on high; Fol - low His leading, You shall in - her - it, A
peace with the Son, Trust His good promise, Nev - er yet bro-ken, And
CHORUS.
all at the call of His love.
will you bid Je - sus de - part. Yes, God is call - ing
man-sion pre-pared in the sky. call - ing for thee,
fol - low till vic - t'ry is won.
Je-sus is knocking, The Spir - it is pleading to - day, O list-en,
Jesus is knocking
to-day,
list-en, Leave all and fol-low, Yes, follow where He leads the way.
list - en to Him, fol-low Him now,

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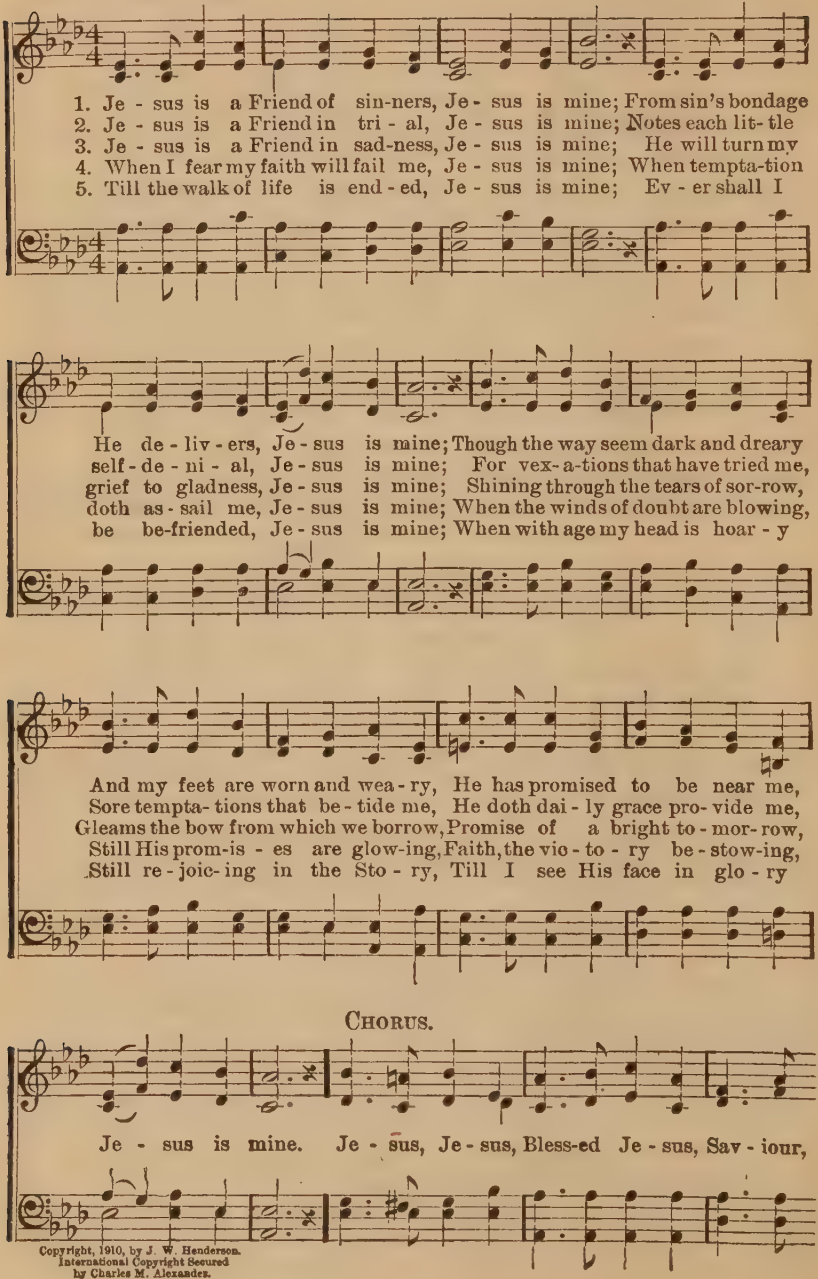
Jesus is Mine.

FRANC BENTLEY HENDERSON. J. W. HENDERSON.


1. Je - sus is a Friend of sin-ners, Je - sus is mine; From sin's bondage
2. Je - sus is a Friend in tri - al, Je - sus is mine; Notes each lit- tle
3. Je - sus is a Friend in sad-ness, Je - sus is mine; He will turn my
4. When I fear my faith will fail me, Je - sus is mine; When tempta-tion
5. Till the walk of life is end - ed, Je - sus is mine; Ev - er shall I
He de - liv - ers, Je - sus is mine; Though the way seem dark and dreary
self - de - ni - al, Je - sus is mine; For vex - a-tions that have tried me,
grief to gladness, Je - sus is mine; Shining through the tears of sor-row,
doth as - sail me, Je - sus is mine; When the winds of doubt are blowing,
be be-friended, Je - sus is mine; When with age my head is hoar - y
And my feet are worn and wea - ry, He has promised to be near me,
Sore tempta- tions that be - tide me, He doth dai - ly grace pro- vide me,
Gleams the bow from which we borrow, Promise of a bright to - mor- row,
Still His prom-is - es are glow-ing, Faith, the vic - to - ry be - stow-ing,
Still re - joic- ing in the Sto - ry, Till I see His face in glo - ry
CHORUS.
Je - sus is mine. Je - sus, Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Sav - iour,

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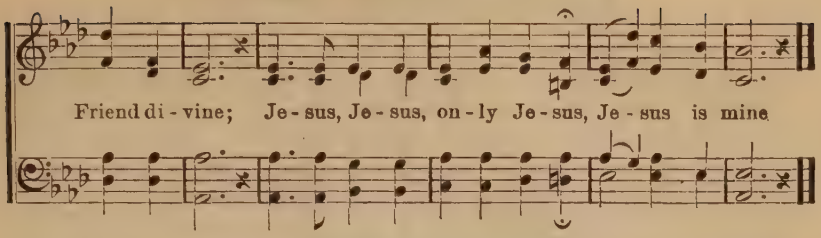
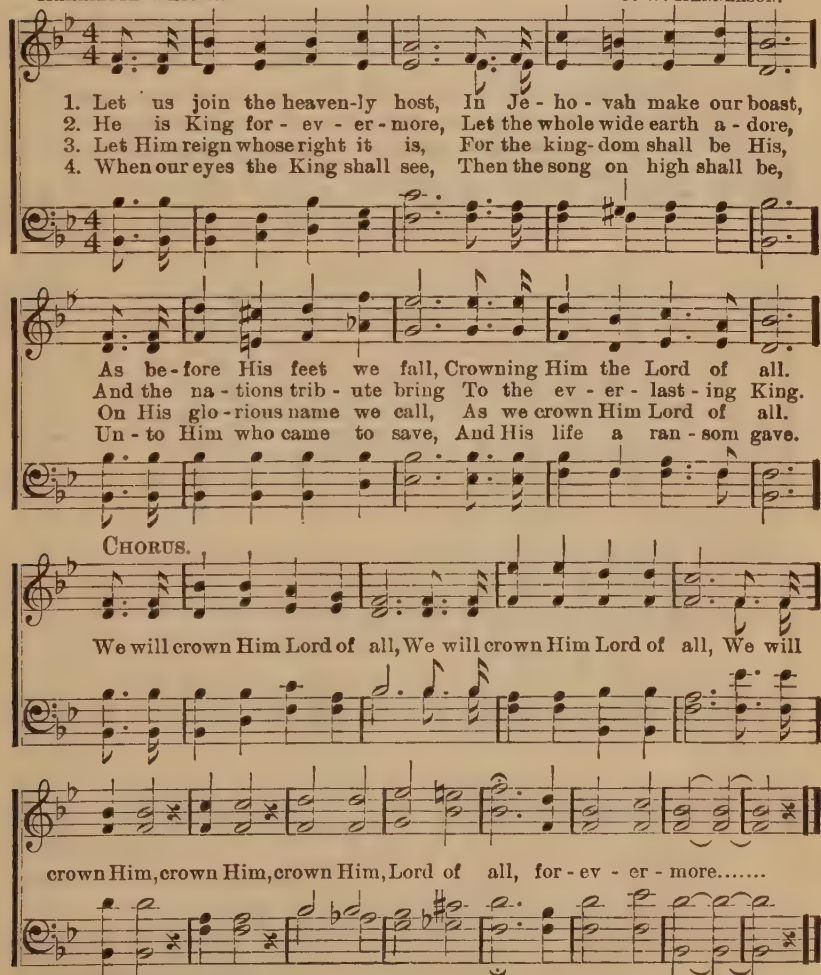


49 We Will Crown Him.

HARRIETTE WATERS. J. W. HENDERSON.


1. Let us join the heaven-ly host, In Je - ho - vah make our boast,
2. He is King for - ev - er - more, Let the whole wide earth a - dore,
3. Let Him reign whose right it is, For the king-dom shall be His,
4. When our eyes the King shall see, Then the song on high shall be,
As be - fore His feet we fall, Crowning Him the Lord of all.
And the na - tions trib - ute bring To the ev - er - last - ing King.
On His glo - rious name we call, As we crown Him Lord of all.
Un - to Him who came to save, And His life a ran - som gave.
CHORUS.
We will crown Him Lord of all, We will crown Him Lord of all, We will
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all, for - ev - er - more.....

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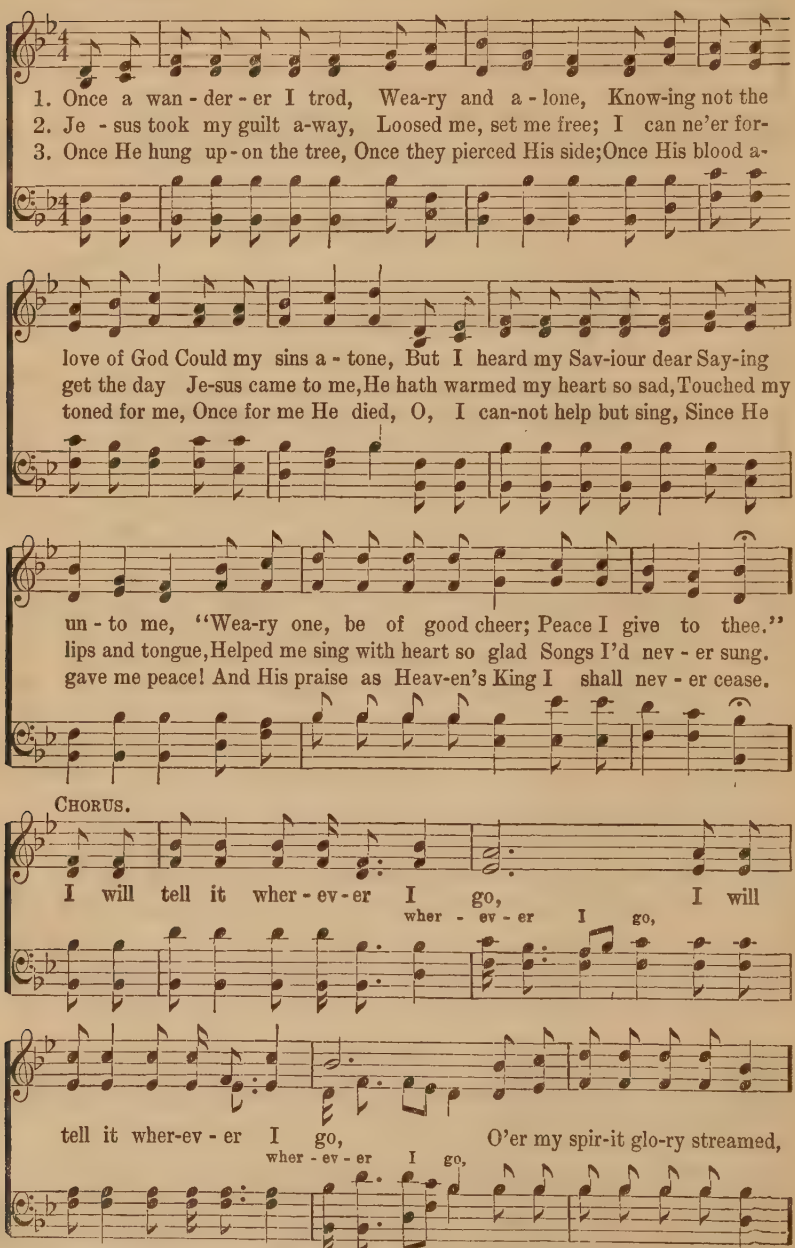
I Will Tell it Wherever I Go.

B. W. BURLEIGH. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Once a wan - der - er I trod, Wea-ry and a - lone, Know-ing not the
2. Je - sus took my guilt a-way, Loosed me, set me free; I can ne'er for-
3. Once He hung up - on the tree, Once they pierced His side; Once His blood a-
love of God Could my sins a - tone, But I heard my Sav-iour dear Say-ing
get the day Je-sus came to me, He hath warmed my heart so sad, Touched my
toned for me, Once for me He died, O, I can-not help but sing, Since He
un - to me, "Wea-ry one, be of good cheer; Peace I give to thee."
lips and tongue, Helped me sing with heart so glad Songs I'd nev - er sung.
gave me peace! And His praise as Heav-en's King I shall nev - er cease.
CHORUS.
I will tell it wher - ev - er I go, I will
wher - ev - er I go,
tell it wher-ev - er I go, O'er my spir-it glo-ry streamed,
wher - ev - er I go,

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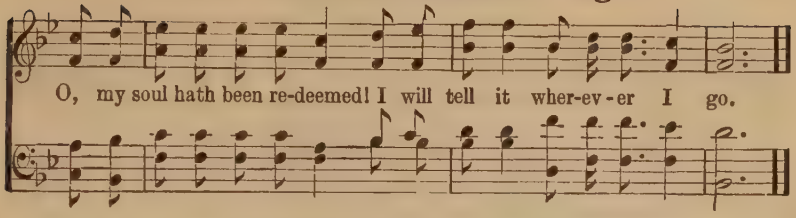
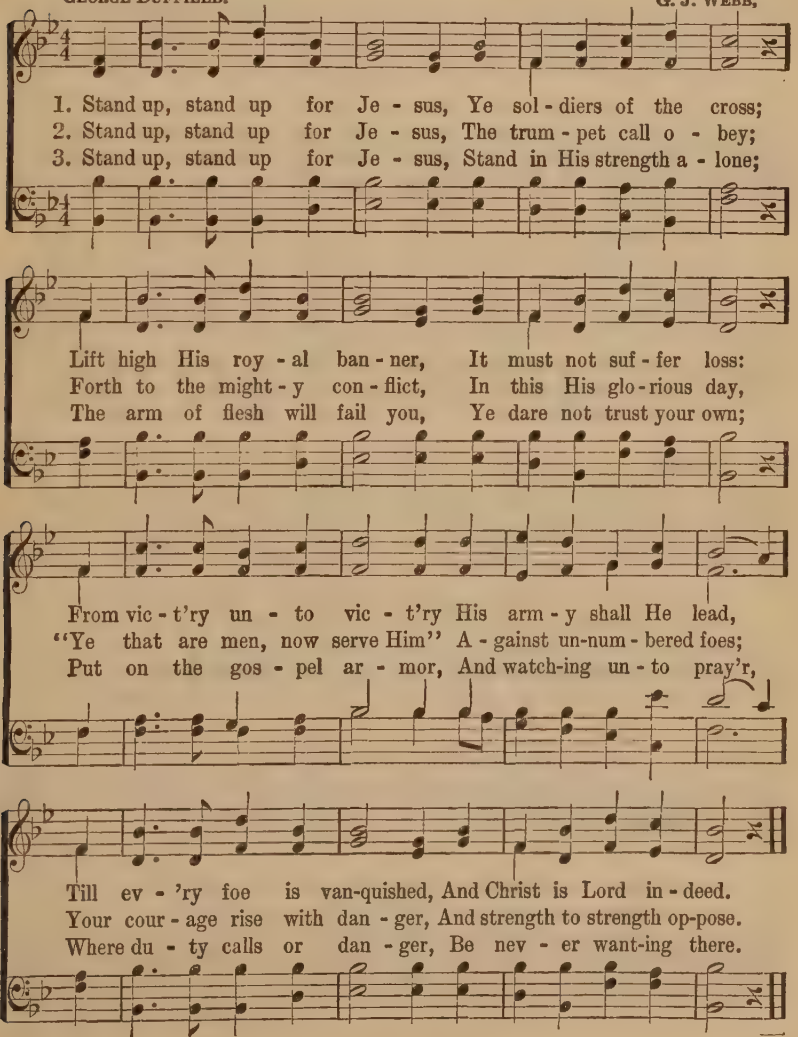
I Will Tell it Wherever I go.



51 Stand Up for Jesus!

GEORGE DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day,
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him" A - gainst un-num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch-ing un - to pray'r,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

Come Home!

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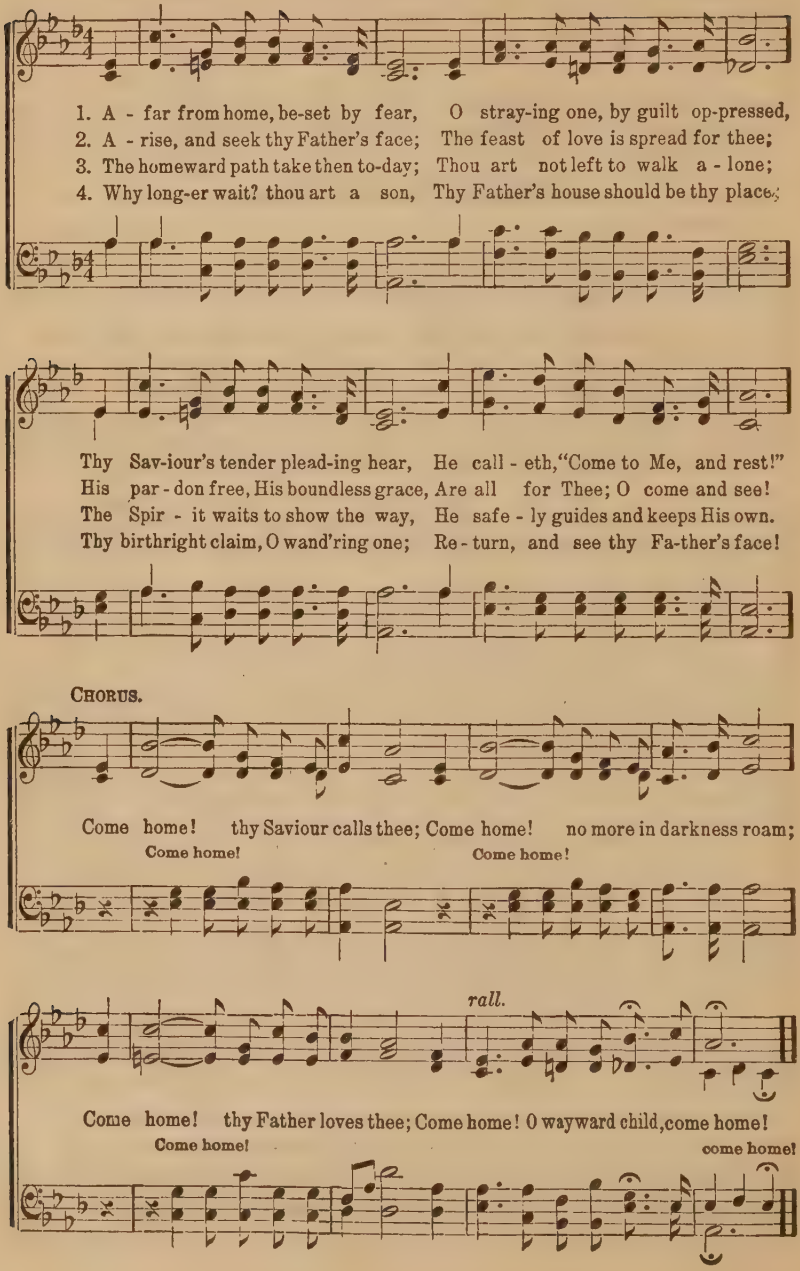
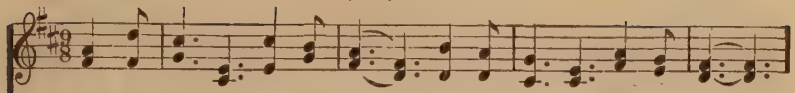
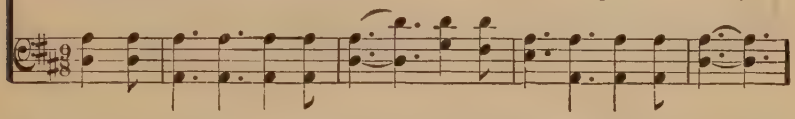
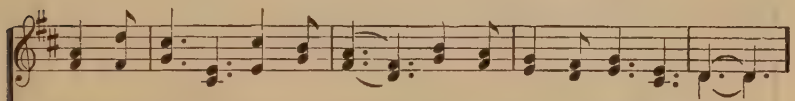
Arr. by JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. A - far from home, be-set by fear, O stray-ing one, by guilt op-pressed,
2. A - rise, and seek thy Father's face; The feast of love is spread for thee;
3. The homeward path take then to-day; Thou art not left to walk a - lone;
4. Why long-er wait? thou art a son, Thy Father's house should be thy place.
Thy Sav-iour's tender plead-ing hear, He call - eth, "Come to Me, and rest!"
His par - don free, His boundless grace, Are all for Thee; O come and see!
The Spir - it waits to show the way, He safe - ly guides and keeps His own.
Thy birthright claim, O wand'ring one; Re - turn, and see thy Fa-ther's face!
CHORUS.
Come home! thy Saviour calls thee; Come home! no more in darkness roam;
Come home! Come home!
rall.
Come home! thy Father loves thee; Come home! O wayward child, come home!
Come home! come home!

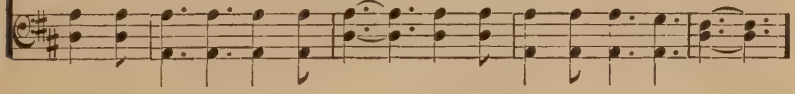
Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. C. C. CASE.



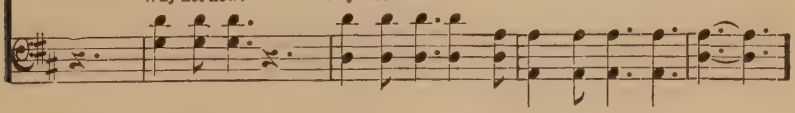
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

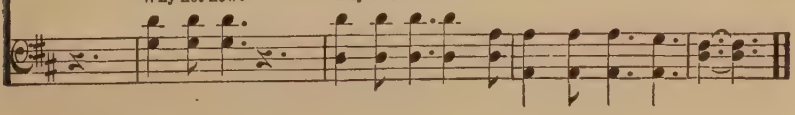


CHORUS

Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

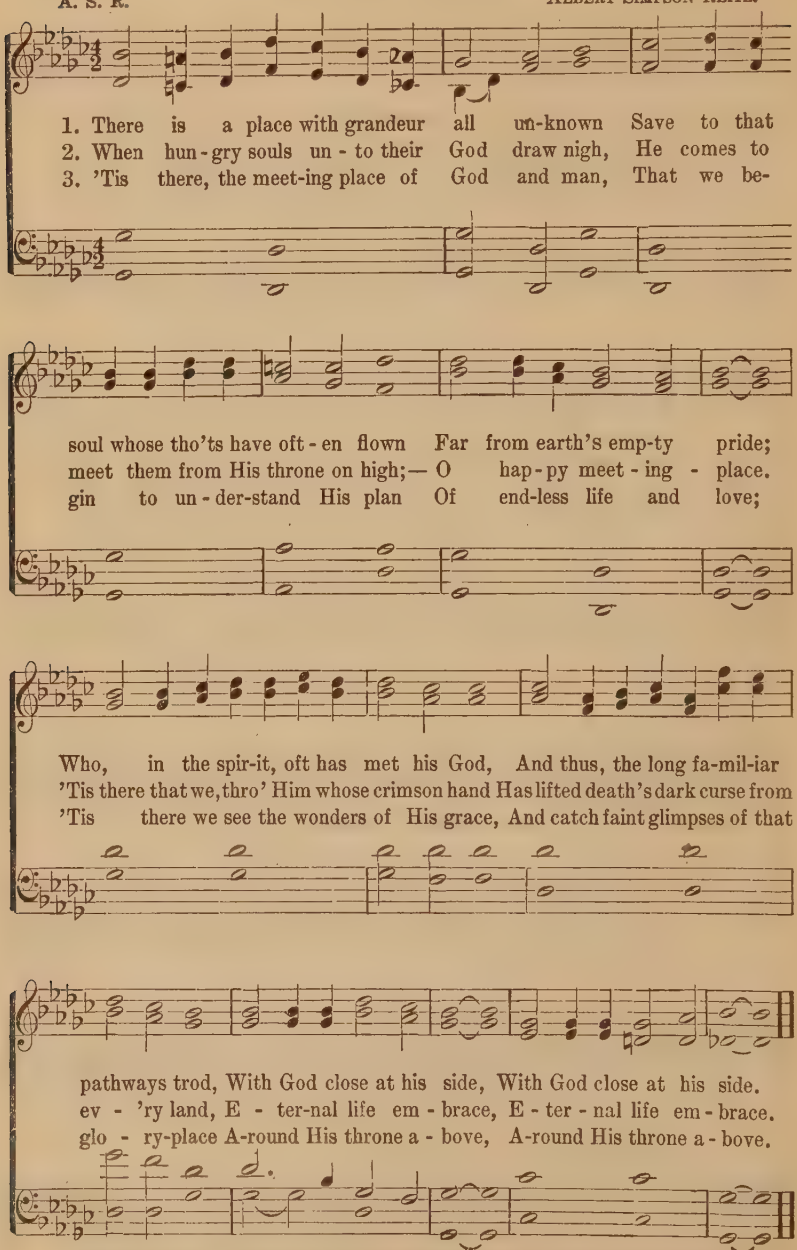


Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



54 The Meeting-Place of God and Man.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. There is a place with grandeur all un-known Save to that
2. When hun-gry souls un-to their God draw nigh, He comes to
3. 'Tis there, the meet-ing place of God and man, That we be-
soul whose tho'ts have oft-en flown Far from earth's emp-ty pride;
meet them from His throne on high;— O hap-py meet-ing-place.
gin to un-der-stand His plan Of end-less life and love;
Who, in the spir-it, oft has met his God, And thus, the long fa-mil-iar
'Tis there that we, thro' Him whose crimson hand Has lifted death's dark curse from
'Tis there we see the wonders of His grace, And catch faint glimpses of that
pathways trod, With God close at his side, With God close at his side.
ev-'ry land, E-ter-nal life em-brace, E-ter-nal life em-brace.
glo-ry-place A-round His throne a-bove, A-round His throne a-bove.

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Saved by the Blood.

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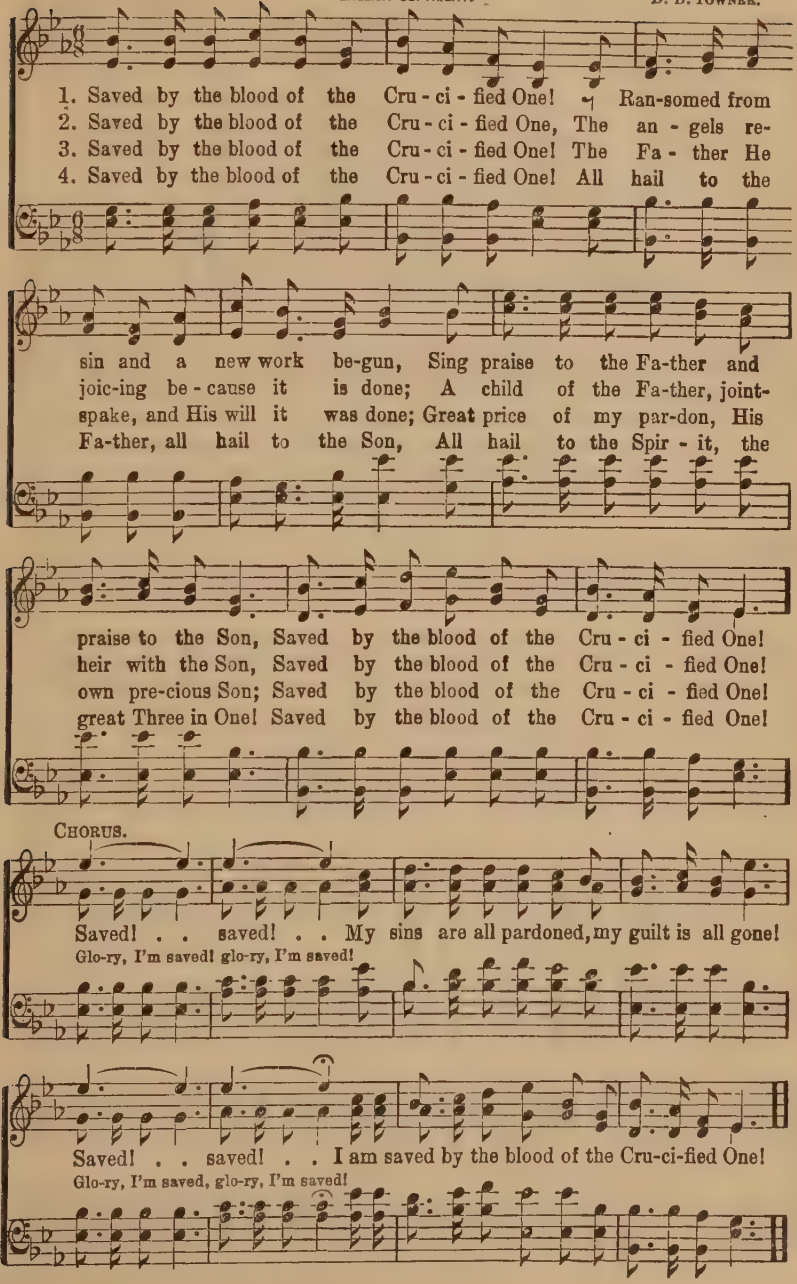
S. J. HENDERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran-somed from
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The an - gels re-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the
sin and a new work be-gun, Sing praise to the Fa-ther and
joic-ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa-ther, joint-
spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par-don, His
Fa-ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the
praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre-cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
CHORUS.
Saved! . . saved! . . My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
Glo-ry, I'm saved! glo-ry, I'm saved!
Saved! . . saved! . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
Glo-ry, I'm saved, glo-ry, I'm saved!

O Friend Without Jesus.

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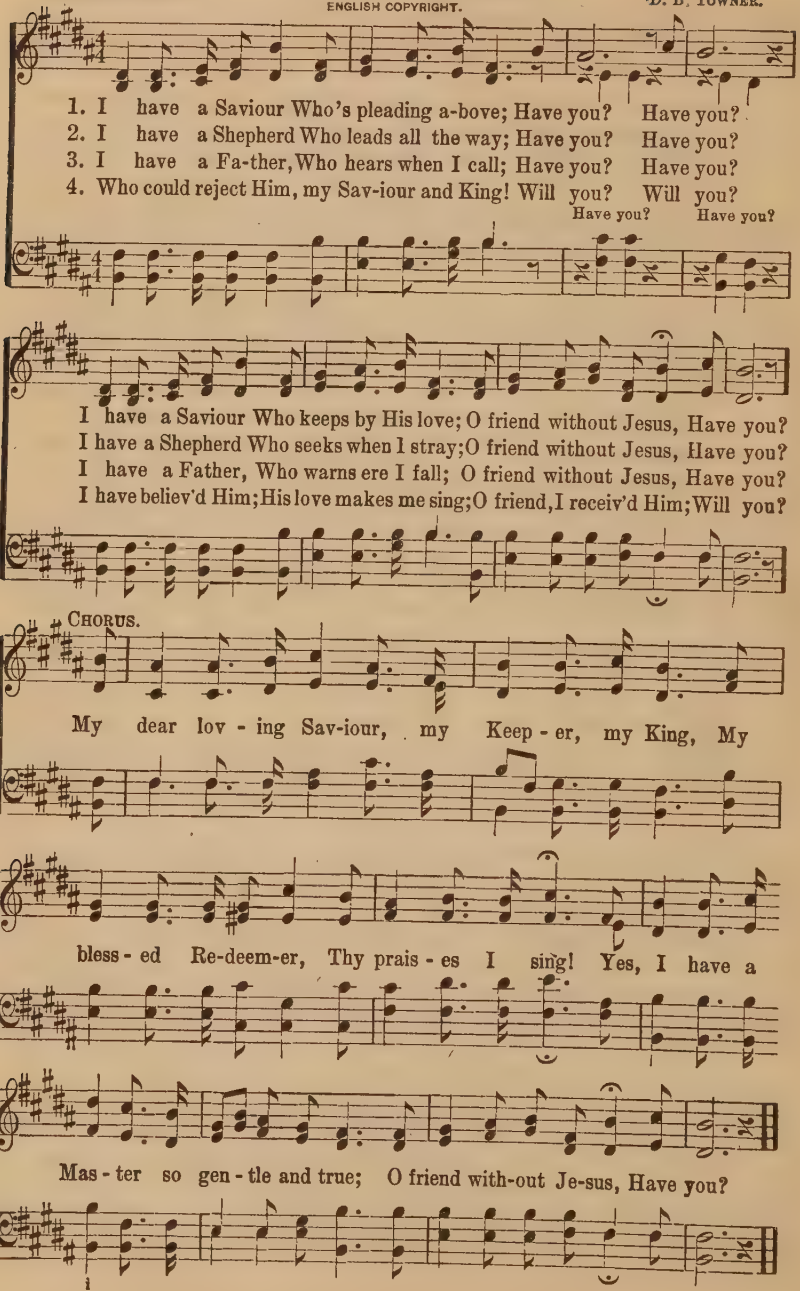
1. I have a Saviour Who's pleading a-bove; Have you? Have you?
2. I have a Shepherd Who leads all the way; Have you? Have you?
3. I have a Fa-ther, Who hears when I call; Have you? Have you?
4. Who could reject Him, my Sav-iour and King! Will you? Will you?
Have you? Have you?
I have a Saviour Who keeps by His love; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Shepherd Who seeks when I stray; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Father, Who warns ere I fall; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have believ'd Him; His love makes me sing; O friend, I receiv'd Him; Will you?
CHORUS.
My dear lov - ing Sav-iour, my Keep - er, my King, My
bless - ed Re-deem-er, Thy prais - es I sing! Yes, I have a
Mas - ter so gen - tle and true; O friend with-out Je-sus, Have you?

Lean on His Arms!

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EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a-long,
2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a-long; If you will trust His love un-fail-ing He'll
brighten the way; Just fol-low glad-ly where He lead-eth, His
bring ev-'ry care! The bur-den that has seemed so heav-y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer-cy, His

CHORUS.

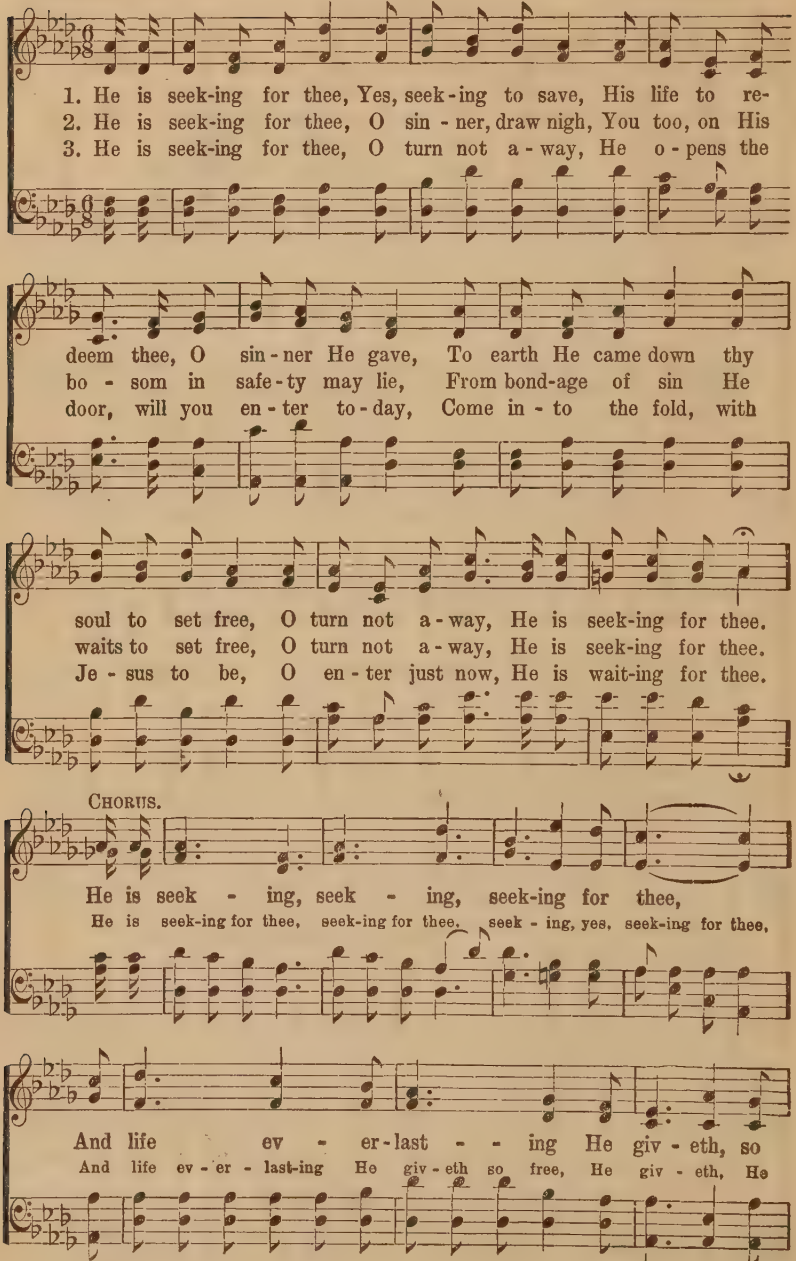
fill your heart with song.
gen-tle voice o-bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev-er dim. Lean up-on His arms, ful-ly trust-ing in His love;

Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up-on His arms, and all His mer-cies prove; Lean up-on His

arms, look-ing home a-bove; Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms!
arms, ev-er

He is Seeking for Thee.

JOHN E. BROWN. S. D. GOODALE.


1. He is seek-ing for thee, Yes, seek-ing to save, His life to re-
2. He is seek-ing for thee, O sin-ner, draw nigh, You too, on His
3. He is seek-ing for thee, O turn not a-way, He o-pens the
deem thee, O sin-ner He gave, To earth He came down thy
bo-som in safe-ty may lie, From bond-age of sin He
door, will you en-ter to-day, Come in-to the fold, with
soul to set free, O turn not a-way, He is seek-ing for thee.
waits to set free, O turn not a-way, He is seek-ing for thee.
Je-sus to be, O en-ter just now, He is wait-ing for thee.
CHORUS.
He is seek-ing, seek-ing, seek-ing for thee,
He is seek-ing for thee, seek-ing for thee. seek-ing, yes, seek-ing for thee,
And life ev-er-last-ing He giv-eth, so
And life ev-er-last-ing He giv-eth so free, He giv-eth, He

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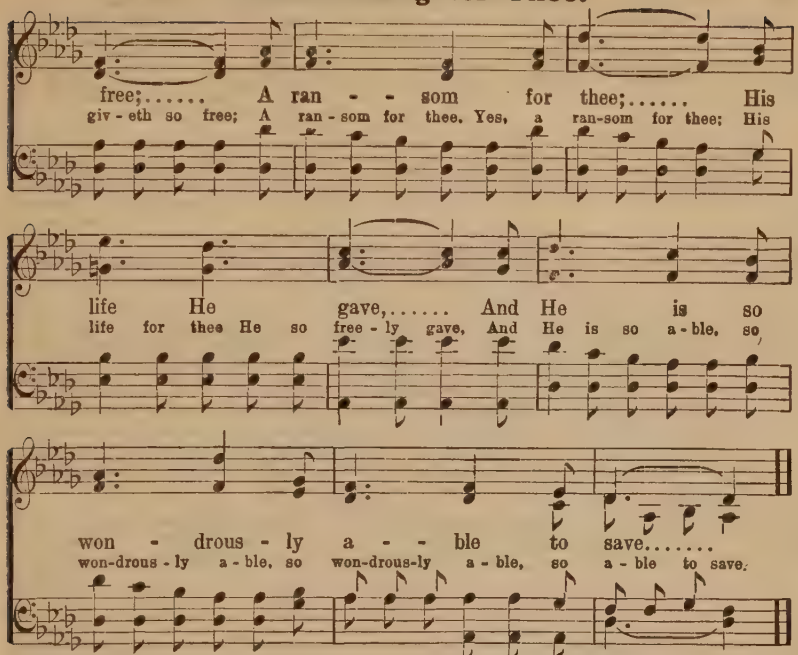
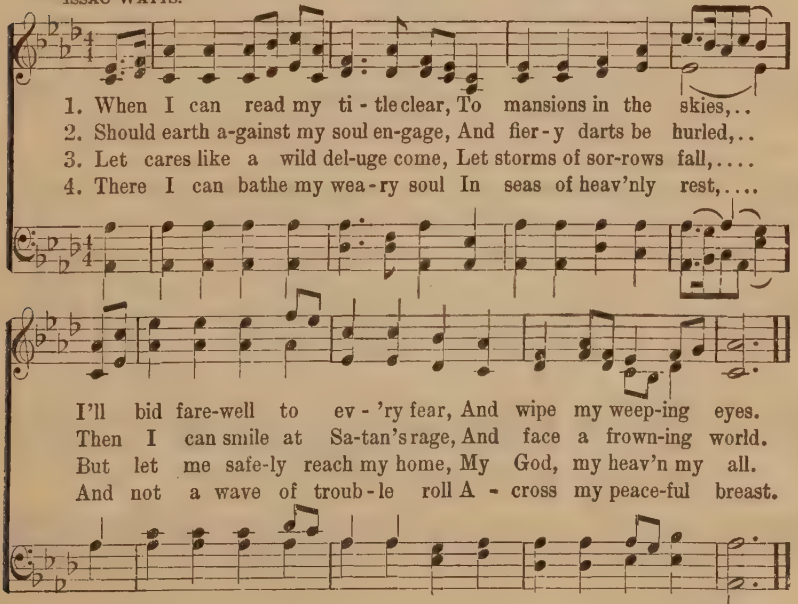
He is Seeking for Thee.


free;..... A ran - - som for thee;..... His
giv - eth so free; A ran - som for thee. Yes, a ran-som for thee; His
life He gave,..... And He is so
life for thee He so free - ly gave. And He is so a - ble, so
won - drous - ly a - - ble to save.....
won-drous - ly a - ble, so won-drous-ly a - ble, so a - ble to save.

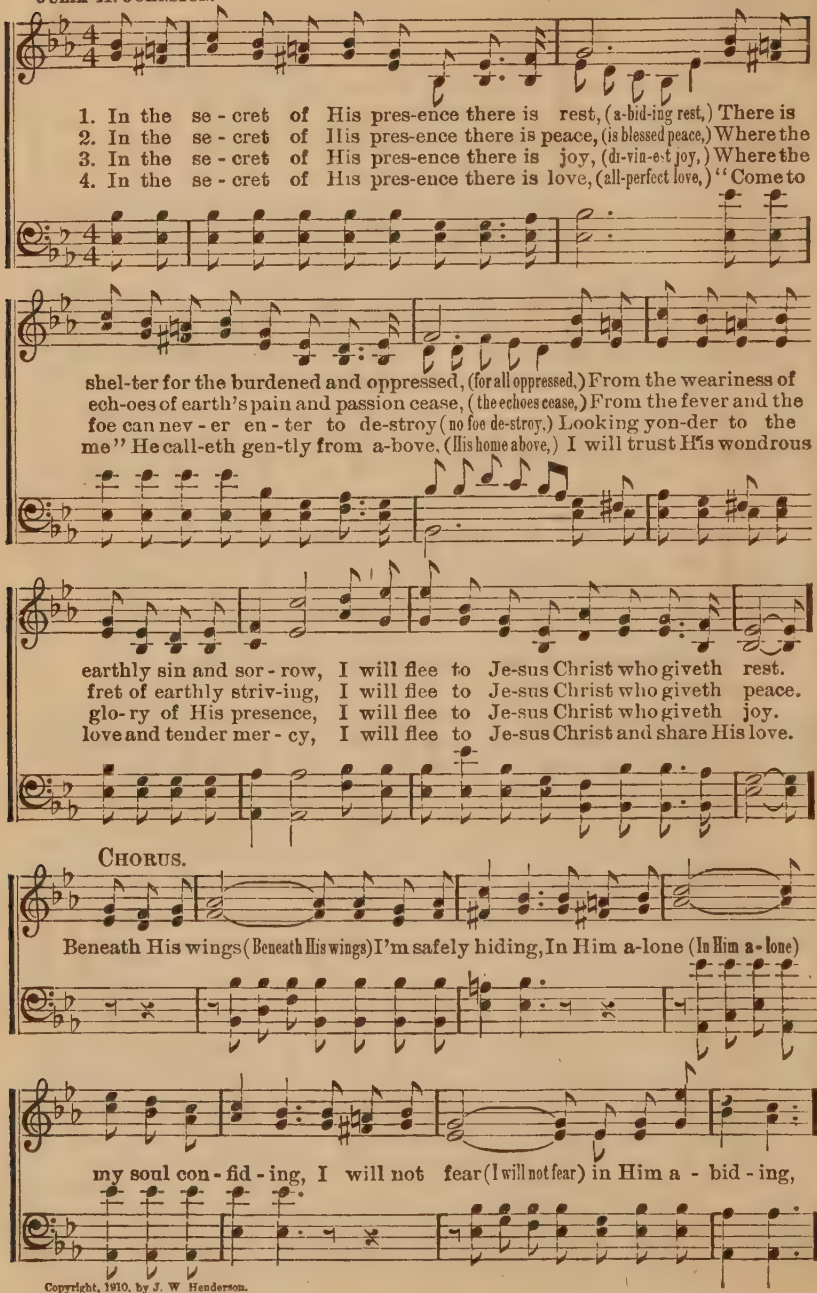
59 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

ISSAC WATTS.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,..
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,..
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor-rows fall,....
4. There I can bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,....
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
But let me safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

60 Beneath His Wings I'm Safely Hiding.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. W. HENDERSON.


1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence there is rest, (a-bid-ing rest,) There is
2. In the se - cret of His pres-ence there is peace, (is blessed peace,) Where the
3. In the se - cret of His pres-ence there is joy, (di-vin-est joy,) Where the
4. In the se - cret of His pres-ence there is love, (all-perfect love,) "Come to
shel-ter for the burdened and oppressed, (for all oppressed.) From the weariness of
ech-oes of earth's pain and passion cease, (the echoes cease,) From the fever and the
foe can nev - er en - ter to de-stroy (no foe de-stroy.) Looking yon-der to the
me" He call-eth gen-tly from a-bove, (His home above,) I will trust His wondrous
earthly sin and sor - row, I will flee to Je-sus Christ who giveth rest.
fret of earthly striv-ing, I will flee to Je-sus Christ who giveth peace.
glo-ry of His presence, I will flee to Je-sus Christ who giveth joy.
love and tender mer - cy, I will flee to Je-sus Christ and share His love.
CHORUS.
Beneath His wings (Beneath His wings) I'm safely hiding, In Him a-lone (In Him a - lone)
my soul con - fid - ing, I will not fear (I will not fear) in Him a - bid - ing,

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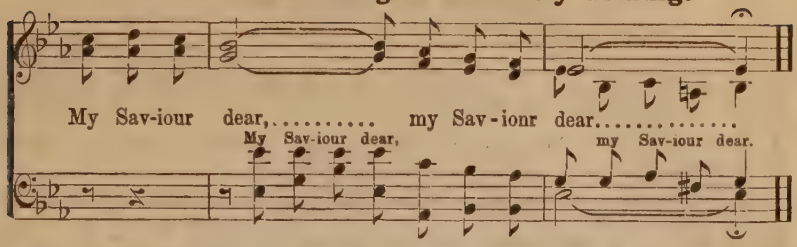
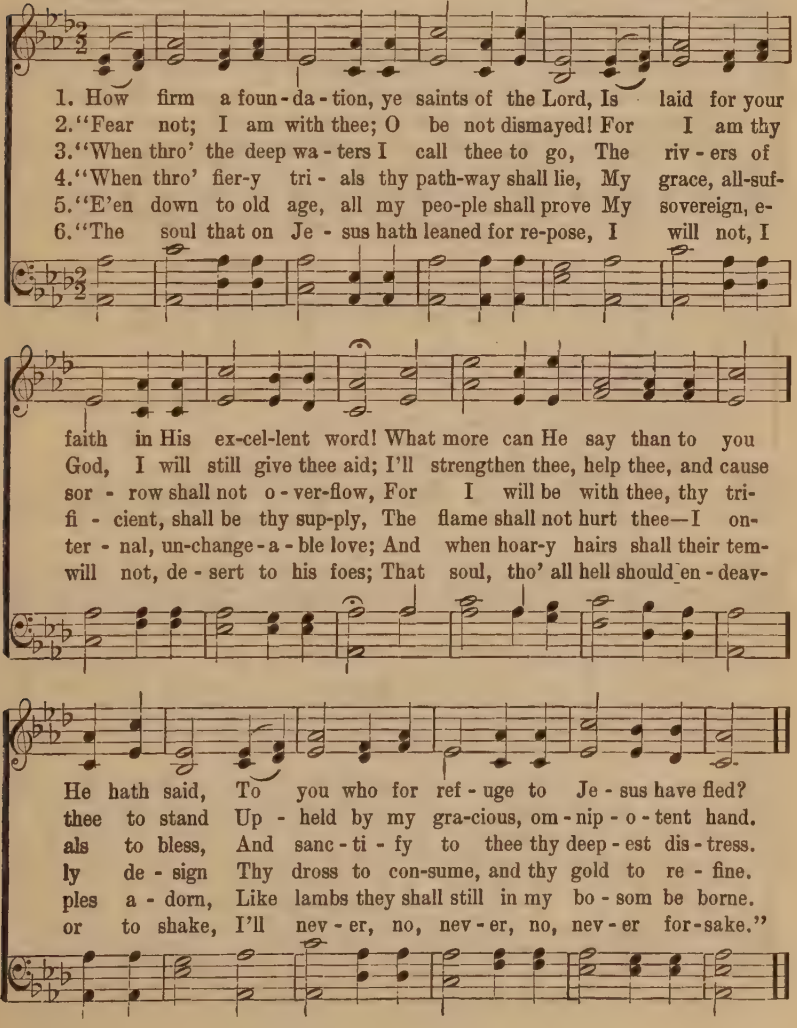
Beneath His Wings I'm Safely Hiding.

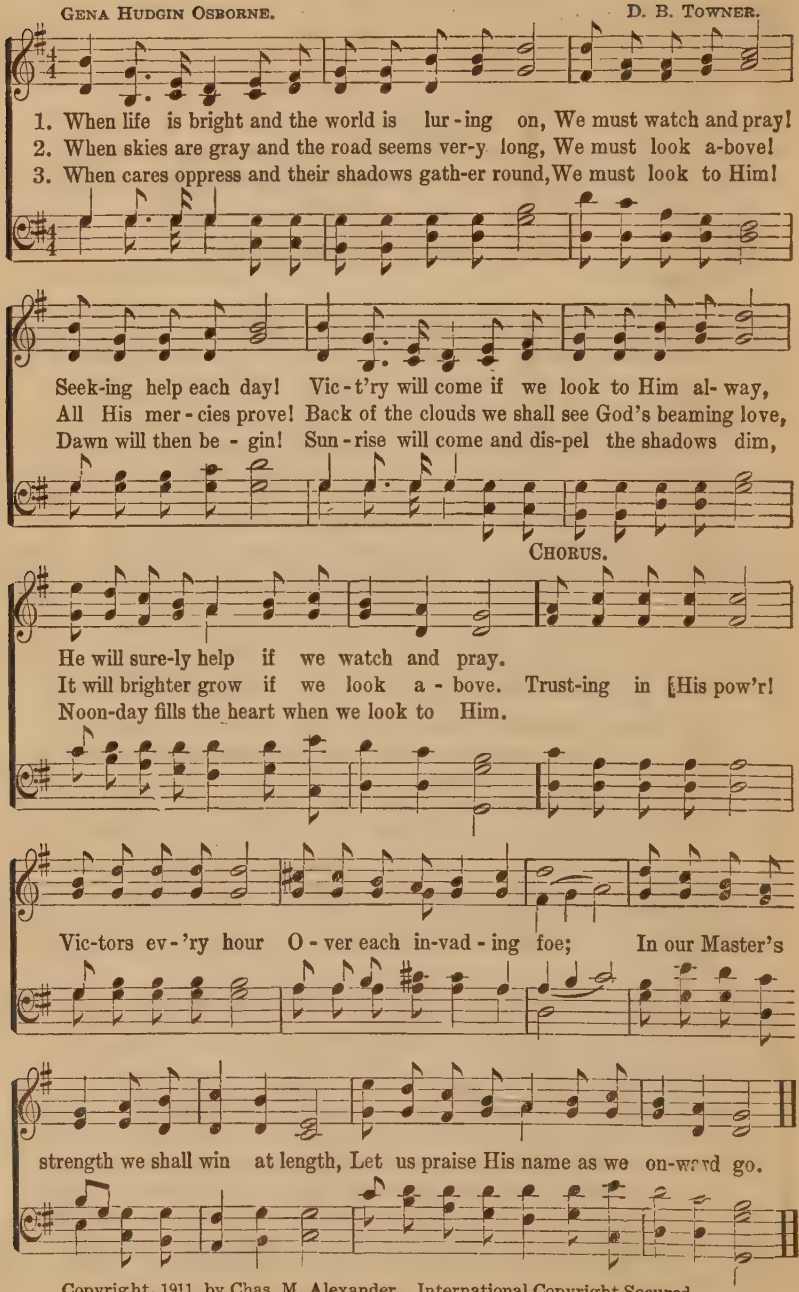


61 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
5. "E'en down to old age, all my peo-ple shall prove My sovereign, e-
6. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow, For I will be with thee, thy tri-
fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their tem-
will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-
He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake."

Trusting in His Power.

GENA HUDGIN OSBORNE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When life is bright and the world is lur-ing on, We must watch and pray!
2. When skies are gray and the road seems ver-y long, We must look a-bove!
3. When cares oppress and their shadows gath-er round, We must look to Him!
Seek-ing help each day! Vic-t'ry will come if we look to Him al-way,
All His mer-cies prove! Back of the clouds we shall see God's beaming love,
Dawn will then be-gin! Sun-rise will come and dis-pel the shadows dim,
CHORUS.
He will sure-ly help if we watch and pray.
It will brighter grow if we look a-bove. Trust-ing in His pow'r!
Noon-day fills the heart when we look to Him.
Vic-tors ev-'ry hour O-ver each in-vad-ing foe; In our Master's
strength we shall win at length, Let us praise His name as we on-ward go.

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Wonderful Peace.

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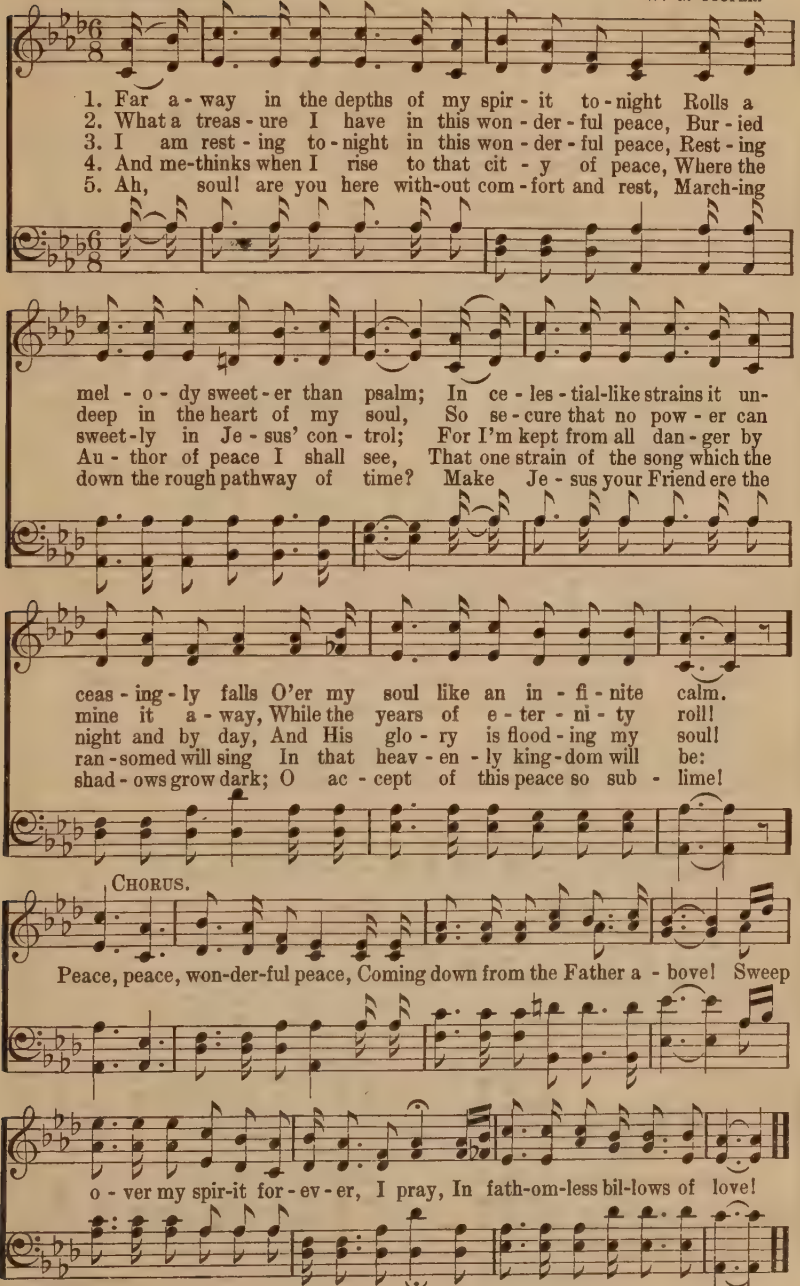
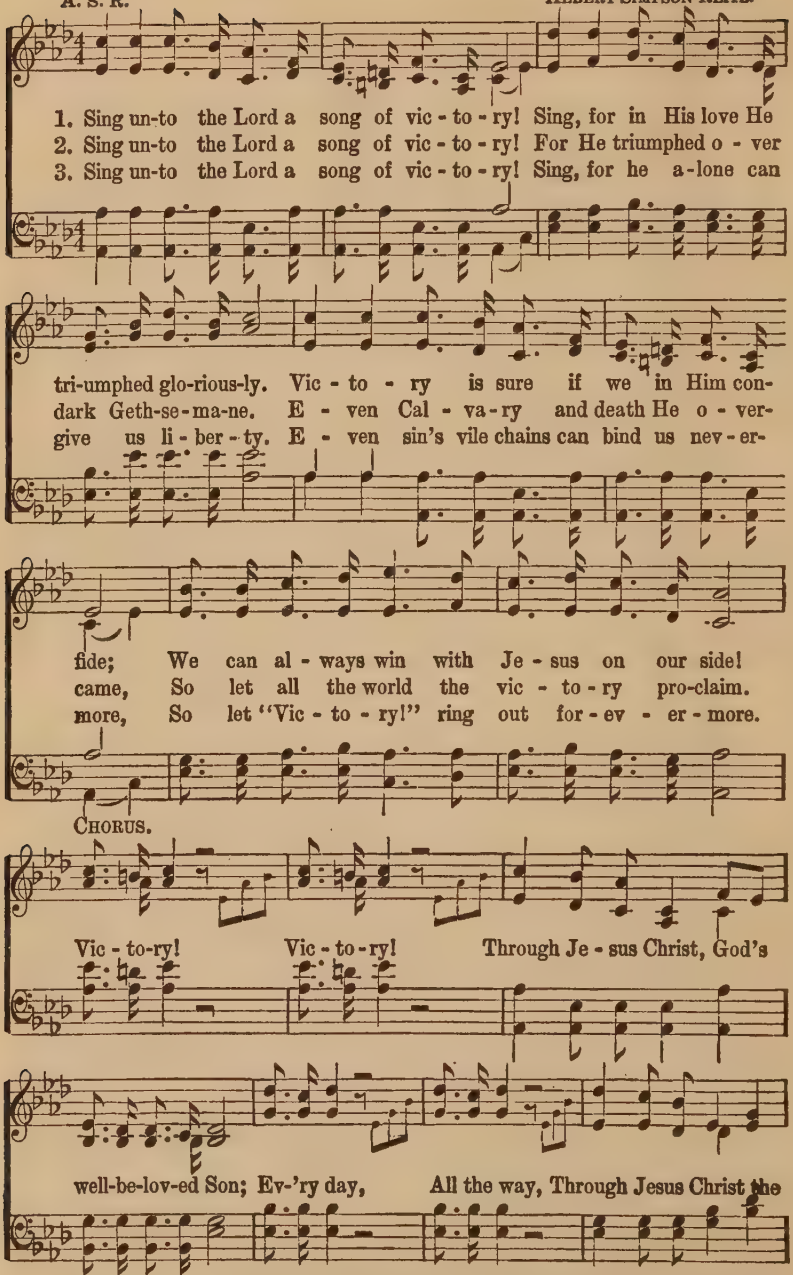
W. D. CORNELL, alt. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com - fort and rest, March-ing
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep
o - ver my spir-it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love!

Sing Unto the Lord.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

1. Sing un-to the Lord a song of vic - to - ry! Sing, for in His love He
2. Sing un-to the Lord a song of vic - to - ry! For He triumphed o - ver
3. Sing un-to the Lord a song of vic - to - ry! Sing, for he a-lone can
tri-umphed glo-rious-ly. Vic - to - ry is sure if we in Him con-
dark Geth-se-ma-ne. E - ven Cal - va-ry and death He o - ver-
give us li - ber - ty. E - ven sin's vile chains can bind us nev - er-
fide; We can al - ways win with Je - sus on our side!
came, So let all the world the vic - to - ry pro-claim.
more, So let "Vic - to - ry!" ring out for - ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Vic - to-ry! Vic - to-ry! Through Je - sus Christ, God's
well-be-lov-ed Son; Ev-'ry day, All the way, Through Jesus Christ the

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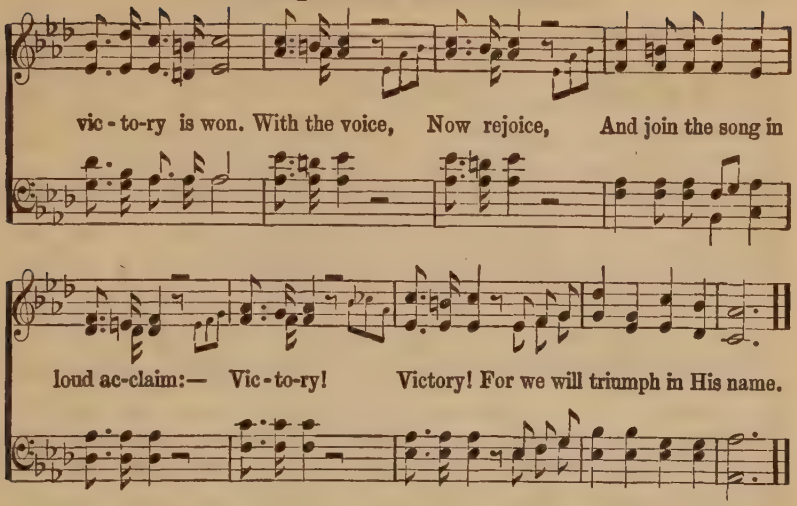
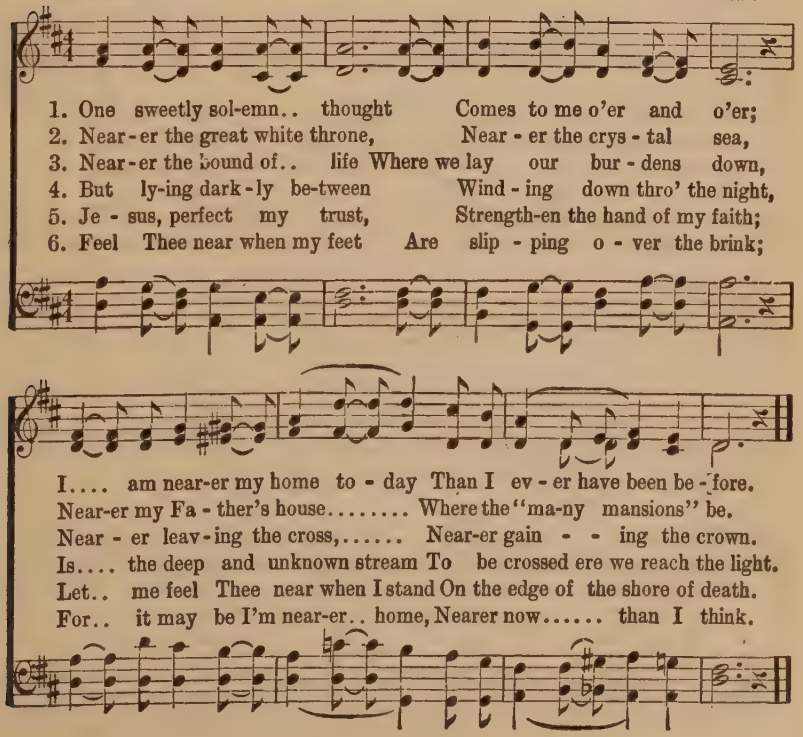
Sing Unto the Lord.


vic - to-ry is won. With the voice, Now rejoice, And join the song in
loud ac-claim:— Vic - to-ry! Victory! For we will triumph in His name.

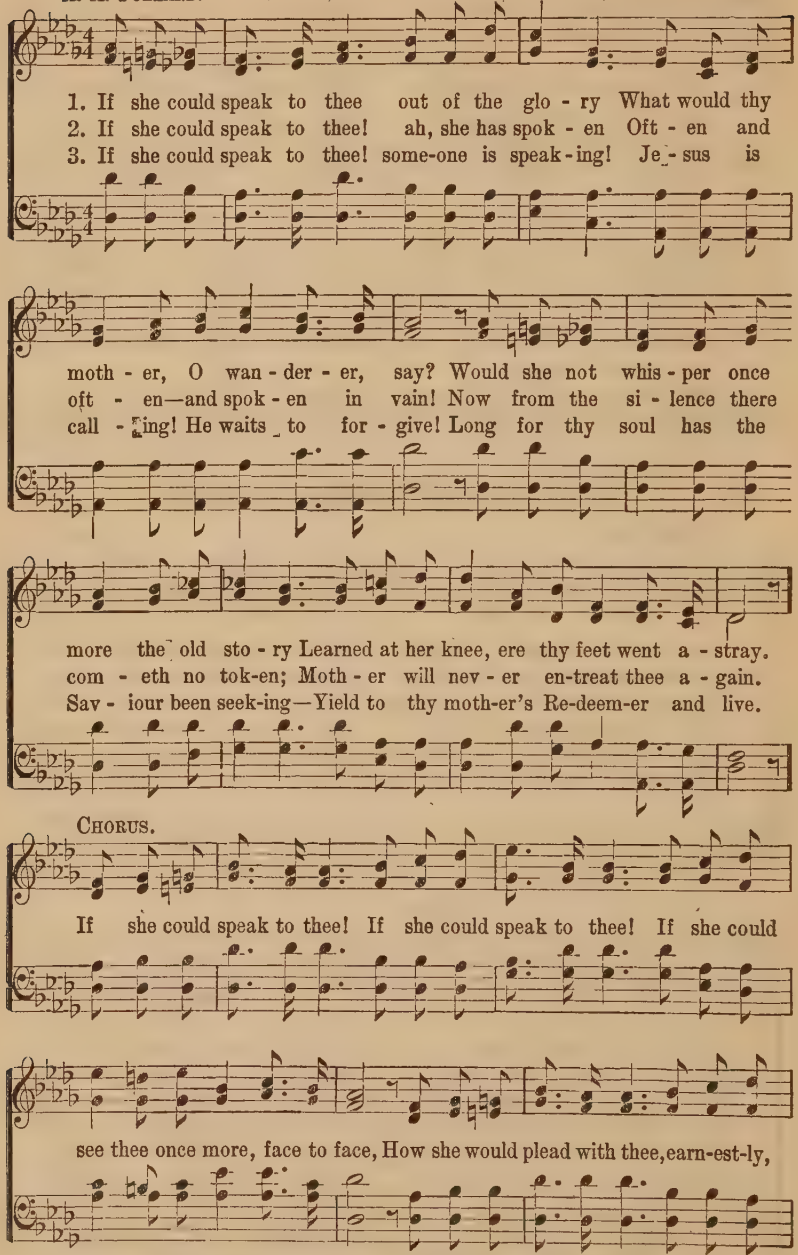
65 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY. R. S. AMBROSE.


1. One sweetly sol-emn.. thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near-er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea,
3. Near-er the bound of.. life Where we lay our bur - dens down,
4. But ly-ing dark-ly be-tween Wind - ing down thro' the night,
5. Je - sus, perfect my trust, Strength-en the hand of my faith;
6. Feel Thee near when my feet Are slip - ping o - ver the brink;
I.... am near-er my home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore.
Near-er my Fa - ther's house..... Where the "ma-ny mansions" be.
Near - er leav-ing the cross,..... Near-er gain - - ing the crown.
Is.... the deep and unknown stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
Let.. me feel Thee near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death.
For.. it may be I'm near-er.. home, Nearer now..... than I think.

If She Could Speak to Thee.

A. A. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.


1. If she could speak to thee out of the glo - ry What would thy moth - er, O wan - der - er, say? Would she not whis - per once more the old sto - ry Learned at her knee, ere thy feet went a - stray.
2. If she could speak to thee! ah, she has spok - en Oft - en and oft - en—and spok - en in vain! Now from the si - lence there com - eth no tok-en; Moth - er will nev - er en-treat thee a - gain.
3. If she could speak to thee! some-one is speak - ing! Je - sus is call - ing! He waits to for - give! Long for thy soul has the Sav - iour been seek-ing—Yield to thy moth-er's Re-deem-er and live.
CHORUS.
If she could speak to thee! If she could speak to thee! If she could see thee once more, face to face, How she would plead with thee, earn-est-ly,

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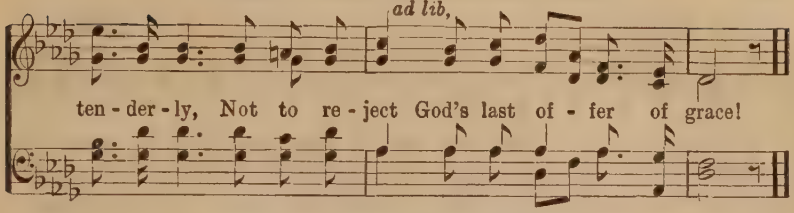
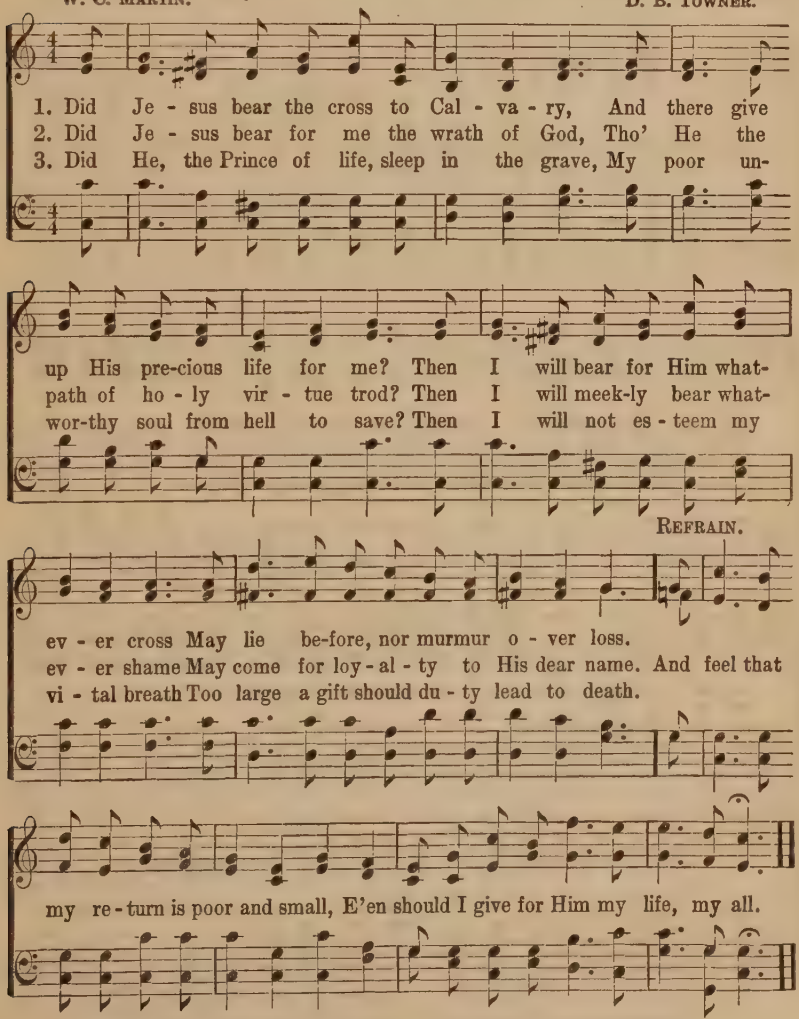
If She Could Speak to Thee.



67 His Sacrifice and Mine.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Did Je - sus bear the cross to Cal - va - ry, And there give
2. Did Je - sus bear for me the wrath of God, Tho' He the
3. Did He, the Prince of life, sleep in the grave, My poor un-
up His pre-cious life for me? Then I will bear for Him what-
path of ho - ly vir - tue trod? Then I will meek-ly bear what-
wor-thy soul from hell to save? Then I will not es - teem my
REFRAIN.
ev - er cross May lie be-fore, nor murmur o - ver loss.
ev - er shame May come for loy - al - ty to His dear name. And feel that
vi - tal breath Too large a gift should du - ty lead to death.
my re - turn is poor and small, E'en should I give for Him my life, my all.

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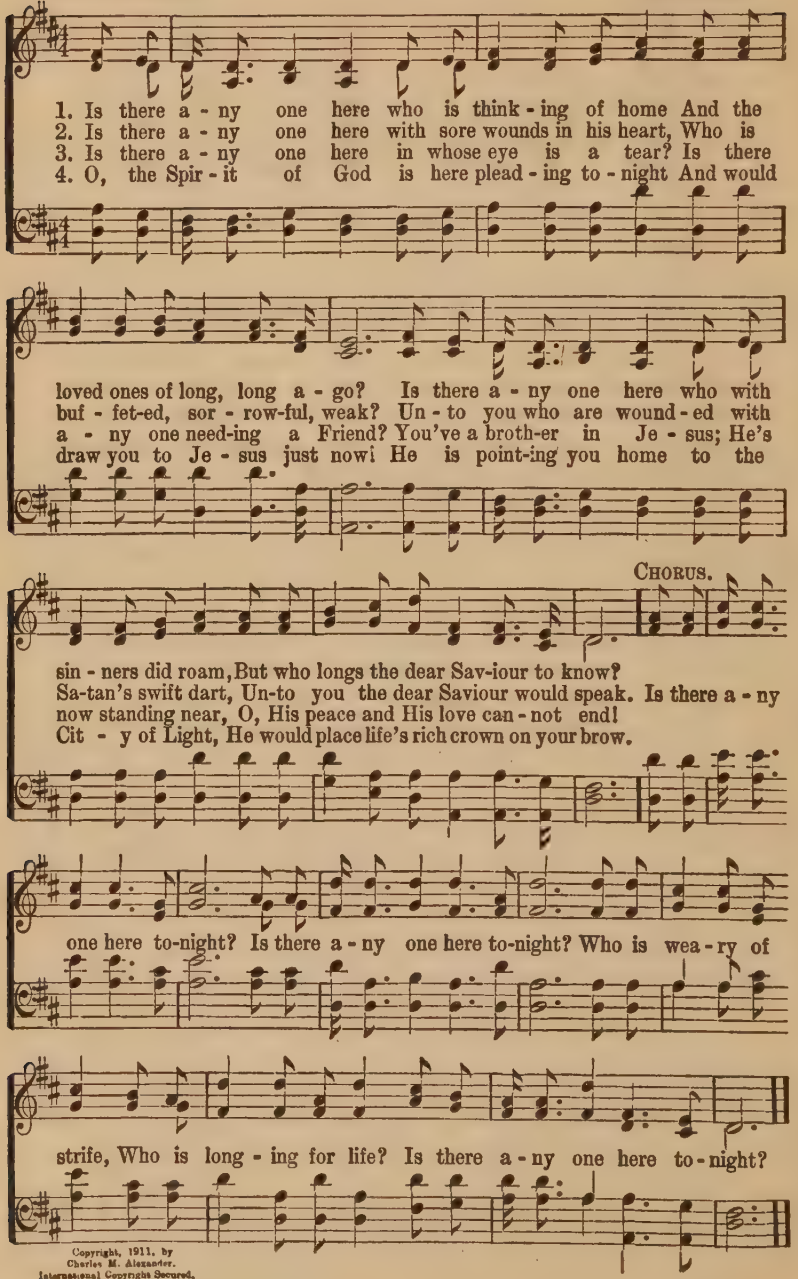
Is There Any One Here?

B. W. Burleigh. D. B. Towner.


1. Is there a - ny one here who is think - ing of home And the
2. Is there a - ny one here with sore wounds in his heart, Who is
3. Is there a - ny one here in whose eye is a tear? Is there
4. O, the Spir - it of God is here plead - ing to - night And would
loved ones of long, long a - go? Is there a - ny one here who with
buf - fet-ed, sor - row-ful, weak? Un - to you who are wound - ed with
a - ny one need-ing a Friend? You've a broth-er in Je - sus; He's
draw you to Je - sus just now! He is point-ing you home to the
Chorus.
sin - ners did roam, But who longs the dear Sav-iour to know?
Sa-tan's swift dart, Un-to you the dear Saviour would speak. Is there a - ny
now standing near, O, His peace and His love can - not end!
Cit - y of Light, He would place life's rich crown on your brow.
one here to-night? Is there a - ny one here to-night? Who is wea - ry of
strife, Who is long - ing for life? Is there a - ny one here to - night?

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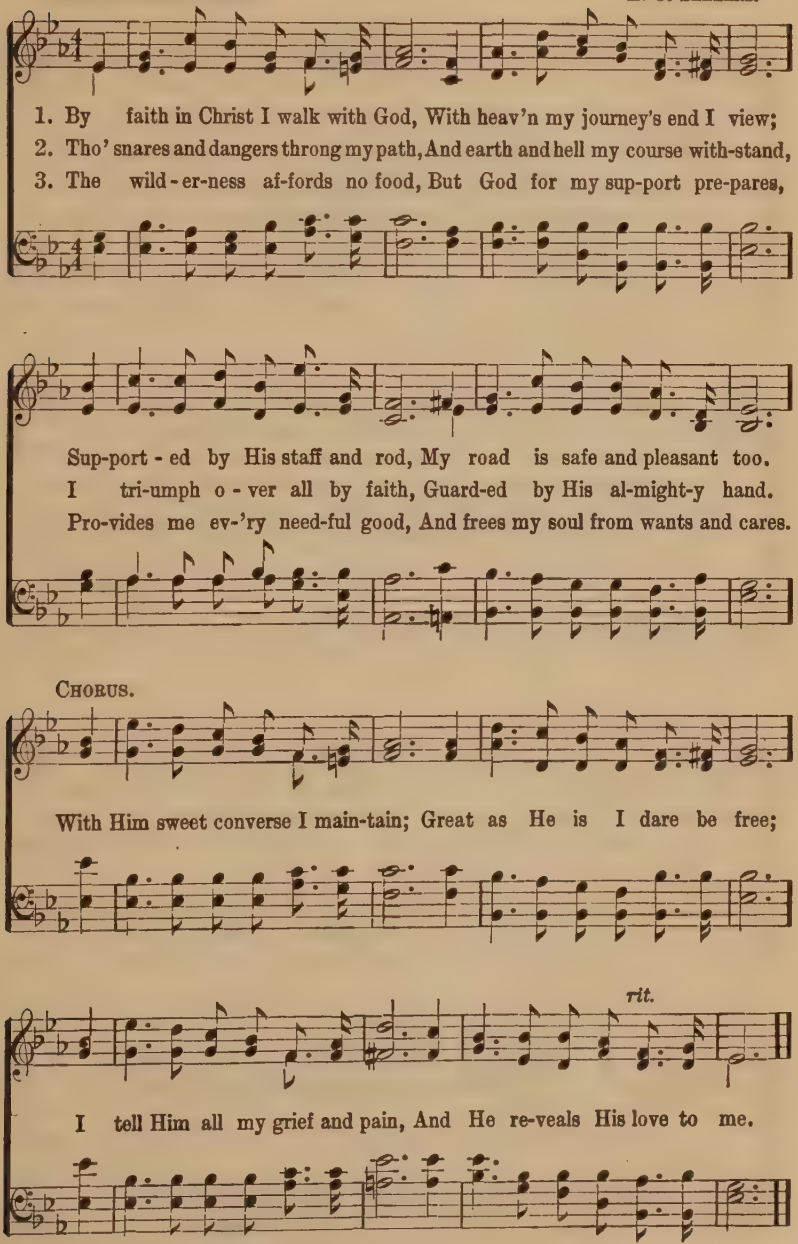
69 By Faith in Christ I Walk With God.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. E. O. SELLERS.


1. By faith in Christ I walk with God, With heav'n my journey's end I view;
2. Tho' snares and dangers throng my path, And earth and hell my course with-stand,
3. The wild-er-ness af-fords no food, But God for my sup-port pre-pares,
Sup-port-ed by His staff and rod, My road is safe and pleasant too.
I tri-umph o-ver all by faith, Guard-ed by His al-might-y hand.
Pro-vides me ev-'ry need-ful good, And frees my soul from wants and cares.
CHORUS.
With Him sweet converse I main-tain; Great as He is I dare be free;
rit.
I tell Him all my grief and pain, And He re-veals His love to me.

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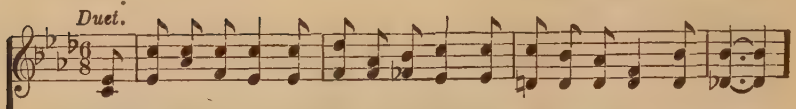
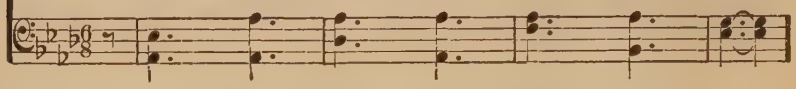
The Shepherd of Love.

A. S. R

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

Duet.

1. The Shepherd of Love is seeking the lost In paths that are rough and steep;
2. The Shepherd of Love knows His sheep by name And tenderly leads the way;
3. The Shepherd of Love our ransom hath paid And of-fers sal-va-tion free;
4. The Shepherd of Love now seeketh His sheep He seeketh what-e'er the cost;

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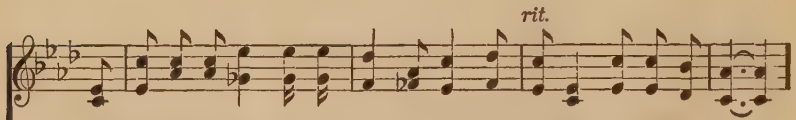
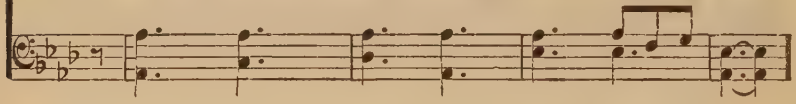
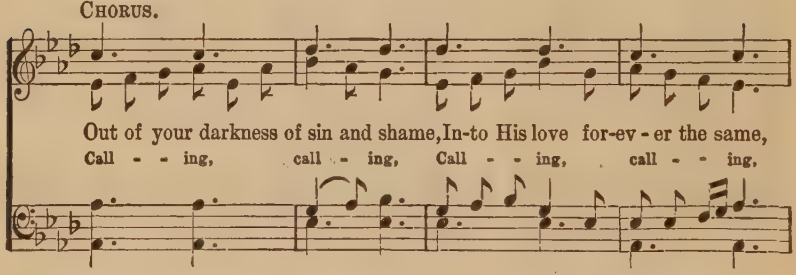
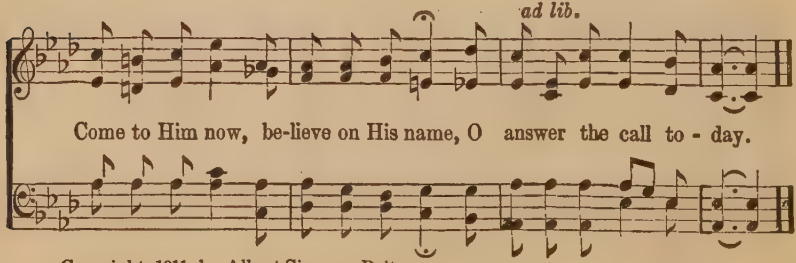


He's calling the lambs that have gone astray, He's calling, calling His sheep.
O wea-ry one come to the Shepherd's fold, He's calling, calling to-day.
He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come, He's calling, calling for thee.
Be-hold, He is call-ing the wand'rer home, He's calling, calling the lost.

CHORUS.



Out of your darkness of sin and shame, In-to His love for-ev-er the same,
Call - - ing, call - - ing, Call - - ing, call - - ing,

ad lib.



Come to Him now, be-lieve on His name, O answer the call to-day.

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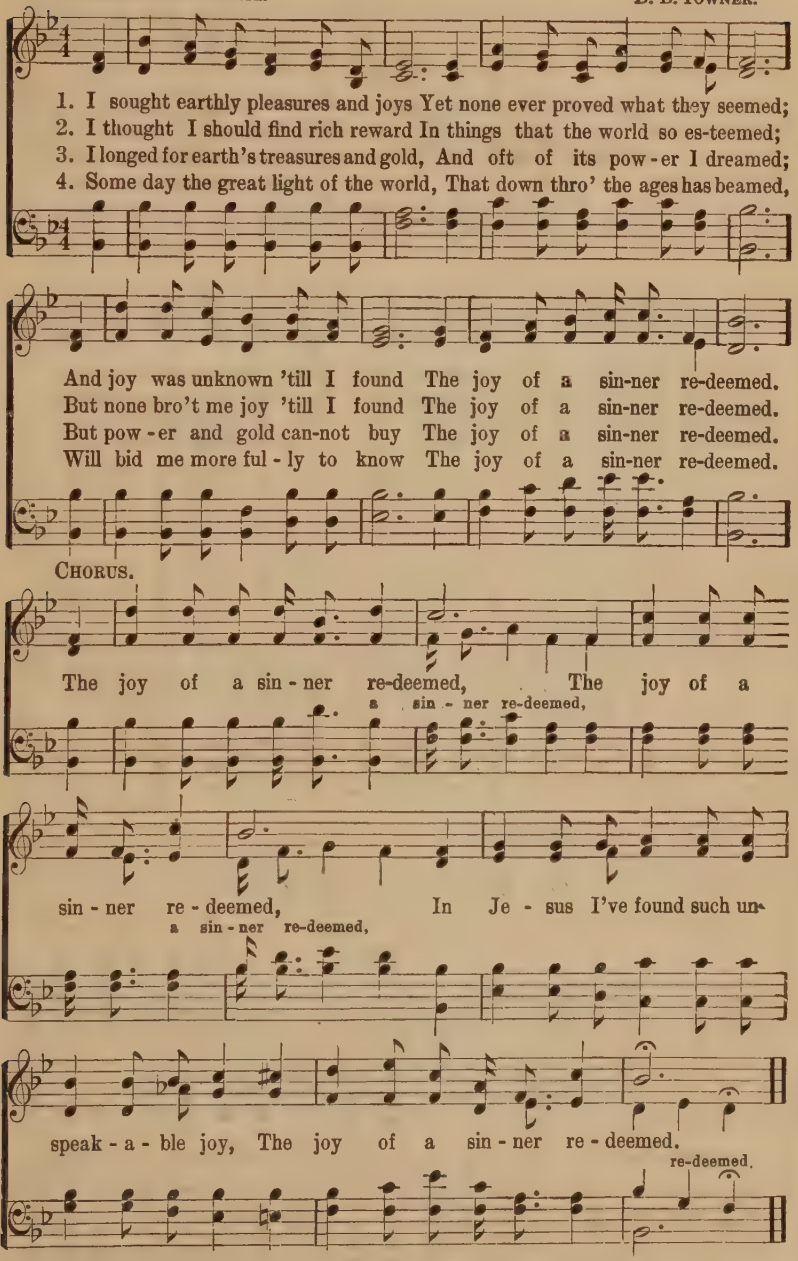
The Joy of a Sinner Redeemed.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I sought earthly pleasures and joys Yet none ever proved what they seemed;
2. I thought I should find rich reward In things that the world so es-teemed;
3. I longed for earth's treasures and gold, And oft of its pow-er I dreamed;
4. Some day the great light of the world, That down thro' the ages has beamed,
And joy was unknown 'till I found The joy of a sin-ner re-deemed.
But none bro't me joy 'till I found The joy of a sin-ner re-deemed.
But pow-er and gold can-not buy The joy of a sin-ner re-deemed.
Will bid me more ful-ly to know The joy of a sin-ner re-deemed.
CHORUS.
The joy of a sin-ner re-deemed, The joy of a
a sin-ner re-deemed,
sin-ner re-deemed, In Je-sus I've found such un-
a sin-ner re-deemed,
speak-a-ble joy, The joy of a sin-ner re-deemed.
re-deemed.

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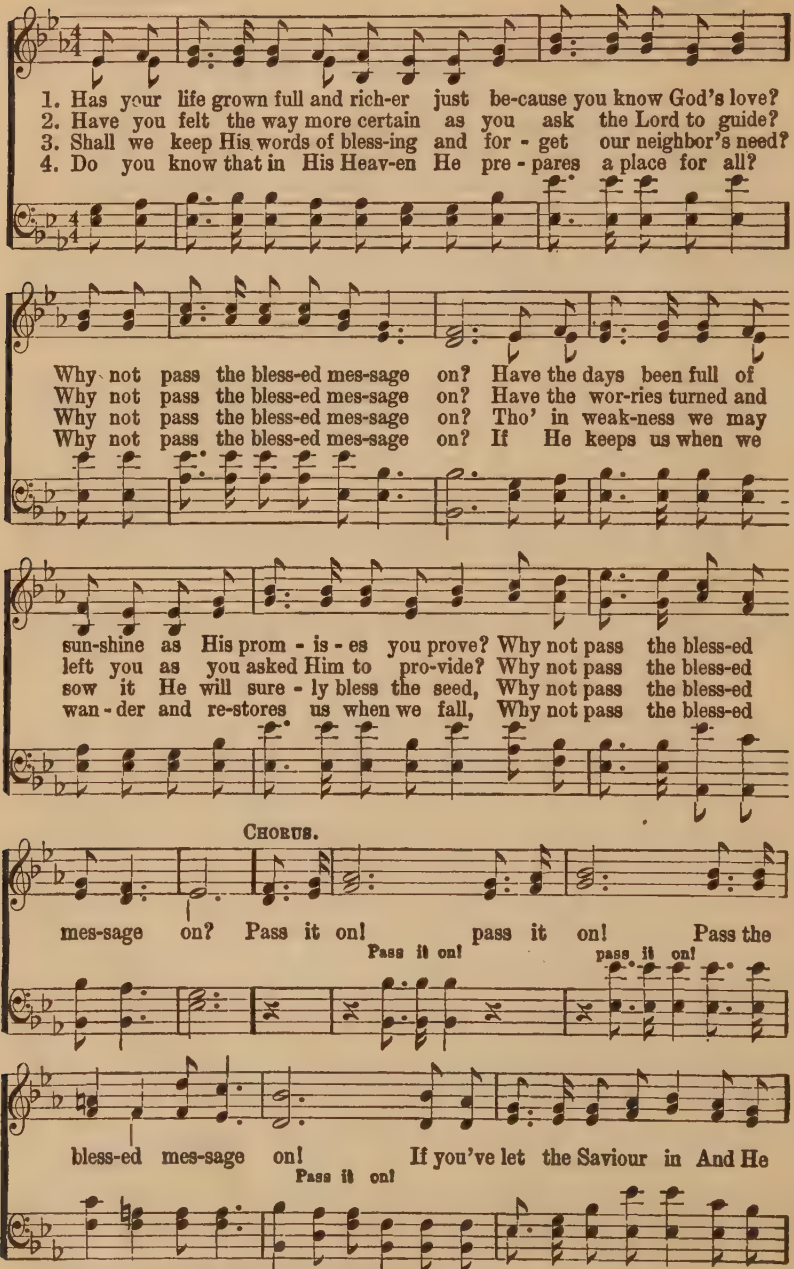
Pass the Blessed Message On.

SUE E. HOWARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Has your life grown full and rich-er just be-cause you know God's love?
2. Have you felt the way more certain as you ask the Lord to guide?
3. Shall we keep His words of bless-ing and for - get our neighbor's need?
4. Do you know that in His Heav-en He pre - pares a place for all?
Why not pass the bless-ed mes-sage on? Have the days been full of
Why not pass the bless-ed mes-sage on? Have the wor-ries turned and
Why not pass the bless-ed mes-sage on? Tho' in weak-ness we may
Why not pass the bless-ed mes-sage on? If He keeps us when we
sun-shine as His prom - is - es you prove? Why not pass the bless-ed
left you as you asked Him to pro-vide? Why not pass the bless-ed
sow it He will sure - ly bless the seed, Why not pass the bless-ed
wan - der and re-stores us when we fall, Why not pass the bless-ed
CHORUS.
mes-sage on? Pass it on! pass it on! Pass the
Pass it on!
pass it on!
bless-ed mes-sage on! If you've let the Saviour in And He
Pass it on!

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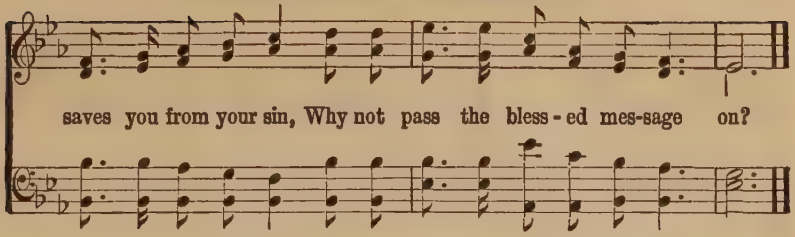
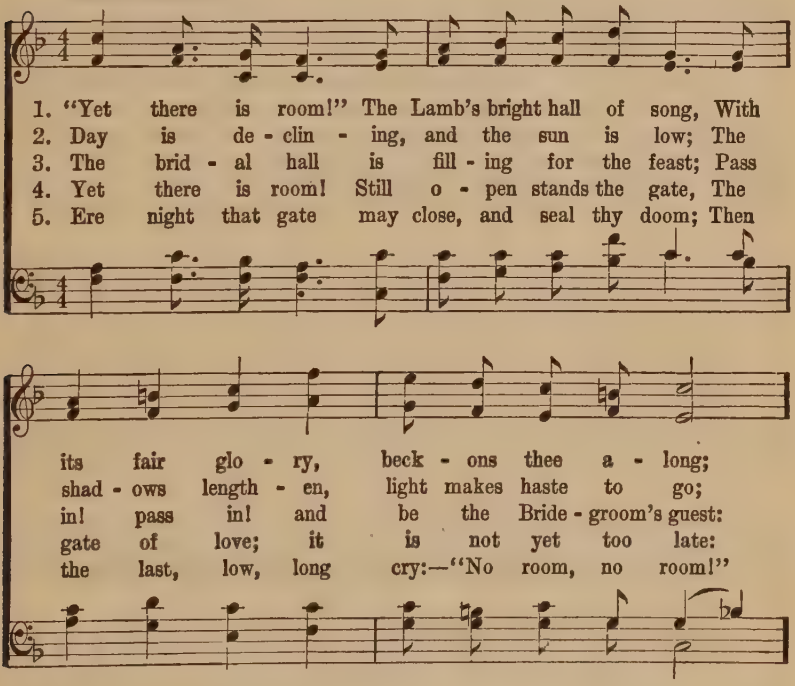
Pass the Blessed Message On.

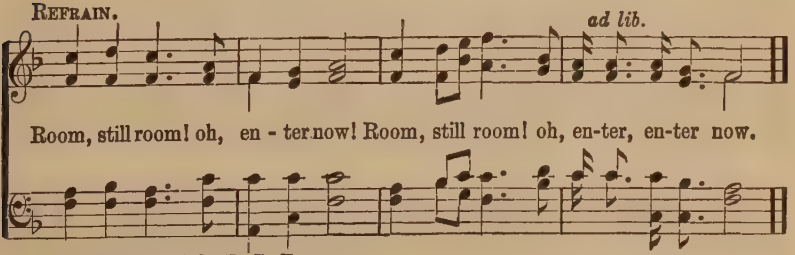


73 Yet There is Room.

HORATIUS BONAR. D. B. TOWNER.


1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry, beck - ons thee a - long;
2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad - ows length - en, light makes haste to go;
3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in! pass in! and be the Bride - groom's guest:
4. Yet there is room! Still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
5. Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom; Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"

REFRAIN. *ad lib.*



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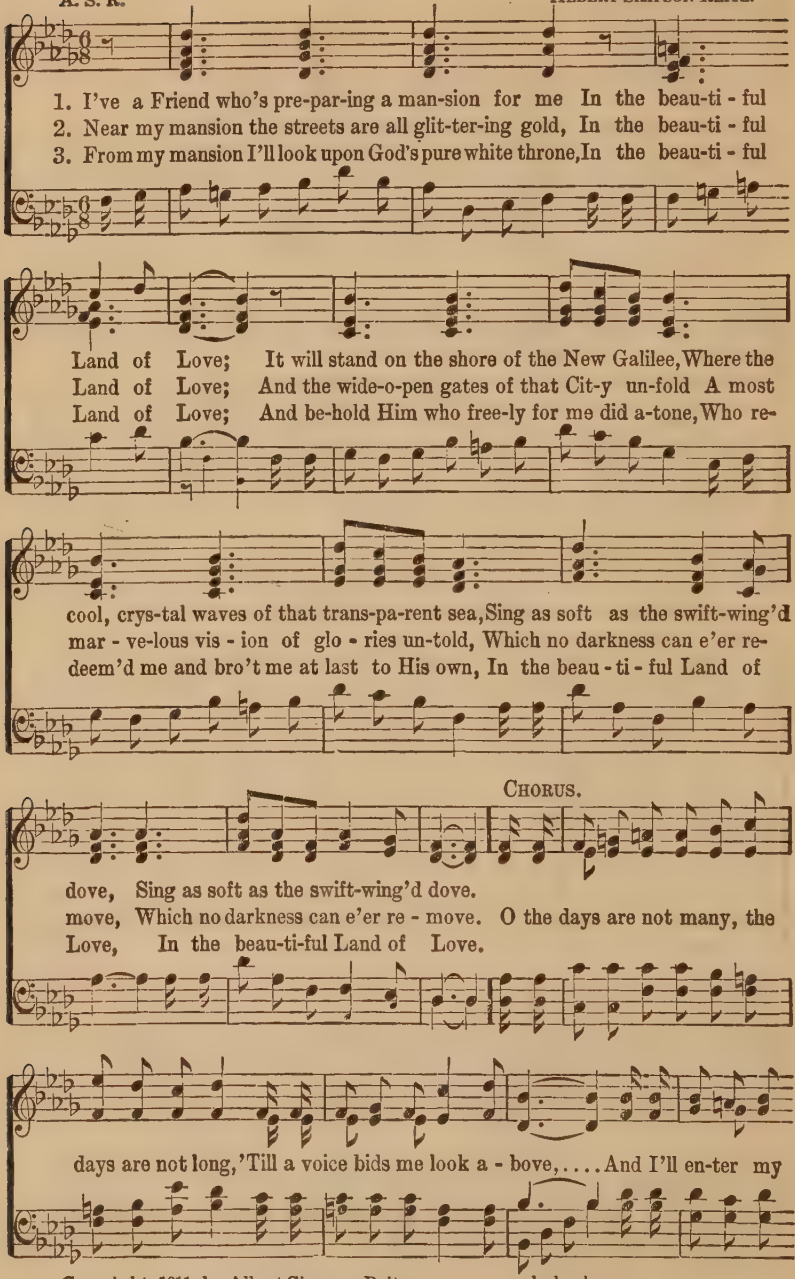
The Beautiful Land of Love.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. I've a Friend who's pre-par-ing a man-sion for me In the beau-ti - ful
2. Near my mansion the streets are all glit-ter-ing gold, In the beau-ti - ful
3. From my mansion I'll look upon God's pure white throne, In the beau-ti - ful
Land of Love; It will stand on the shore of the New Galilee, Where the
Land of Love; And the wide-o-pen gates of that Cit-y un-fold A most
Land of Love; And be-hold Him who free-ly for me did a-tone, Who re-
cool, crys-tal waves of that trans-pa-rent sea, Sing as soft as the swift-wing'd
mar - ve-lous vis - ion of glo - ries un-told, Which no darkness can e'er re-
deem'd me and bro't me at last to His own, In the beau - ti - ful Land of
CHORUS.
dove, Sing as soft as the swift-wing'd dove.
move, Which no darkness can e'er re - move. O the days are not many, the
Love, In the beau-ti-ful Land of Love.
days are not long, 'Till a voice bids me look a - bove, ... And I'll en-ter my
look a-bove,

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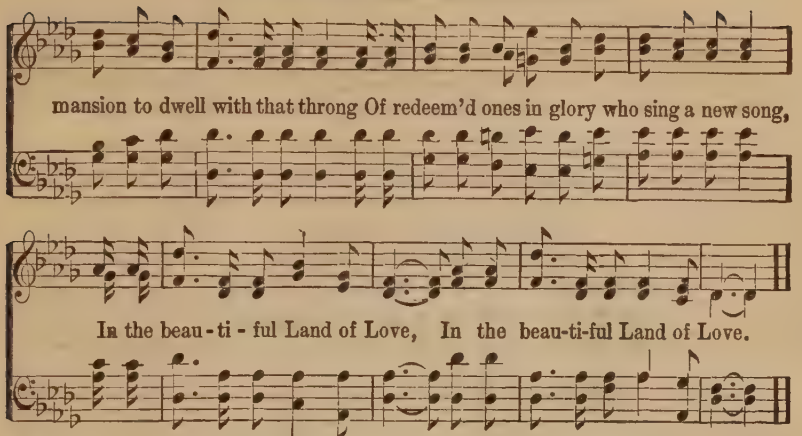
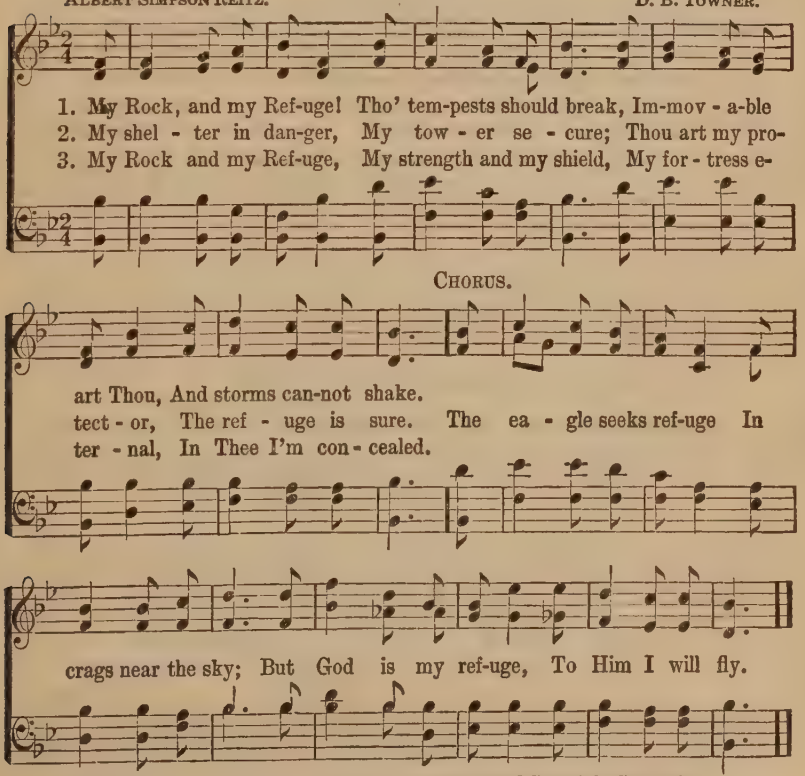
The Beautiful Land of Love.


mansion to dwell with that throng Of redeem'd ones in glory who sing a new song,
In the beau - ti - ful Land of Love, In the beau-ti-ful Land of Love.

75 My Refuge.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.


1. My Rock, and my Ref-uge! Tho' tem-pests should break, Im-mov - a-ble
2. My shel - ter in dan-ger, My tow - er se - cure; Thou art my pro-
3. My Rock and my Ref-uge, My strength and my shield, My for - tress e-
CHORUS.
art Thou, And storms can-not shake.
tect - or, The ref - uge is sure. The ea - gle seeks ref-uge In
ter - nal, In Thee I'm con - cealed.
crags near the sky; But God is my ref-uge, To Him I will fly.

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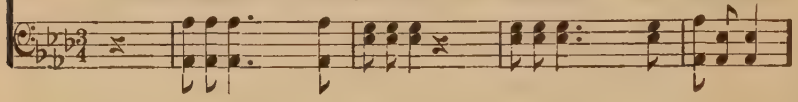
Some Sweet Morn.

A. B. Simpson, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.

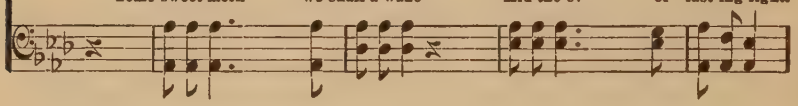
1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in night;
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain;
3. Some sweet hour our mortal frame Shall His glo - rious image wear;
4. Some sweet day our tongue shall tell All the sto - ry of His love;
5. Some sweet morn we'll see His face, And we shall be sat-is - fied;

I. Some sweet morn the day will break, Never-more to sink in night;



Some sweet morn we shall a - wake Mid the ev - er - last-ing light.
Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev - er-more to part a - gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj - es - ty shall share.
Some sweet day our song shall swell Loud and sweet as songs a - bove.
Some sweet day in His em-brace We shall ev - er-more a - bide.

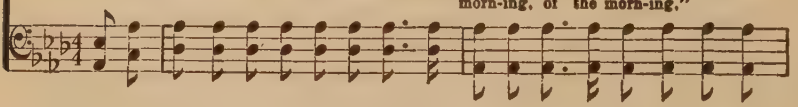
Some sweet morn we shall a-wake Mid the ev - - er - last-ing light.



Refrain.

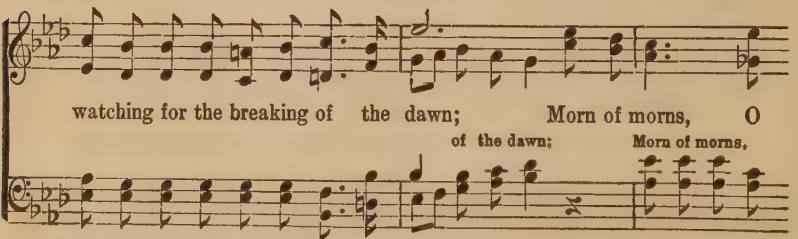
We are waiting for "the turning of the morn - ing," We are

morn-ing, of the morn-ing."



watching for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, O

of the dawn; Morn of morns,



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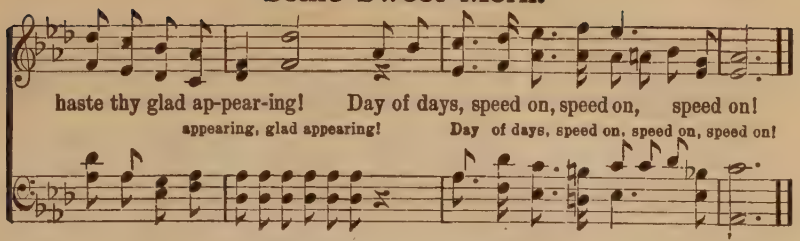
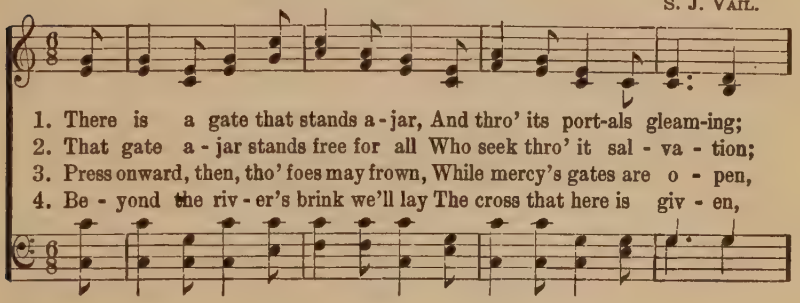
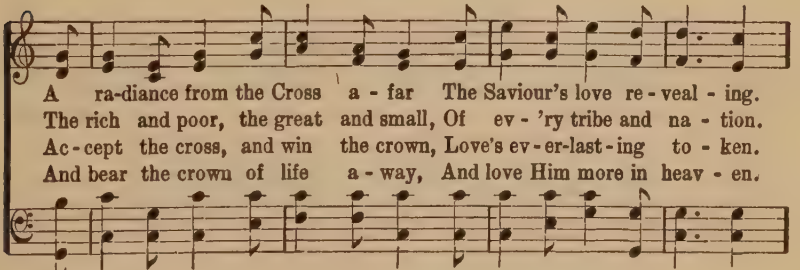
Some Sweet Morn.


haste thy glad ap-pear-ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!
appearing, glad appearing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

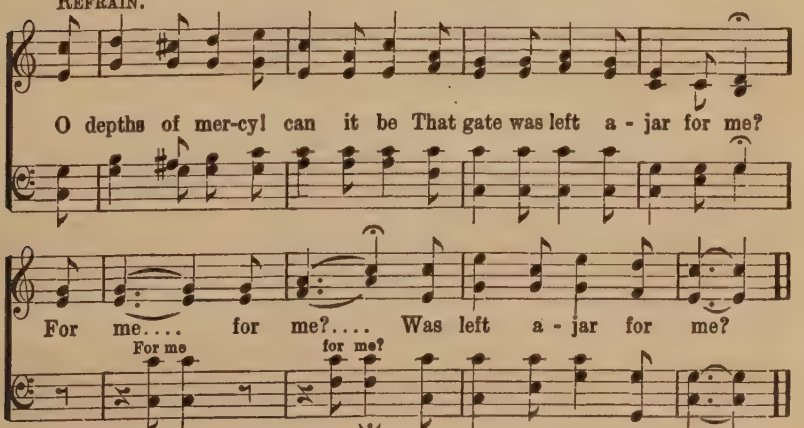
77 The Gate Ajar.

S. J. VAIL.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its port-als gleam-ing;
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal-va-tion;
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gates are o-pen,
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv-en,


A ra-diance from the Cross a-far The Saviour's love re-veal-ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion.
Ac-cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last-ing to-ken.
And bear the crown of life a-way, And love Him more in heav-en.

REFRAIN.



Abide In Me.

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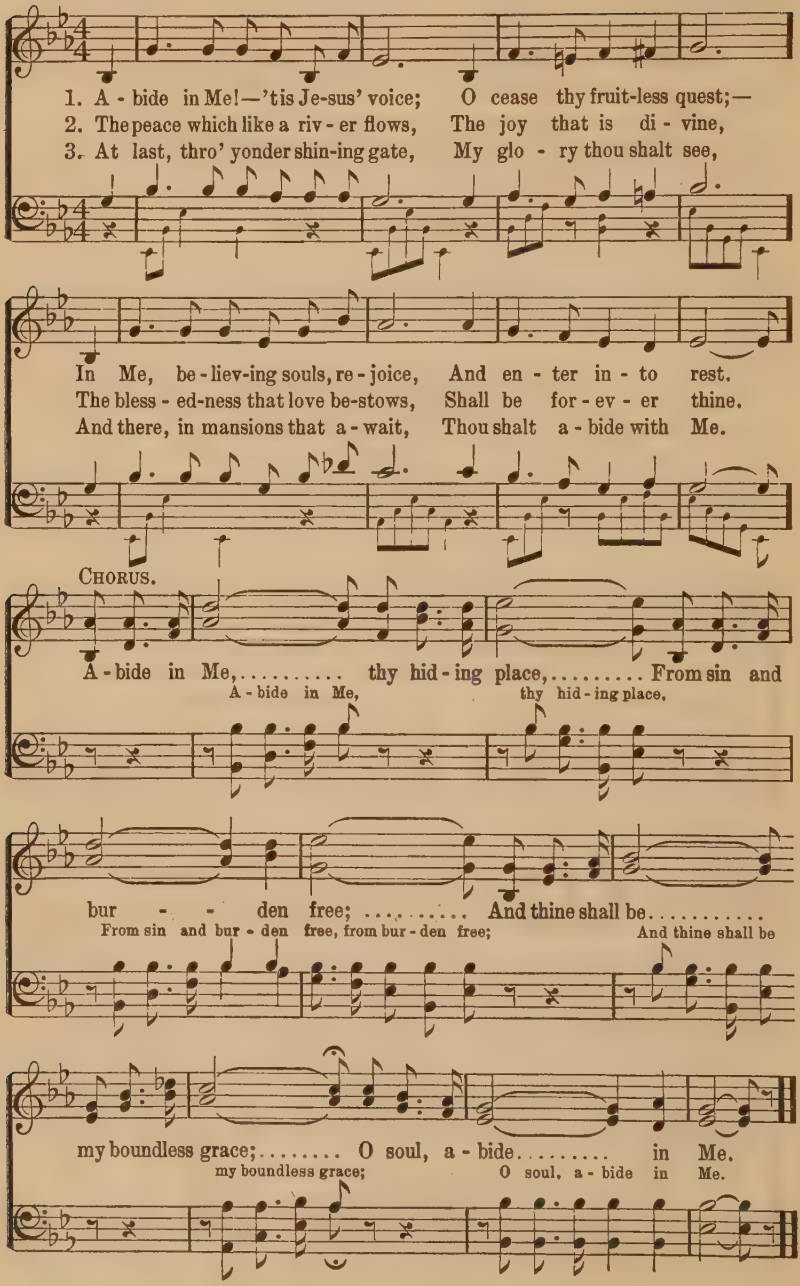
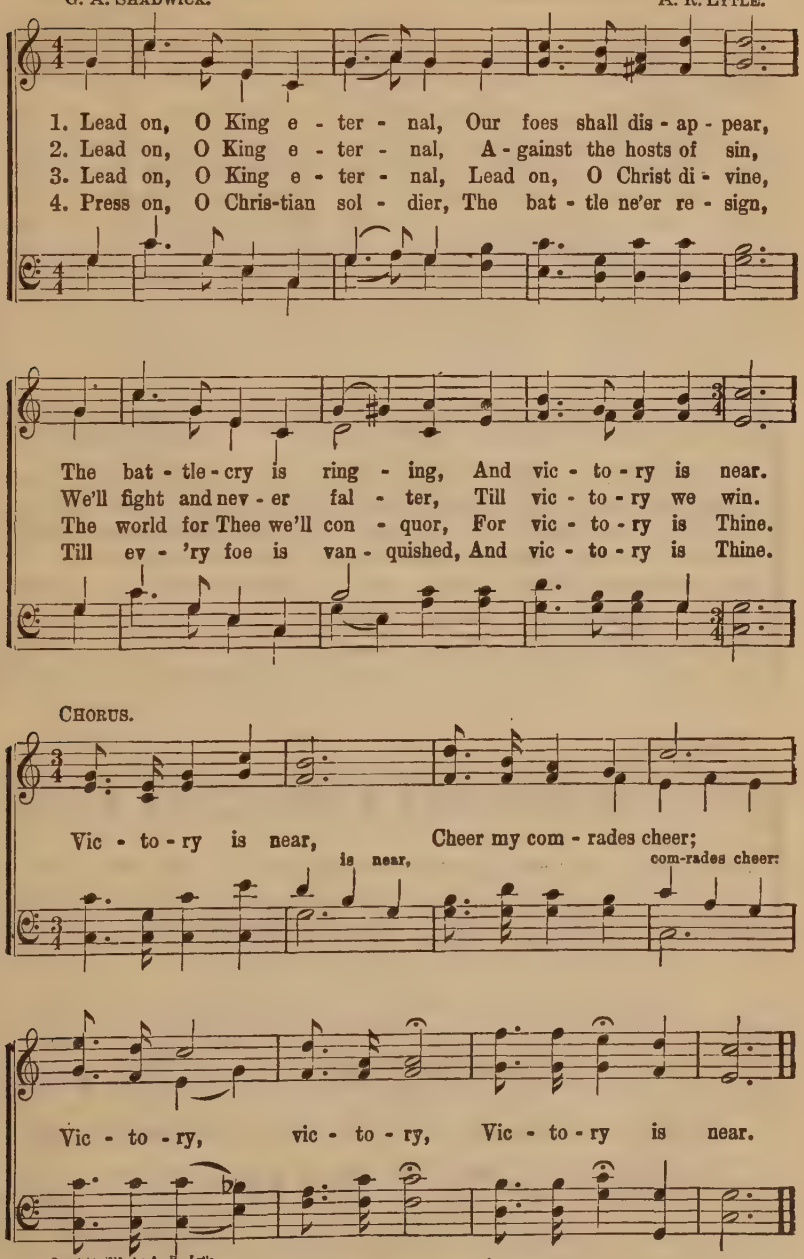
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. M. J. BABBITT.

1. A - bide in Me!—'tis Je-sus' voice; O cease thy fruit-less quest;—
2. The peace which like a riv - er flows, The joy that is di - vine,
3. At last, thro' yonder shin-ing gate, My glo - ry thou shalt see,
In Me, be-liev-ing souls, re-joice, And en - ter in - to rest.
The bless - ed-ness that love be-stows, Shall be for-ev - er thine.
And there, in mansions that a - wait, Thou shalt a - bide with Me.
CHORUS.
A - bide in Me, ... thy hid - ing place, ... From sin and
A - bide in Me, thy hid - ing place,
bur - - den free; ..... And thine shall be .....
From sin and bur - den free, from bur - den free; And thine shall be
my boundless grace; ..... O soul, a - bide ..... in Me.
my boundless grace; O soul, a - bide in Me.

Lead On, O King Eternal.

G. A. SHADWICK. A. R. LYTLE.

1. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, Our foes shall dis - ap - pear,
2. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, A - gainst the hosts of sin,
3. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, Lead on, O Christ di - vine,
4. Press on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, The bat - tle ne'er re - sign,
The bat - tle - cry is ring - ing, And vic - to - ry is near.
We'll fight and nev - er fal - ter, Till vic - to - ry we win.
The world for Thee we'll con - quor, For vic - to - ry is Thine.
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And vic - to - ry is Thine.
CHORUS.
Vic - to - ry is near, Cheer my com - rades cheer;
is near, com-rades cheer:
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry is near.

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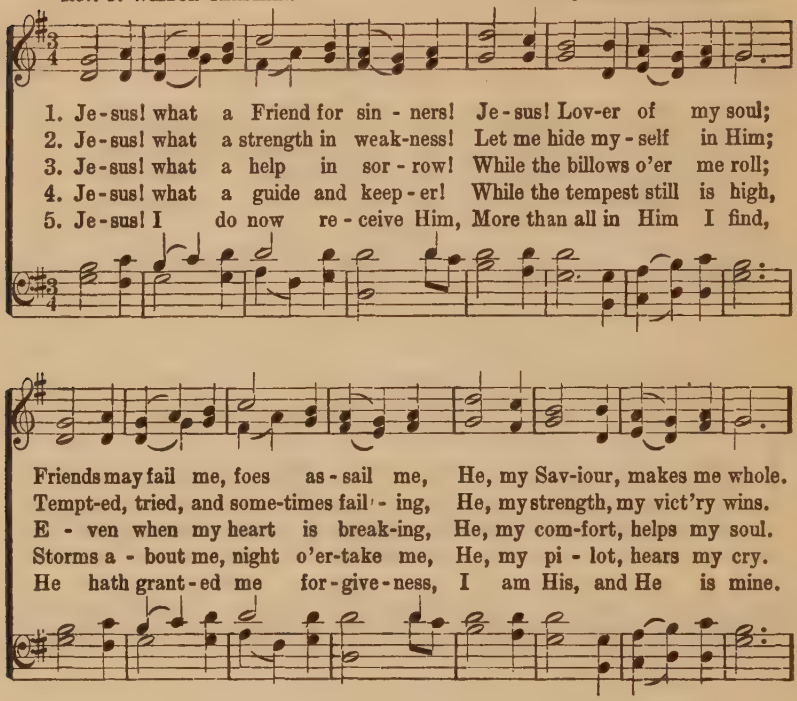
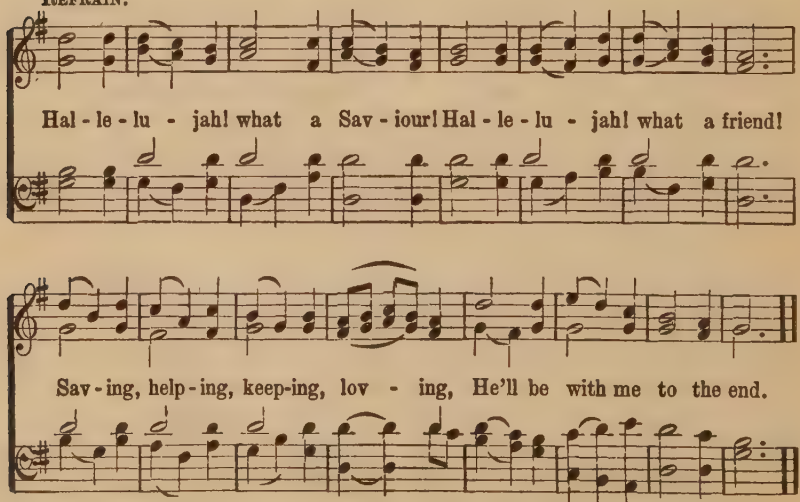
Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. Arr. by Robert Harkness.


1. Je-sus! what a Friend for sin-ners! Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul;
2. Je-sus! what a strength in weak-ness! Let me hide my-self in Him;
3. Je-sus! what a help in sor-row! While the billows o'er me roll;
4. Je-sus! what a guide and keep-er! While the tempest still is high,
5. Je-sus! I do now re-ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,
Friends may fail me, foes as-sail me, He, my Sav-iour, makes me whole.
Tempt-ed, tried, and some-times fail-ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.
E-ven when my heart is break-ing, He, my com-fort, helps my soul.
Storms a-bout me, night o'er-take me, He, my pi-lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant-ed me for-give-ness, I am His, and He is mine.

Refrain.



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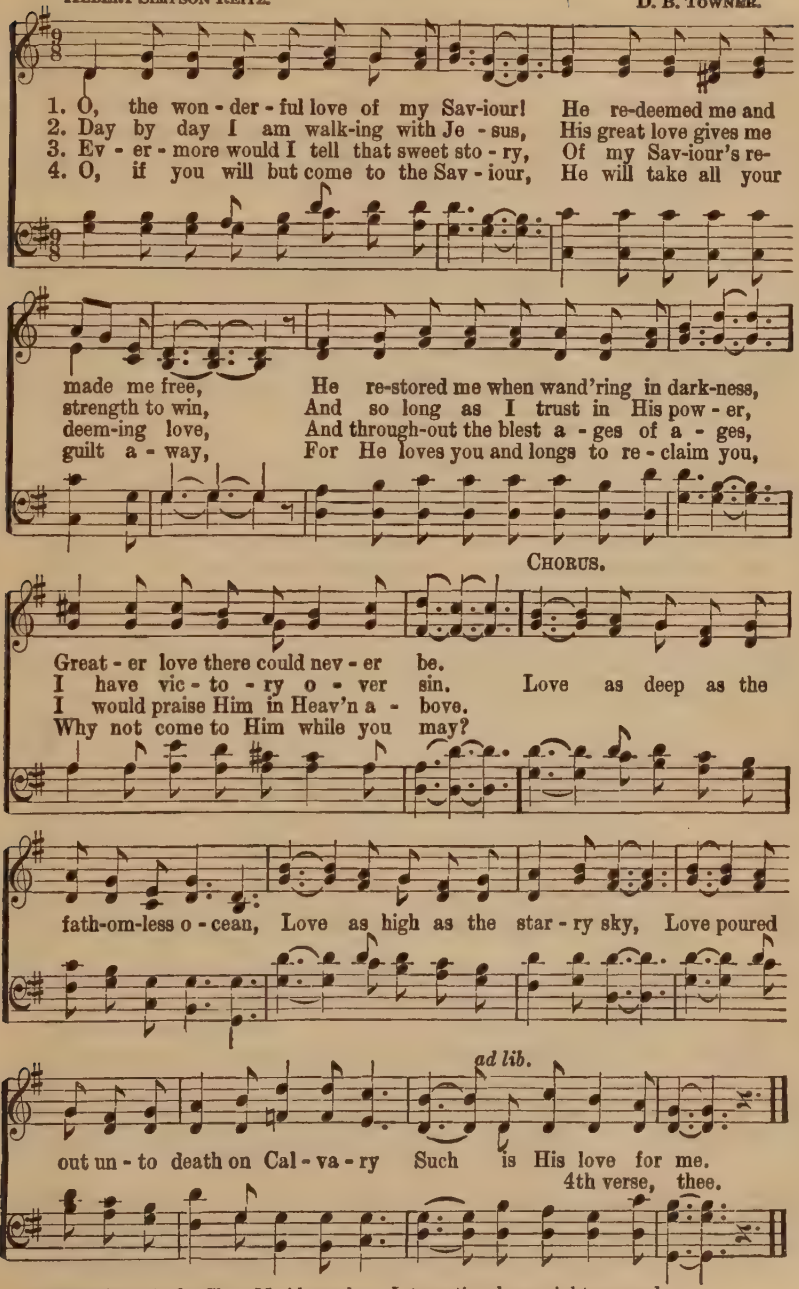
His Love for Me.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O, the won - der - ful love of my Sav-iour! He re-deemed me and
2. Day by day I am walk-ing with Je - sus, His great love gives me
3. Ev - er - more would I tell that sweet sto - ry, Of my Sav-iour's re-
4. O, if you will but come to the Sav - iour, He will take all your
made me free, He re-stored me when wand'ring in dark-ness,
strength to win, And so long as I trust in His pow - er,
deem-ing love, And through-out the blest a - ges of a - ges,
guilt a - way, For He loves you and longs to re - claim you,
CHORUS.
Great - er love there could nev - er be.
I have vic - to - ry o - ver sin. Love as deep as the
I would praise Him in Heav'n a - bove.
Why not come to Him while you may?
fath-om-less o - cean, Love as high as the star - ry sky, Love poured
ad lib.
out un - to death on Cal - va - ry Such is His love for me.
4th verse, thee.

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82 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

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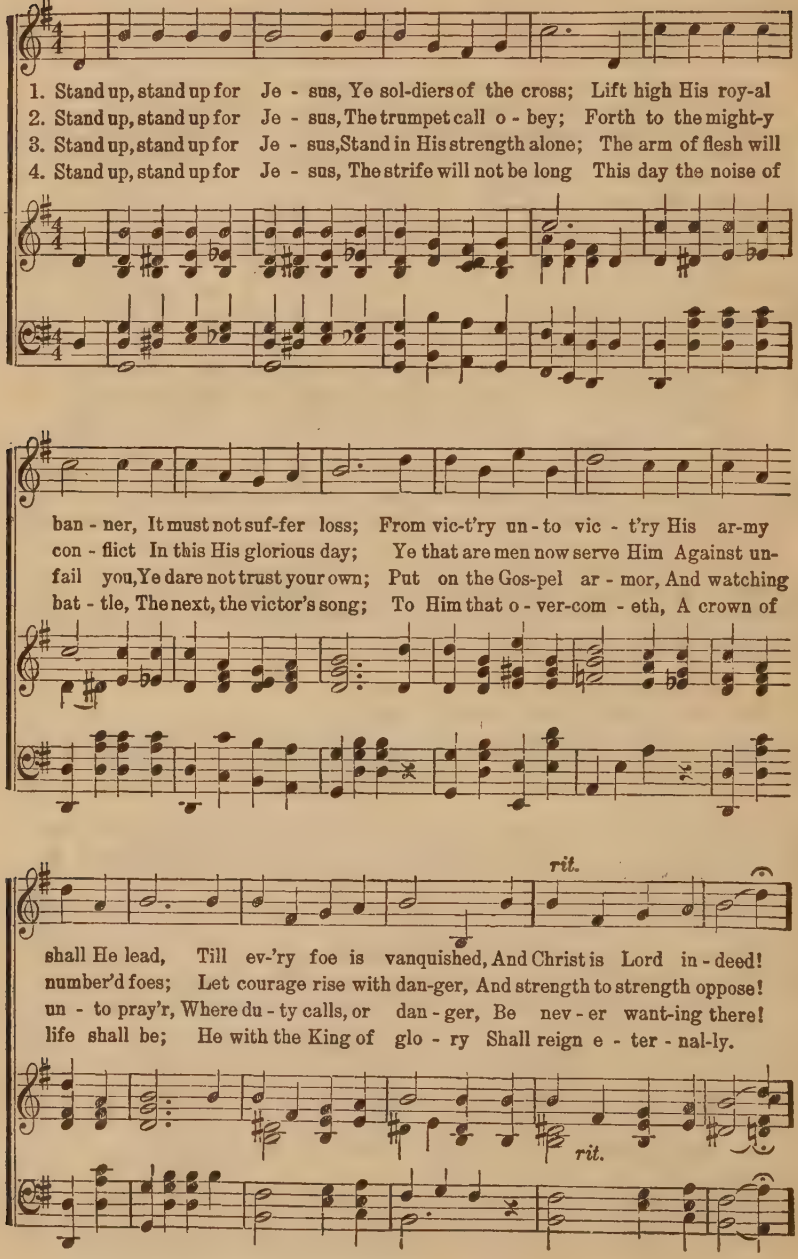
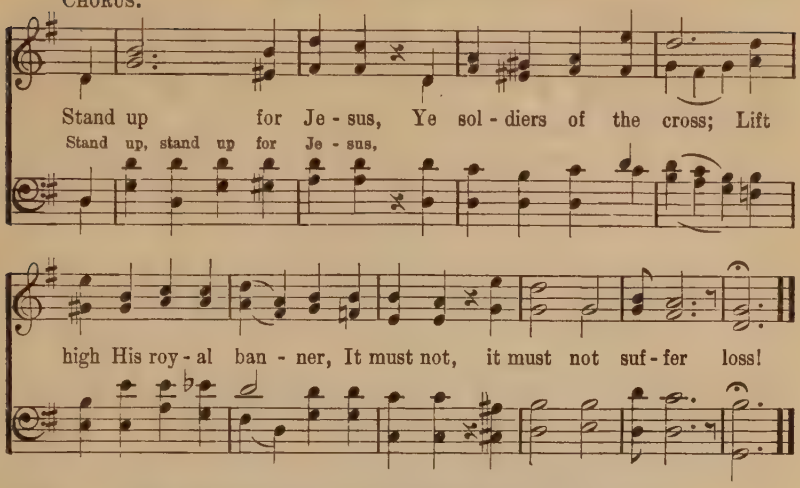
GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long This day the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar-my
con - flict In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him Against un-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the Gos-pel ar - mor, And watching
bat - tle, The next, the victor's song; To Him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of
rit.
shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed!
number'd foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose!
un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there!
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal-ly.
rit.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS.


Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss!

83 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

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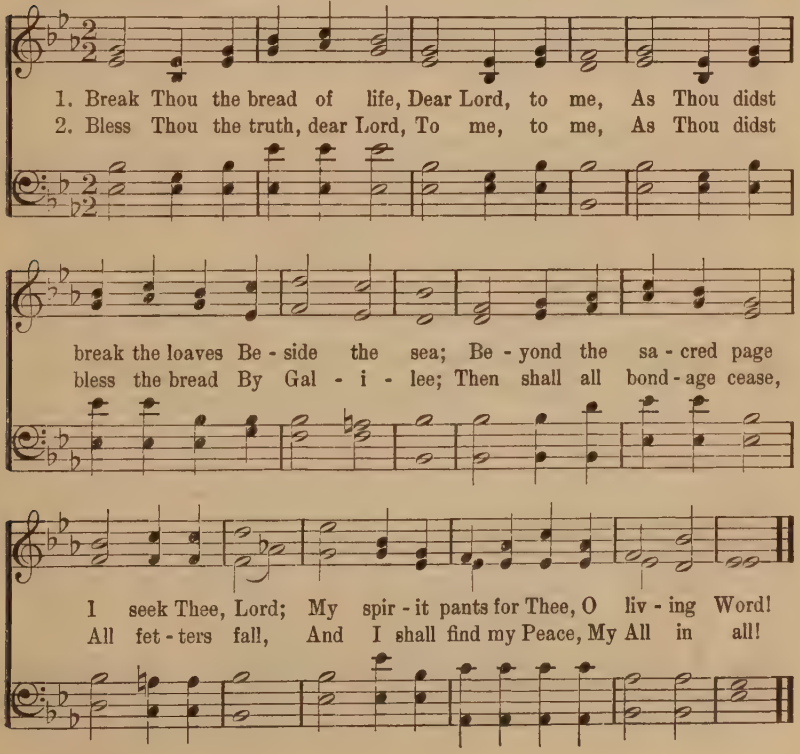
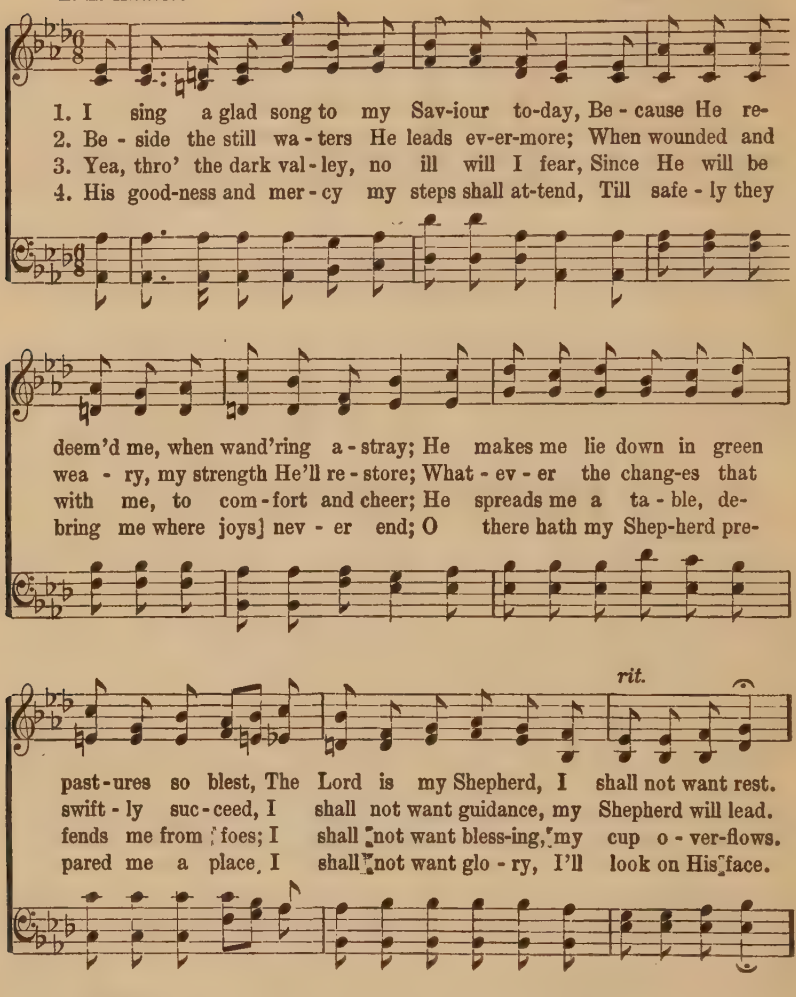
MARY A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my Peace, My All in all!

I Shall Not Want.

E. E. HEWITT. JOHN P. HILLIS.


1. I sing a glad song to my Sav-iour to-day, Be - cause He re-
2. Be - side the still wa - ters He leads ev-er-more; When wounded and
3. Yea, thro' the dark val - ley, no ill will I fear, Since He will be
4. His good-ness and mer - cy my steps shall at-tend, Till safe - ly they
deem'd me, when wand'ring a - stray; He makes me lie down in green
wea - ry, my strength He'll re - store; What - ev - er the chang-es that
with me, to com - fort and cheer; He spreads me a ta - ble, de-
bring me where joys] nev - er end; O there hath my Shep-herd pre-
rit.
past - ures so blest, The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want rest.
swift - ly suc - ceed, I shall not want guidance, my Shepherd will lead.
fends me from foes; I shall not want bless-ing, my cup o - ver-flows.
pared me a place, I shall not want glo - ry, I'll look on His face.
CHORUS.
The Lord..... is my Shep - herd, I shall..... not want,
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Ex - ult, O my soul! So glad, so free;

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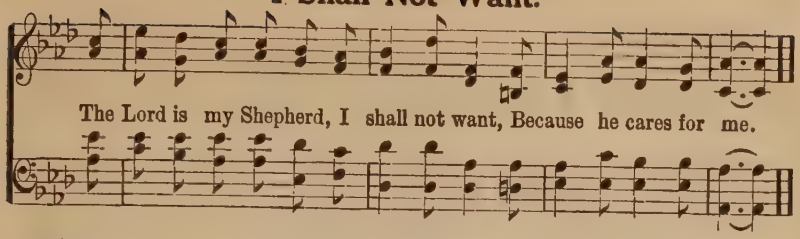
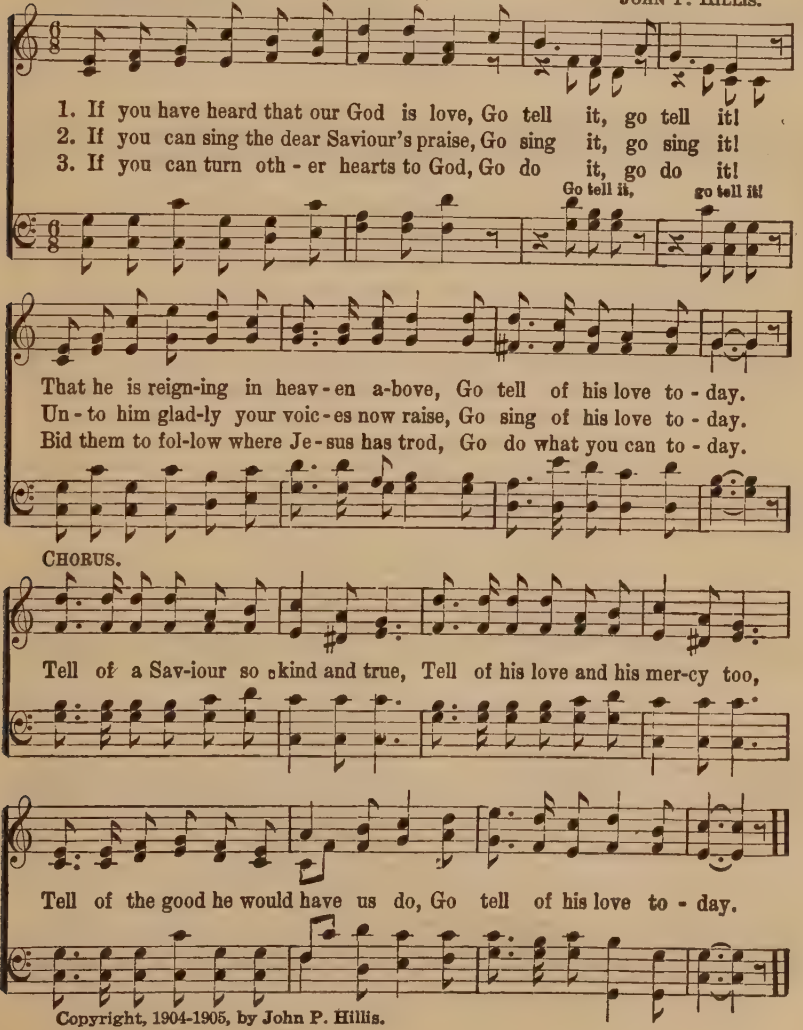
I Shall Not Want.



85 Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. JOHN P. HILLIS.


1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!
2. If you can sing the dear Saviour's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!
3. If you can turn oth - er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!
Go tell it, go tell it!
That he is reign-ing in heav - en a-bove, Go tell of his love to - day.
Un - to him glad-ly your voic - es now raise, Go sing of his love to - day.
Bid them to fol-low where Je - sus has trod, Go do what you can to - day.
CHORUS.
Tell of a Sav-iour so kind and true, Tell of his love and his mer-cy too,
Tell of the good he would have us do, Go tell of his love to - day.

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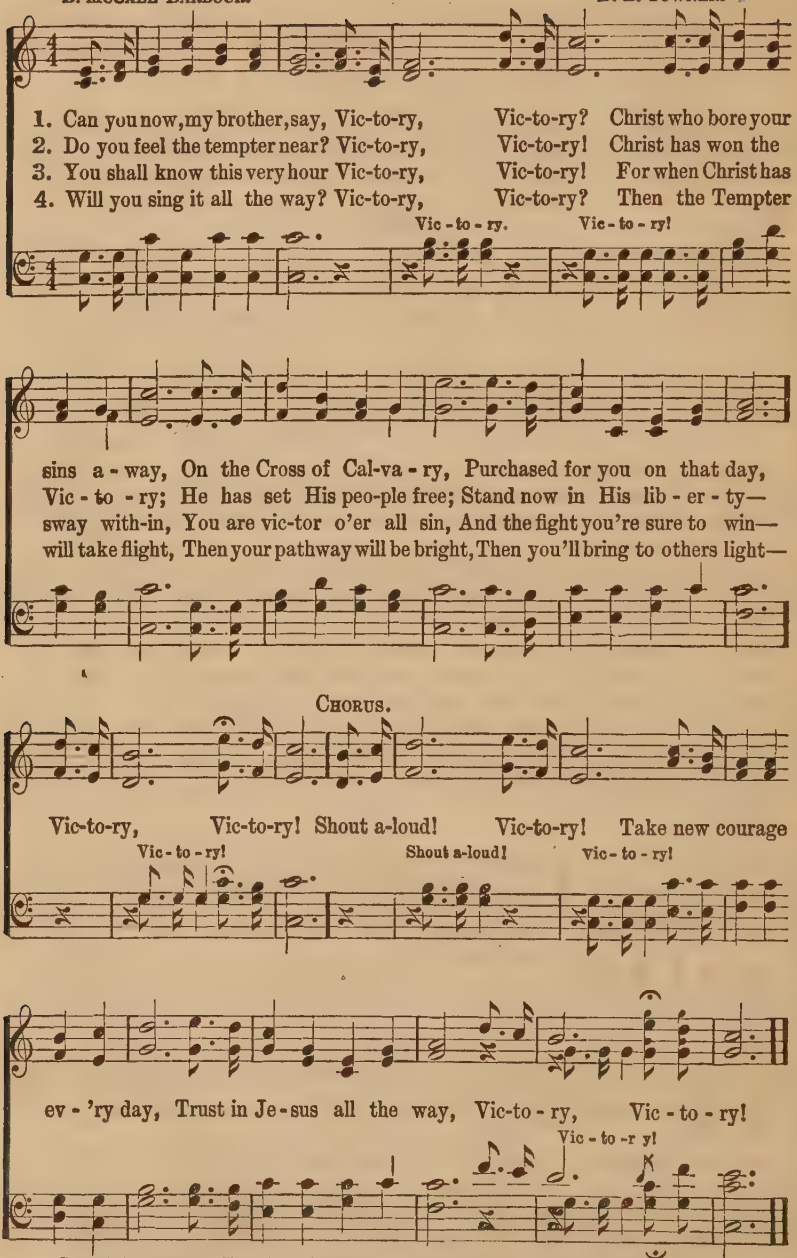
Victory!

B. McCall Barbour. D. B. Towner.


1. Can you now, my brother, say, Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry? Christ who bore your
2. Do you feel the tempter near? Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Christ has won the
3. You shall know this very hour Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! For when Christ has
4. Will you sing it all the way? Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry? Then the Tempter
Vic-to-ry. Vic-to-ry!
sins a-way, On the Cross of Cal-va-ry, Purchased for you on that day,
Vic-to-ry; He has set His peo-ple free; Stand now in His lib-er-ty—
sway with-in, You are vic-tor o'er all sin, And the fight you're sure to win—
will take flight, Then your pathway will be bright, Then you'll bring to others light—
Chorus.
Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Shout a-loud! Vic-to-ry! Take new courage
Vic-to-ry! Shout a-loud! Vic-to-ry!
ev-'ry day, Trust in Je-sus all the way, Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry!
Vic-to-ry!

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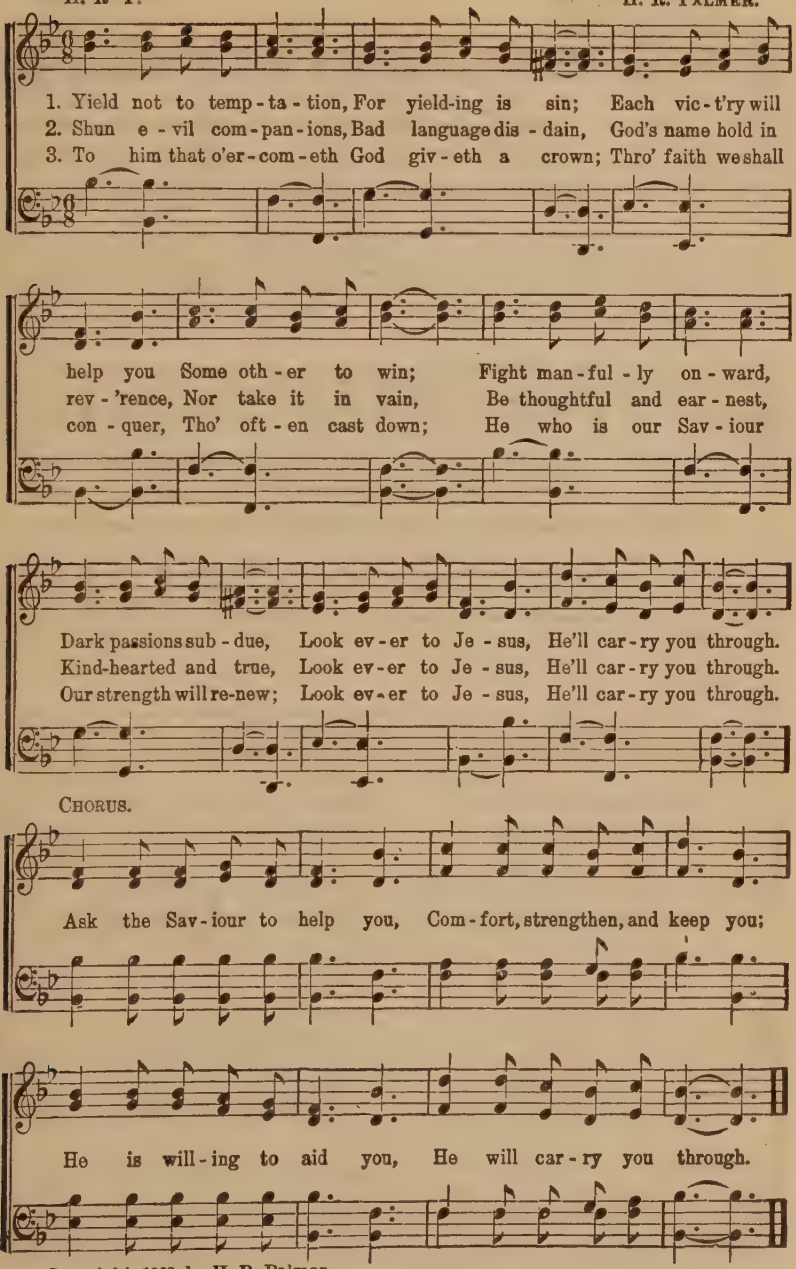
Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain, Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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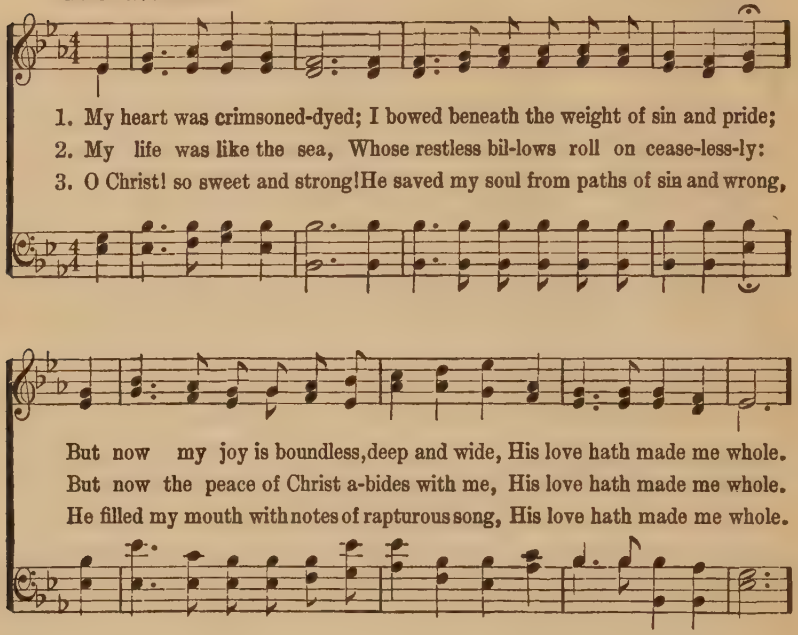
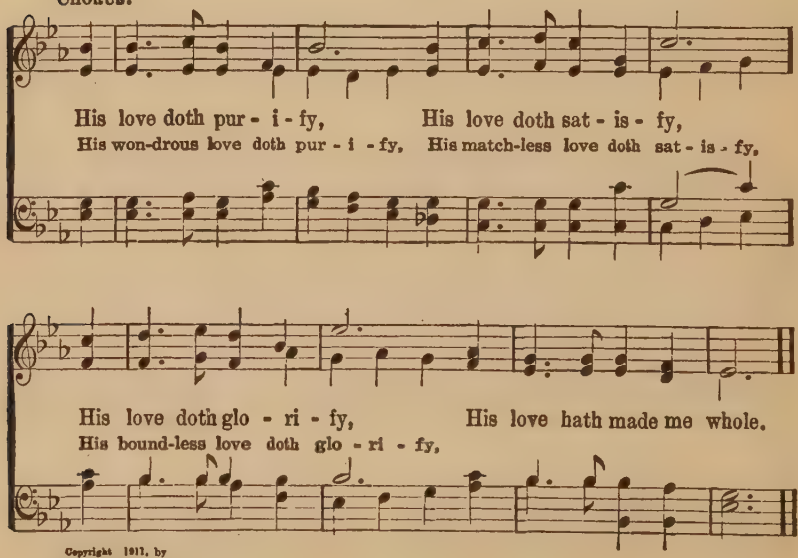
His Love Hath Made Me Whole.

GRACE W. BURLEIGH. D. B. TOWNER.


1. My heart was crimsoned-dyed; I bowed beneath the weight of sin and pride;
2. My life was like the sea, Whose restless bil-lows roll on cease-less-ly:
3. O Christ! so sweet and strong! He saved my soul from paths of sin and wrong,
But now my joy is boundless, deep and wide, His love hath made me whole.
But now the peace of Christ a-bides with me, His love hath made me whole.
He filled my mouth with notes of rapturous song, His love hath made me whole.

CHORUS.


His love doth pur - i - fy, His love doth sat - is - fy,
His won-drous love doth pur - i - fy, His match-less love doth sat - is - fy,
His love doth glo - ri - fy, His love hath made me whole.
His bound-less love doth glo - ri - fy,

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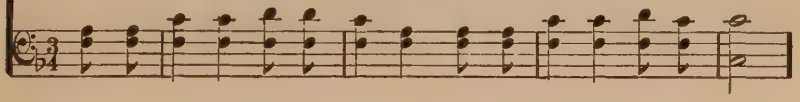
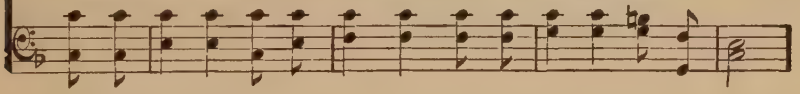
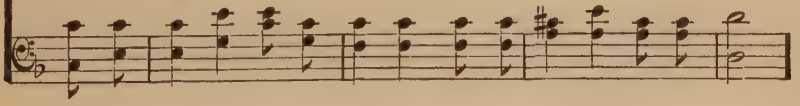
In the Stillness of Thy Love.

A. S. R. ALBERT S. REITZ.

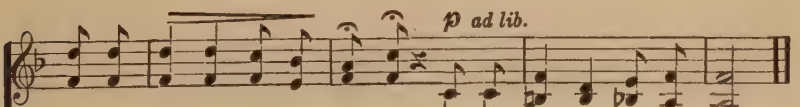
1. Draw me near-er, bless-ed Mas-ter, Break my bon-dage, make me free,
2. Draw me near-er, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep my soul from Satan's snare,
3. Draw me near-er, bless-ed Sav-iour, Give me cour - age to en - dure
4. Draw me near-er, 'till my Spir - it, Learns the lan-guage of Thy love,

Lift me high a - bove the earth-clouds Un - til Thee a - lone I see.
Show me more of heav-en's glo - ry;— I have un-seen treasures there.
All my earth-ly trib - u - la - tions; Cleanse my heart and make me pure.
Lead me on-ward, ev - er on - ward, 'Till I reach Thy courts a - bove.

CHORUS.

mf

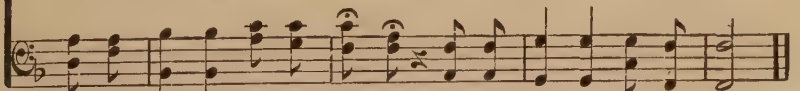
Draw me near - er, ev - er near - er, Un - til I shall ful - ly prove



p ad lib.



All the joy that now a - waits me In the still-ness of Thy love.



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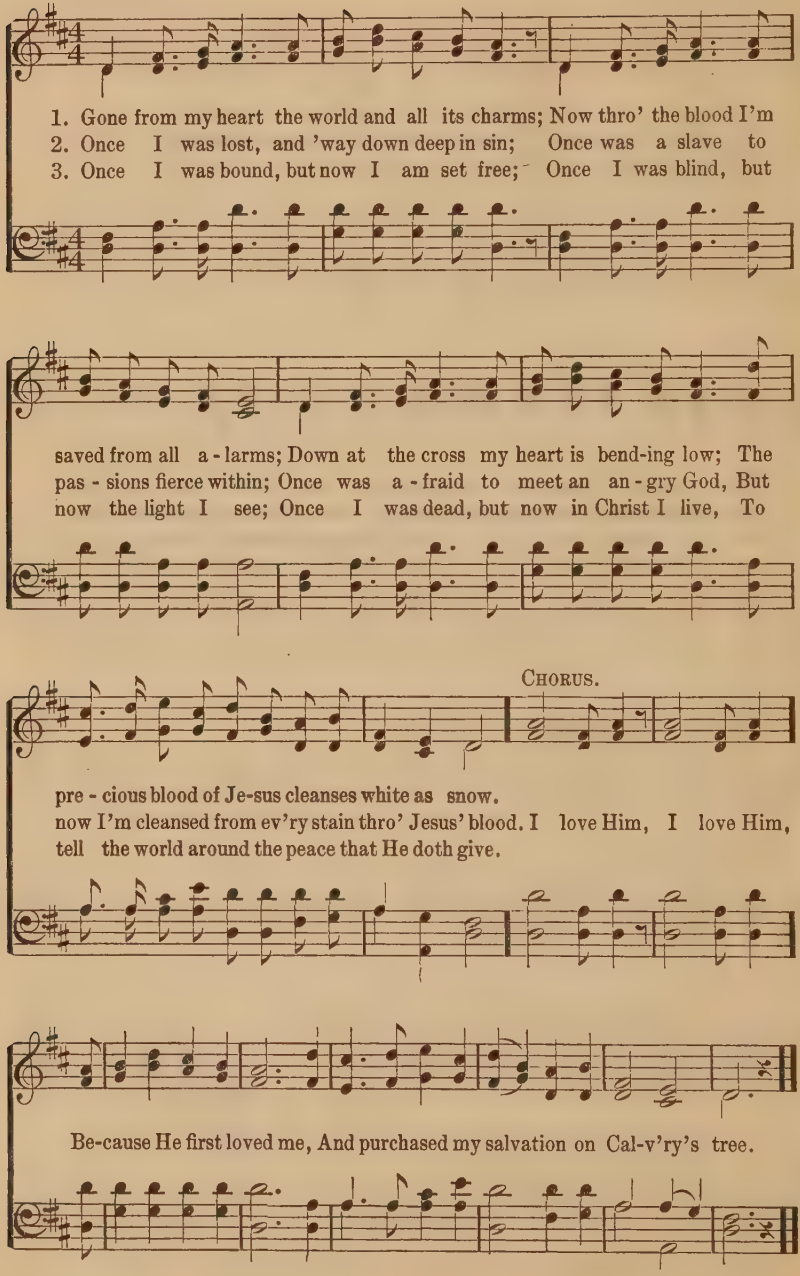
I Love Him.

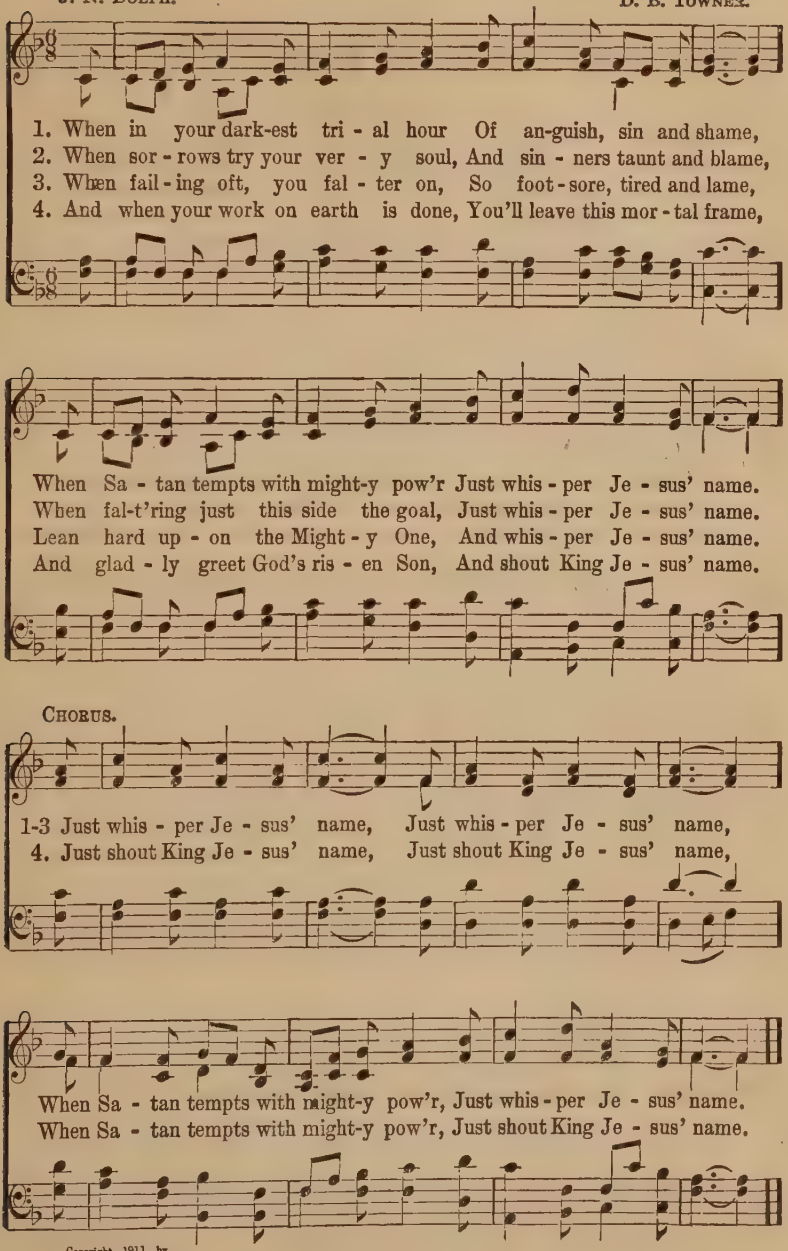
London Hymn Book.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.
Arr. by D. B. T.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low; The
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.
Be-cause He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Cal-v'ry's tree.

Whisper Jesus' Name.

J. N. DOLPH. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When in your dark-est tri - al hour Of an-guish, sin and shame,
2. When sor - rows try your ver - y soul, And sin - ners taunt and blame,
3. When fail - ing oft, you fal - ter on, So foot - sore, tired and lame,
4. And when your work on earth is done, You'll leave this mor - tal frame,
When Sa - tan tempts with might-y pow'r Just whis - per Je - sus' name.
When fal-t'ring just this side the goal, Just whis - per Je - sus' name.
Lean hard up - on the Might - y One, And whis - per Je - sus' name.
And glad - ly greet God's ris - en Son, And shout King Je - sus' name.
CHORUS.
1-3 Just whis - per Je - sus' name, Just whis - per Je - sus' name,
4. Just shout King Je - sus' name, Just shout King Je - sus' name,
When Sa - tan tempts with might-y pow'r, Just whis - per Je - sus' name.
When Sa - tan tempts with might-y pow'r, Just shout King Je - sus' name.

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Who Will Go?

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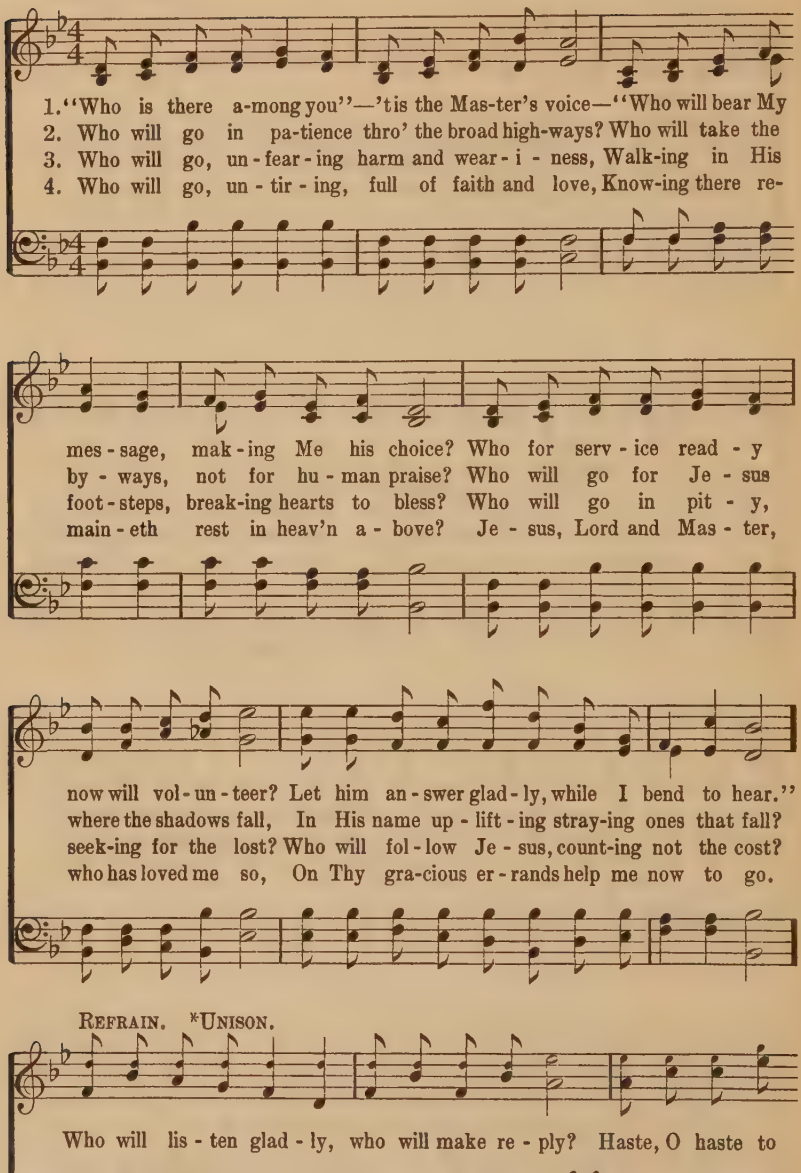
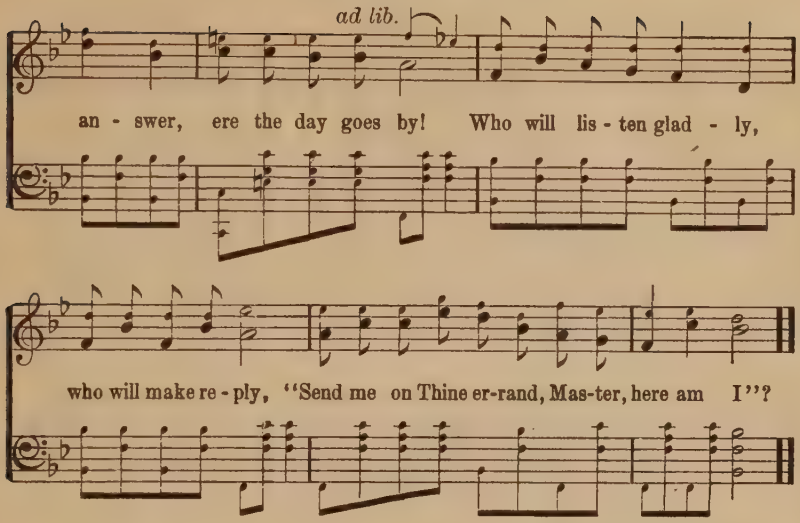
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. W. HENDERSON.


1. "Who is there a-mong you"—'tis the Mas-ter's voice—"Who will bear My mes-sage, mak-ing Me his choice? Who for serv-ice read-y now will vol-un-teer? Let him an-swer glad-ly, while I bend to hear."
2. Who will go in pa-tience thro' the broad high-ways? Who will take the by-ways, not for hu-man praise? Who will go for Je-sus where the shadows fall, In His name up-lift-ing stray-ing ones that fall?
3. Who will go, un-fear-ing harm and wear-i-ness, Walk-ing in His foot-steps, break-ing hearts to bless? Who will go in pit-y, seek-ing for the lost? Who will fol-low Je-sus, count-ing not the cost?
4. Who will go, un-tir-ing, full of faith and love, Know-ing there re-main-eth rest in heav'n a-bove? Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, who has loved me so, On Thy gra-cious er-rands help me now to go.
REFRAIN. *UNISON.
Who will lis-ten glad-ly, who will make re-ply? Haste, O haste to

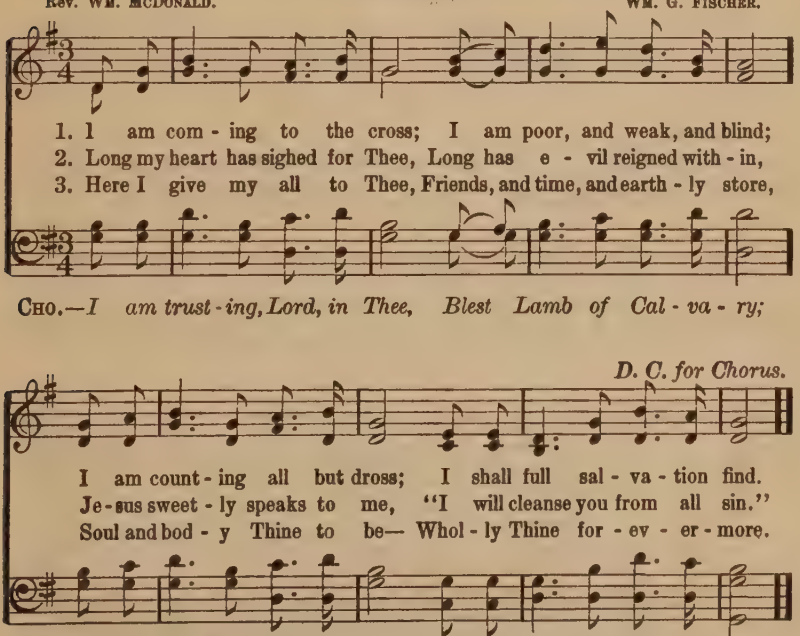
*Small notes for Instrument and a few Soprano voices.

Who Will Go?



93 I Am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in,
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store,
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. C. for Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

94 I am Waiting, Thou art Willing.

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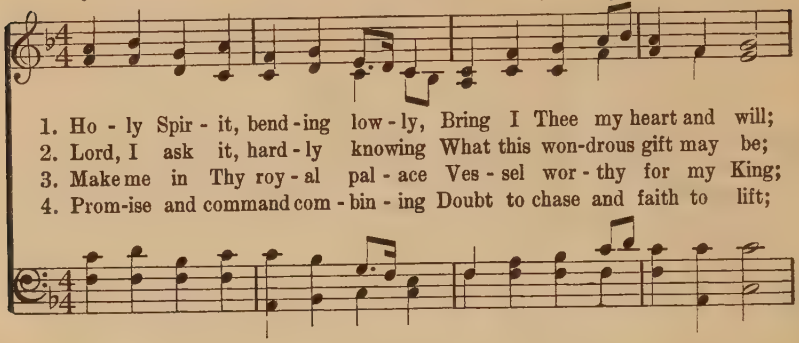
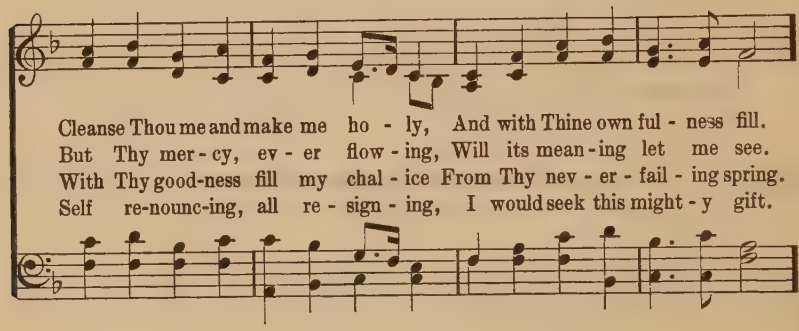
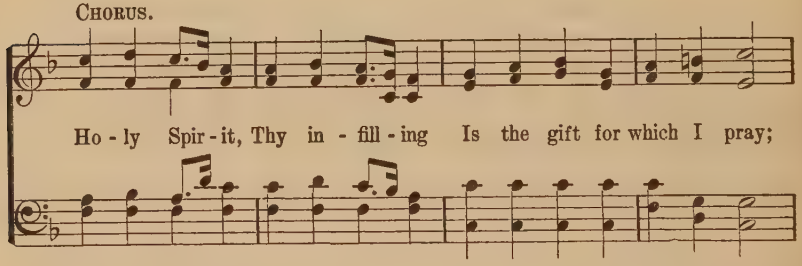
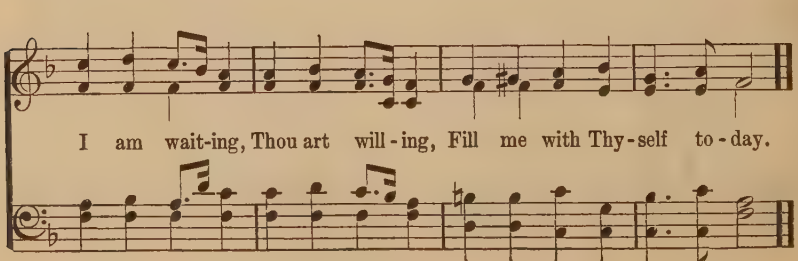
Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, bend - ing low - ly, Bring I Thee my heart and will;
2. Lord, I ask it, hard - ly knowing What this won-drous gift may be;
3. Make me in Thy roy - al pal - ace Ves - sel wor - thy for my King;
4. Prom-ise and command com - bin - ing Doubt to chase and faith to lift;


Cleanse Thou me and make me ho - ly, And with Thine own ful - ness fill.
But Thy mer - cy, ev - er flow - ing, Will its mean - ing let me see.
With Thy good-ness fill my chal - ice From Thy nev - er - fail - ing spring.
Self re-nounc-ing, all re - sign - ing, I would seek this might - y gift.

CHORUS.





Come, Holy Spirit.

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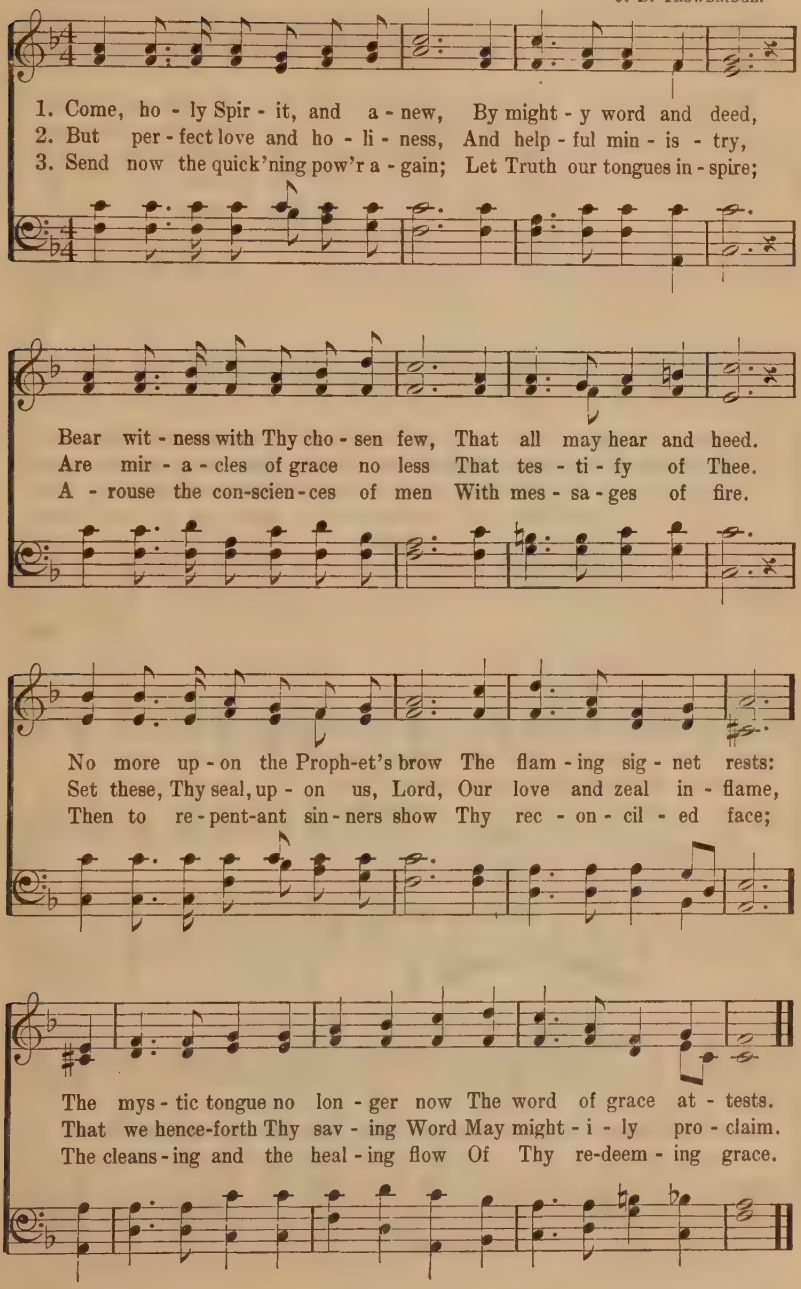
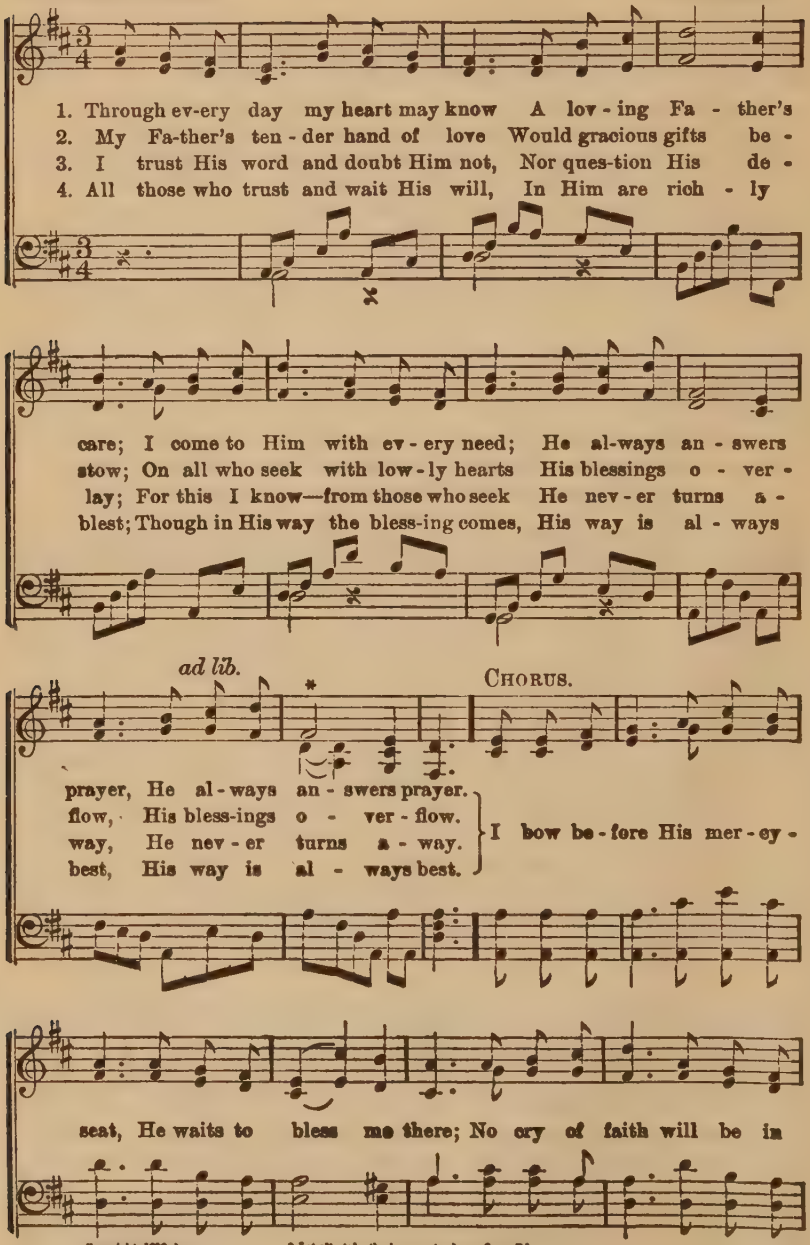
J. H. SAMMIS. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.


1. Come, ho - ly Spir - it, and a - new, By might - y word and deed,
2. But per - fect love and ho - li - ness, And help - ful min - is - try,
3. Send now the quick'ning pow'r a - gain; Let Truth our tongues in - spire;
Bear wit - ness with Thy cho - sen few, That all may hear and heed.
Are mir - a - cles of grace no less That tes - ti - fy of Thee.
A - rouse the con-scien - ces of men With mes - sa - ges of fire.
No more up - on the Proph-et's brow The flam - ing sig - net rests:
Set these, Thy seal, up - on us, Lord, Our love and zeal in - flame,
Then to re - pent-ant sin - ners show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face;
The mys - tic tongue no lon - ger now The word of grace at - tests.
That we hence-forth Thy sav - ing Word May might - i - ly pro - claim.
The cleans - ing and the heal - ing flow Of Thy re-deem - ing grace.

He Always Answers Prayer.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Through ev-ery day my heart may know A lov - ing Fa - ther's
2. My Fa-ther's ten - der hand of love Would gracious gifts be -
3. I trust His word and doubt Him not, Nor ques-tion His de -
4. All those who trust and wait His will, In Him are rich - ly
care; I come to Him with ev - ery need; He al-ways an - swers
stow; On all who seek with low - ly hearts His blessings o - ver -
lay; For this I know—from those who seek He nev - er turns a -
blest; Though in His way the bless-ing comes, His way is al - ways
ad lib.
CHORUS.
prayer, He al - ways an - swers prayer.
flow, His bless-ings o - ver - flow.
way, He nev - er turns a - way.
best, His way is al - ways best.
I bow be - fore His mer - cy -
seat, He waits to bless me there; No cry of faith will be in

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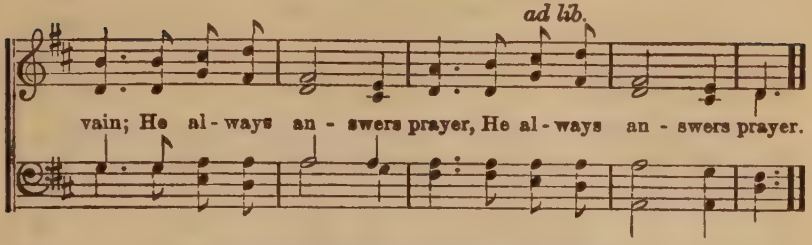
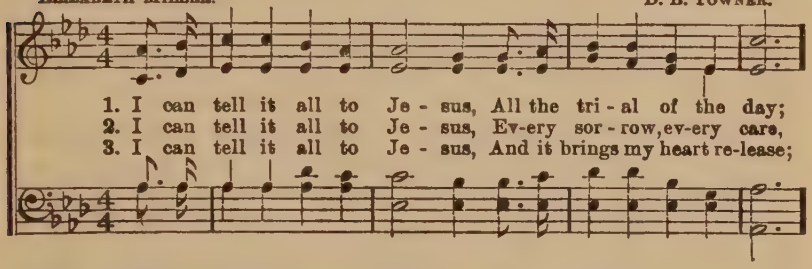
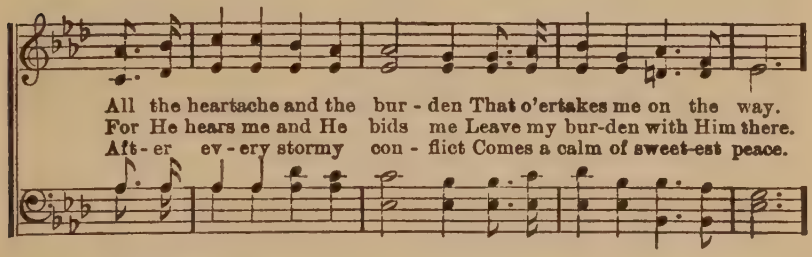
* Let alto take the lower notes here if possible.



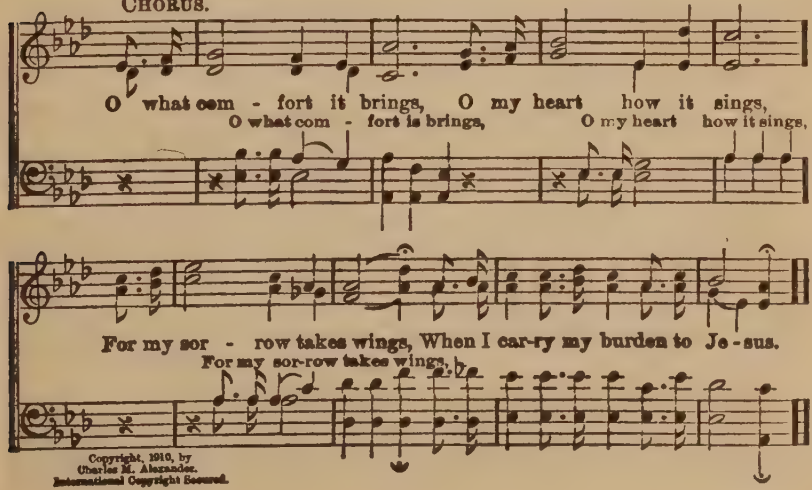
97 I Can Tell it All to Jesus.

ELIZABETH MILLER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I can tell it all to Je - sus, All the tri - al of the day;
2. I can tell it all to Je - sus, Ev-ery sor - row, ev-ery care,
3. I can tell it all to Je - sus, And it brings my heart re-lease;


All the heartache and the bur - den That o'ertakes me on the way.
For He hears me and He bids me Leave my bur-den with Him there.
Aft - er ev - ery stormy con - flict Comes a calm of sweet-est peace.

CHORUS.


O what com - fort it brings, O my heart how it sings,
O what com - fort is brings, O my heart how it sings,
For my sor - row takes wings, When I car-ry my burden to Je - sus.
For my sor-row takes wings,

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Singing Glory!

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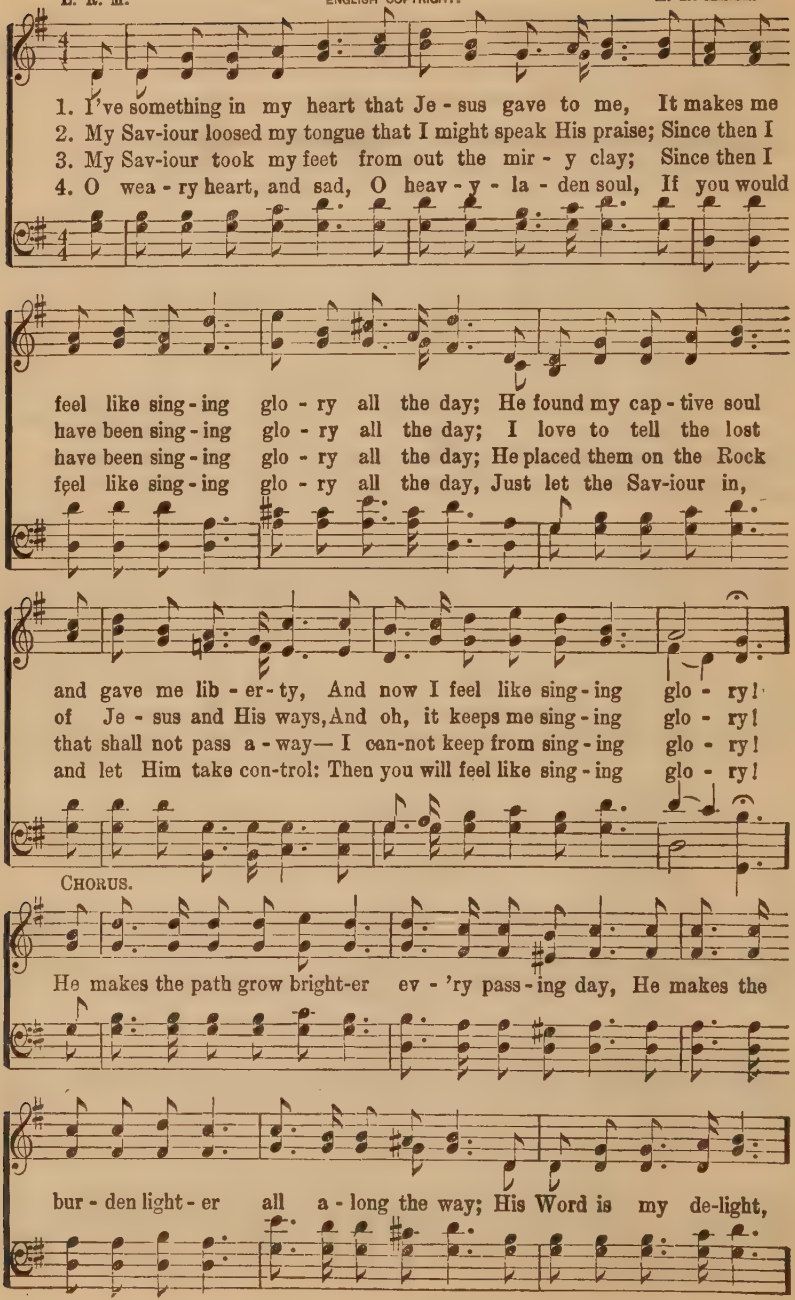
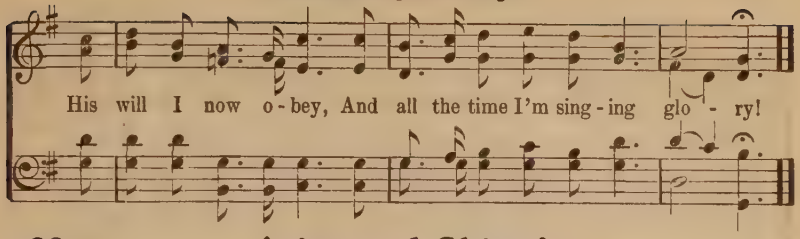
L. R. M. L. R. Minor.


1. I've something in my heart that Je - sus gave to me, It makes me
2. My Sav-iour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise; Since then I
3. My Sav-iour took my feet from out the mir - y clay; Since then I
4. O wea - ry heart, and sad, O heav - y - la - den soul, If you would
feel like sing - ing glo - ry all the day; He found my cap - tive soul
have been sing - ing glo - ry all the day; I love to tell the lost
have been sing - ing glo - ry all the day; He placed them on the Rock
feel like sing - ing glo - ry all the day, Just let the Sav-iour in,
and gave me lib - er - ty, And now I feel like sing - ing glo - ry!
of Je - sus and His ways, And oh, it keeps me sing - ing glo - ry!
that shall not pass a - way— I can-not keep from sing - ing glo - ry!
and let Him take con-trol: Then you will feel like sing - ing glo - ry!
CHORUS.
He makes the path grow bright-er ev - 'ry pass - ing day, He makes the
bur - den light - er all a - long the way; His Word is my de-light,

Singing Glory!



99 Arise and Shine!

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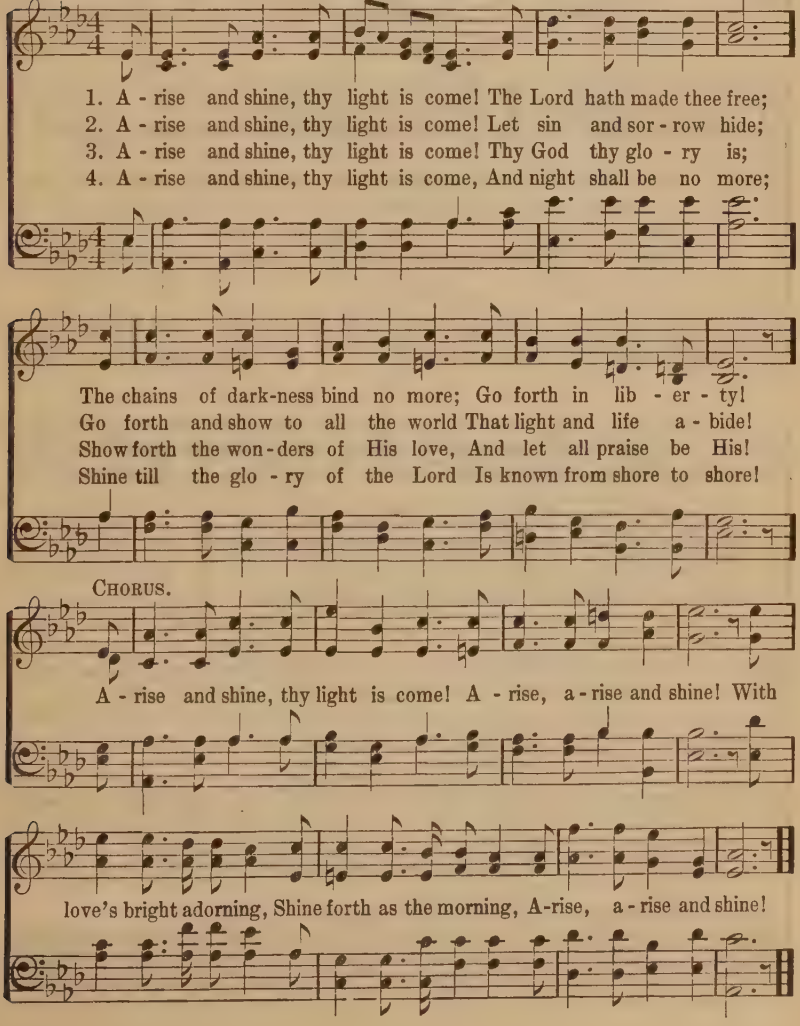
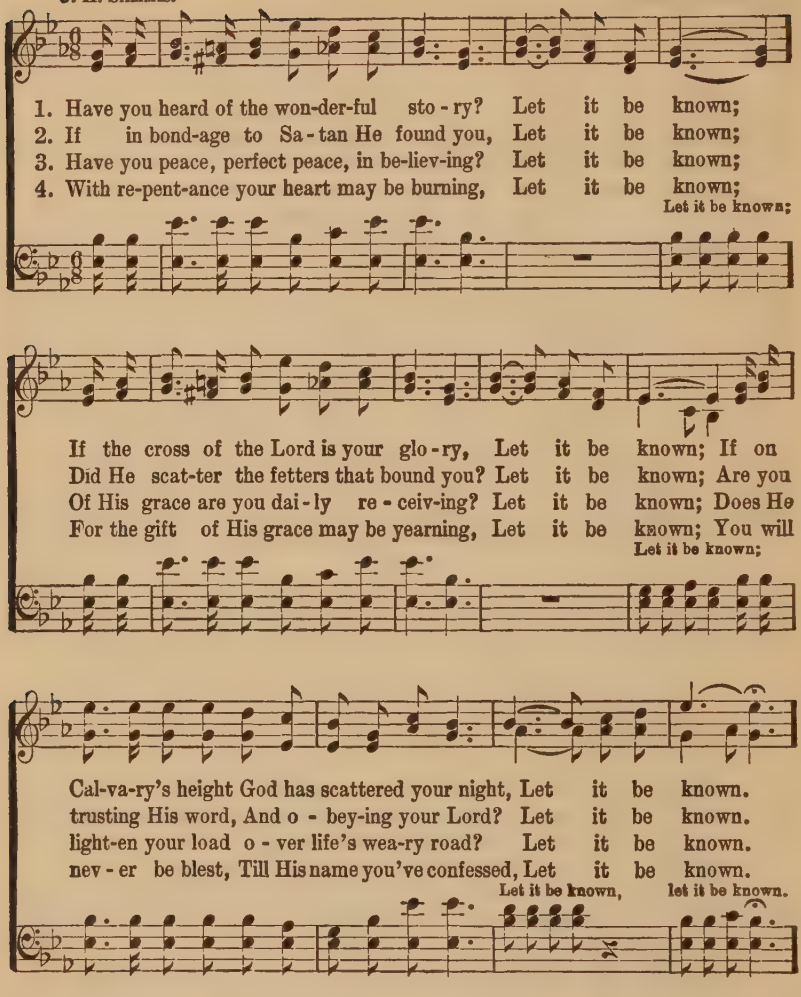
CARRIE E. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.

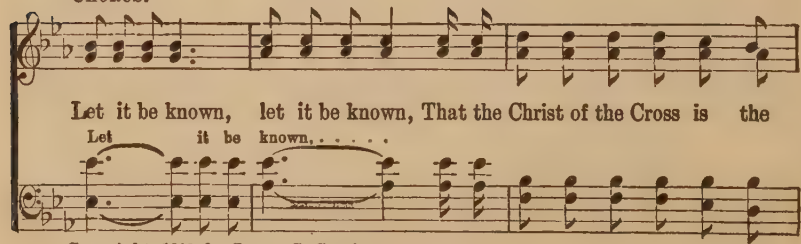

1. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! The Lord hath made thee free;
2. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Let sin and sor - row hide;
3. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Thy God thy glo - ry is;
4. A - rise and shine, thy light is come, And night shall be no more;
The chains of dark-ness bind no more; Go forth in lib - er - ty!
Go forth and show to all the world That light and life a - bide!
Show forth the won - ders of His love, And let all praise be His!
Shine till the glo - ry of the Lord Is known from shore to shore!
CHORUS.
A - rise and shine, thy light is come! A - rise, a - rise and shine! With
love's bright adorning, Shine forth as the morning, A-rise, a - rise and shine!

Let It Be Known.

J. H. SAMMIS. JAMES G. GARTH.


1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful sto-ry? Let it be known;
2. If in bond-age to Sa-tan He found you, Let it be known;
3. Have you peace, perfect peace, in be-liev-ing? Let it be known;
4. With re-pent-ance your heart may be burning, Let it be known;
Let it be known;
If the cross of the Lord is your glo-ry, Let it be known; If on
Did He scat-ter the fetters that bound you? Let it be known; Are you
Of His grace are you dai-ly re-ceiv-ing? Let it be known; Does He
For the gift of His grace may be yearning, Let it be known; You will
Let it be known;
Cal-va-ry's height God has scattered your night, Let it be known.
trusting His word, And o-bey-ing your Lord? Let it be known.
light-en your load o-ver life's wea-ry road? Let it be known.
nev-er be blest, Till His name you've confessed, Let it be known.
Let it be known, let it be known.

CHORUS.



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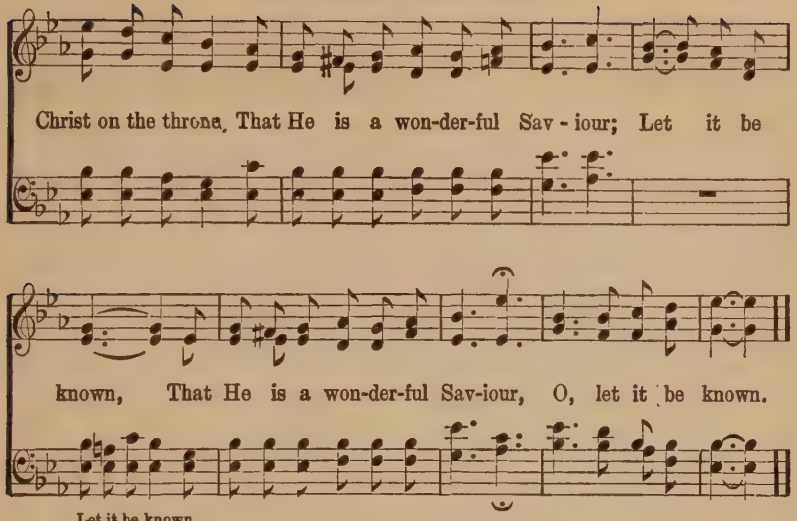
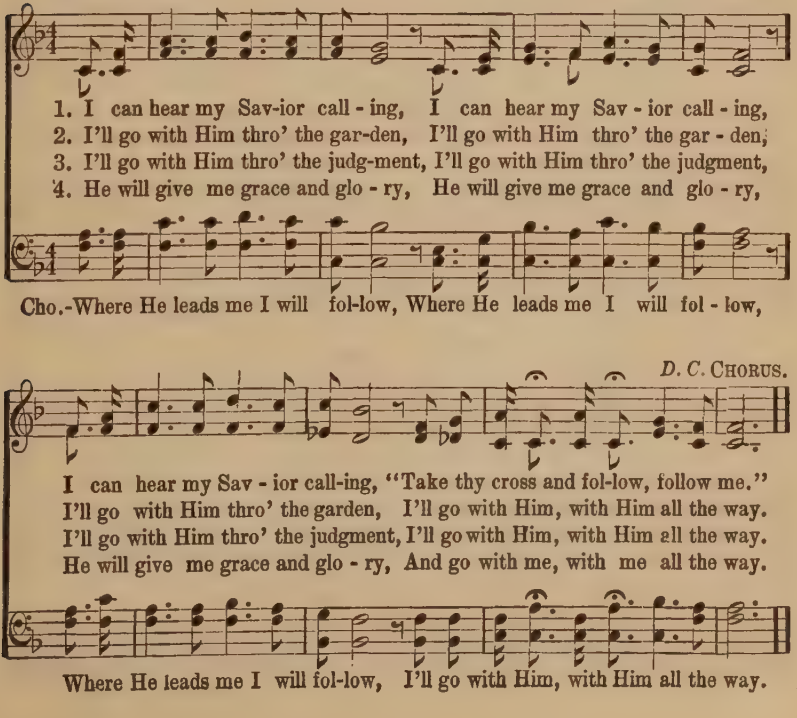
Let It Be Known.


Christ on the throne, That He is a won-der-ful Sav - iour; Let it be
known, That He is a won-der-ful Sav-iour, O, let it be known.
Let it be known,

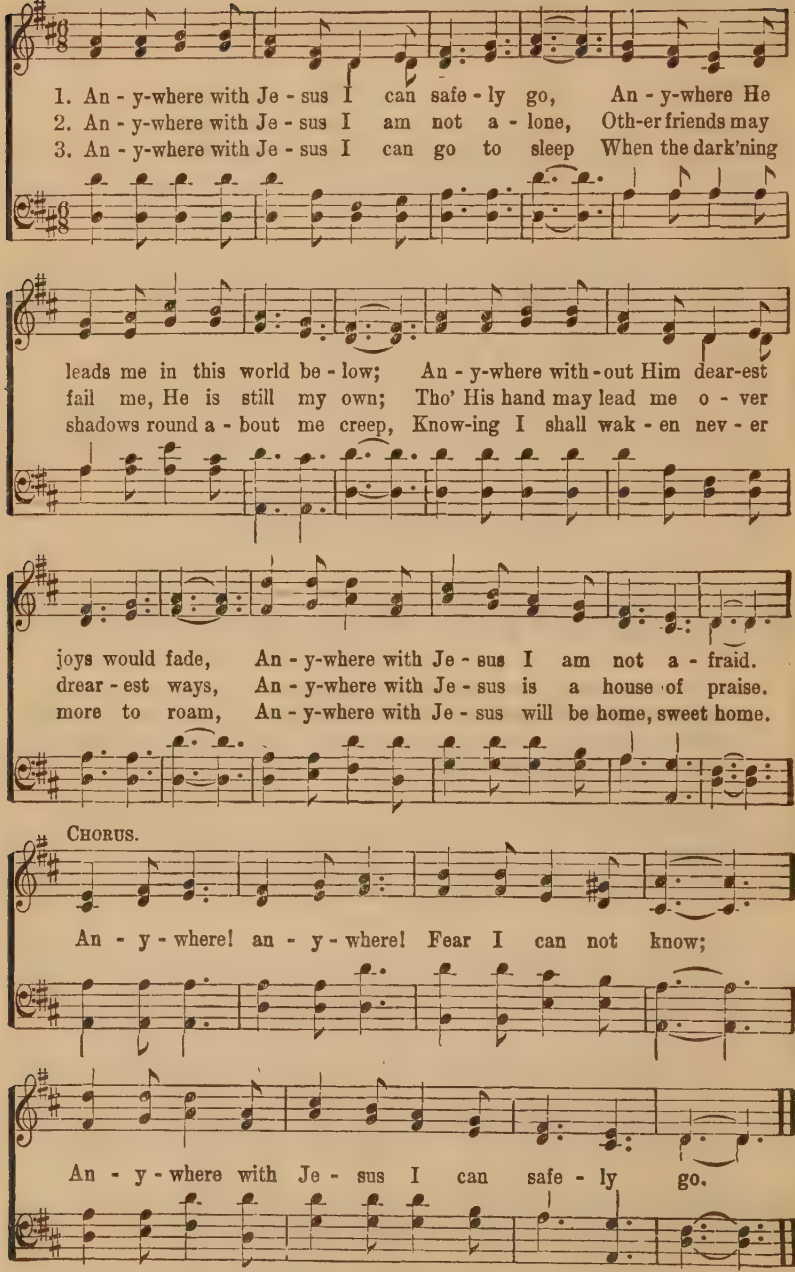
101 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDY. Arr. from P. P. BLISS.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Cho.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
D. C. CHORUS.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

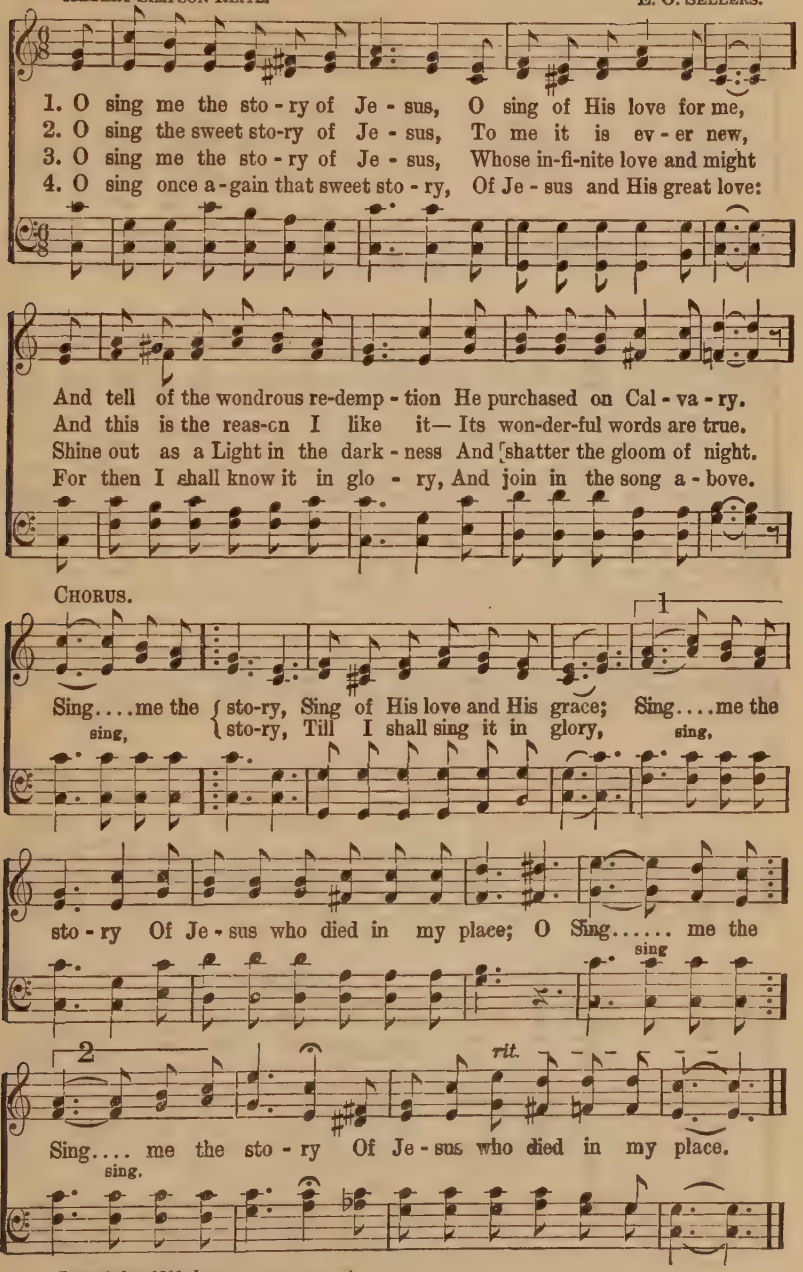
Anywhere with Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with - out Him dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep When the dark'ning shadows round a - bout me creep, Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can not know;
An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Sing Me the Story.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. E. O. SELLERS.


1. O sing me the sto - ry of Je - sus, O sing of His love for me,
2. O sing the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus, To me it is ev - er new,
3. O sing me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Whose in-fi-nite love and might
4. O sing once a-gain that sweet sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His great love:
And tell of the wondrous re-demp - tion He purchased on Cal - va - ry.
And this is the reas-on I like it— Its won-der-ful words are true.
Shine out as a Light in the dark - ness And shatter the gloom of night.
For then I shall know it in glo - ry, And join in the song a - bove.
CHORUS.
1
Sing....me the sto-ry, Sing of His love and His grace; Sing....me the sto-ry, Till I shall sing it in glory,
sing,
sing,
sto - ry Of Je - sus who died in my place; O Sing..... me the
sing
2
rit.
Sing.... me the sto - ry Of Je - sus who died in my place.
sing.

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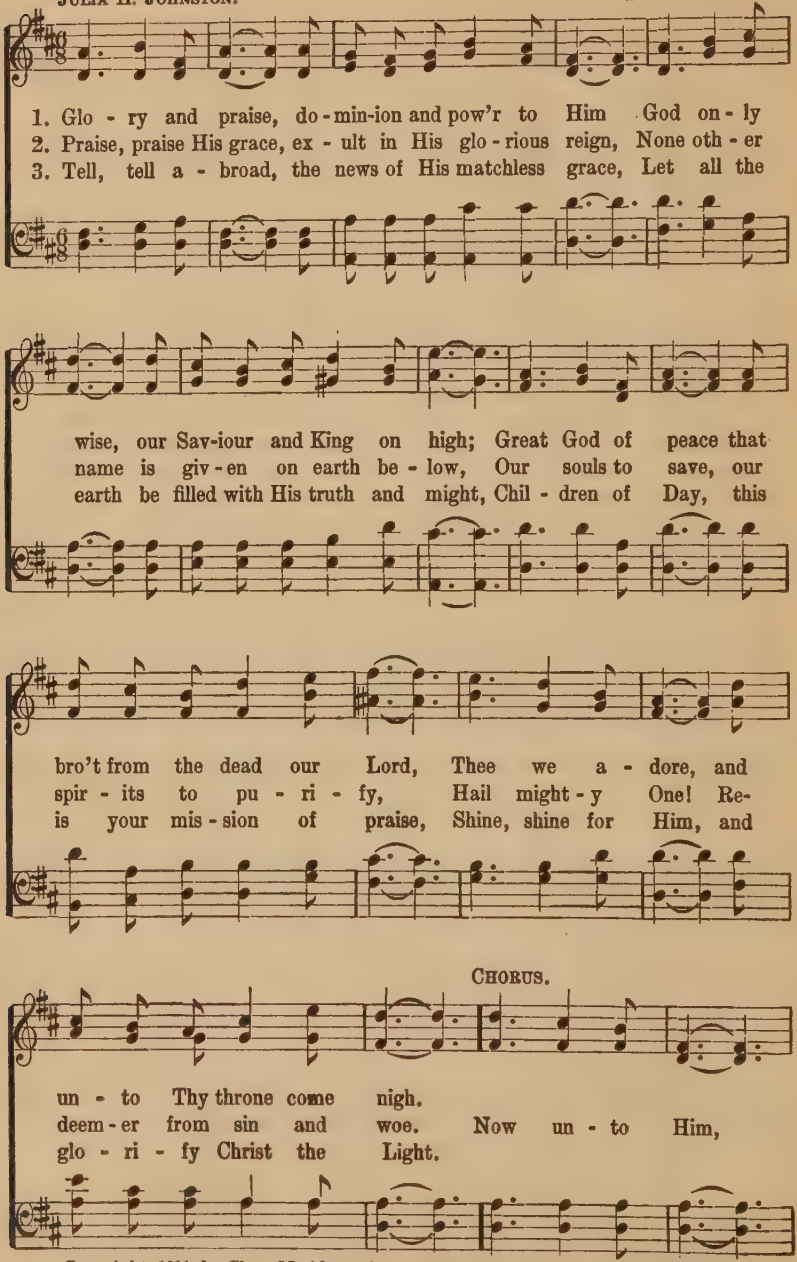
104 Praise and Dominion Be Unto Him.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Glo - ry and praise, do - min-ion and pow'r to Him God on - ly
2. Praise, praise His grace, ex - ult in His glo - rious reign, None oth - er
3. Tell, tell a - broad, the news of His matchless grace, Let all the
wise, our Sav-iour and King on high; Great God of peace that
name is giv - en on earth be - low, Our souls to save, our
earth be filled with His truth and might, Chil - dren of Day, this
bro't from the dead our Lord, Thee we a - dore, and
spir - its to pu - ri - fy, Hail might - y One! Re-
is your mis - sion of praise, Shine, shine for Him, and
CHORUS.
un - to Thy throne come nigh.
deem - er from sin and woe. Now un - to Him,
glo - ri - fy Christ the Light.

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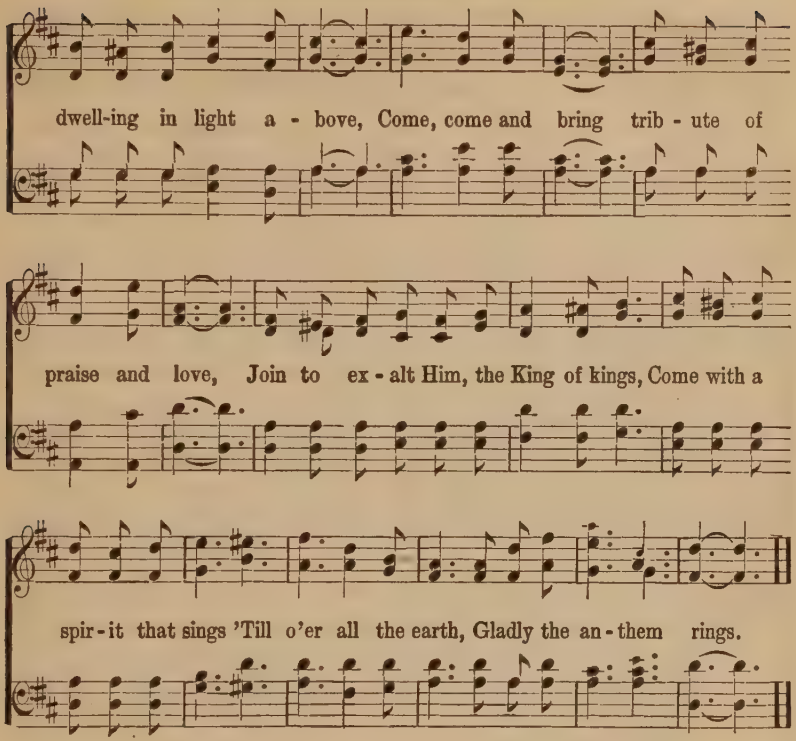
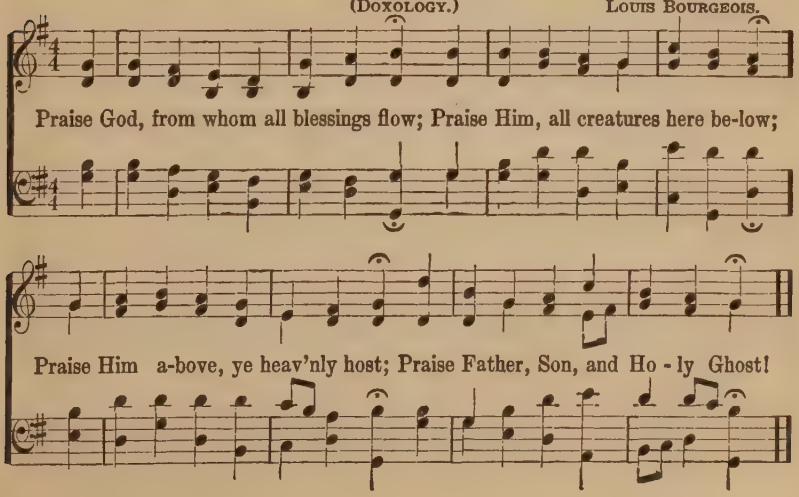
Praise and Dominion Be Unto Him.


dwell-ing in light a - bove, Come, come and bring trib - ute of
praise and love, Join to ex - alt Him, the King of kings, Come with a
spir - it that sings 'Till o'er all the earth, Gladly the an - them rings.

105 Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

(Doxology.) Louis Bourgeois.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

My Anchor Holds.

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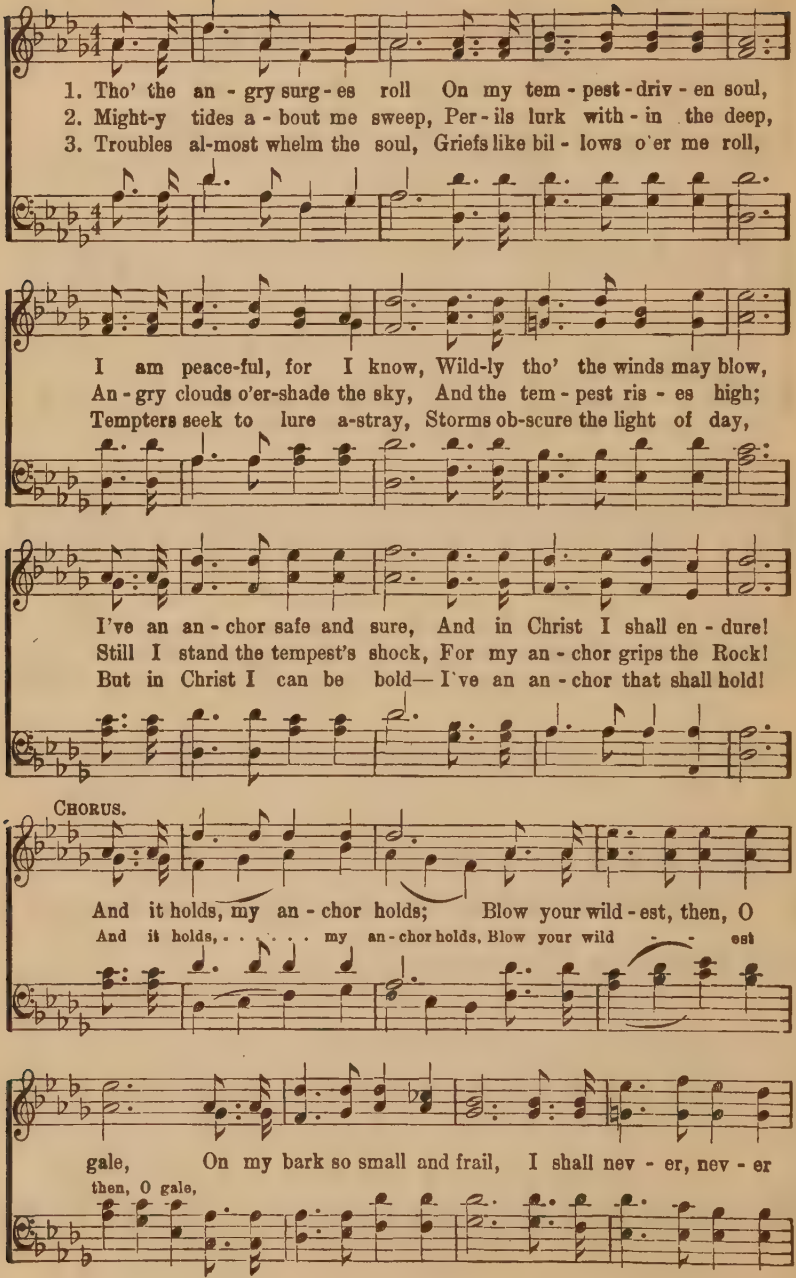
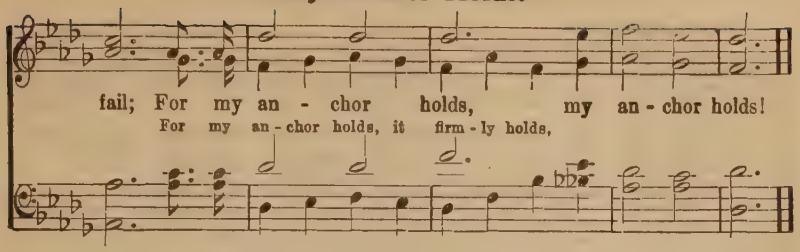
W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. Troubles al-most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll,
I am peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a-stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day,
I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!
But in Christ I can be bold— I've an an - chor that shall hold!
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, ... my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - - est
gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.



107 At Calvary.

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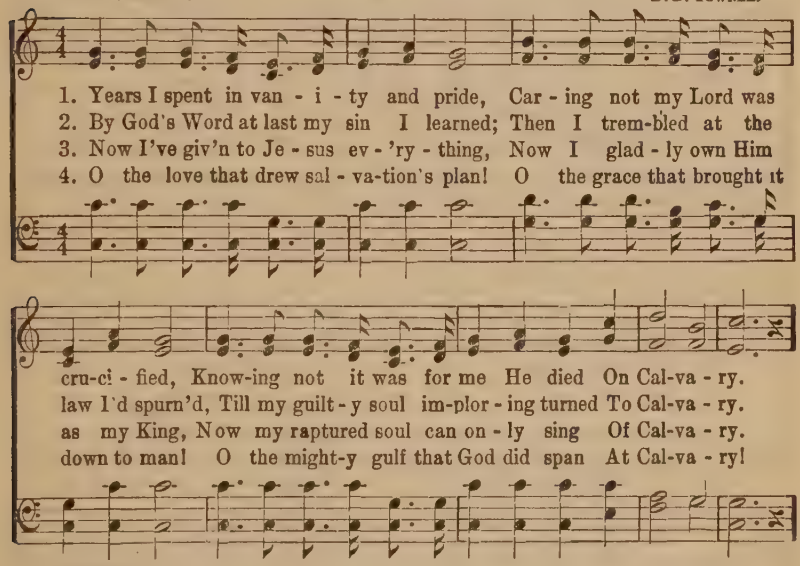
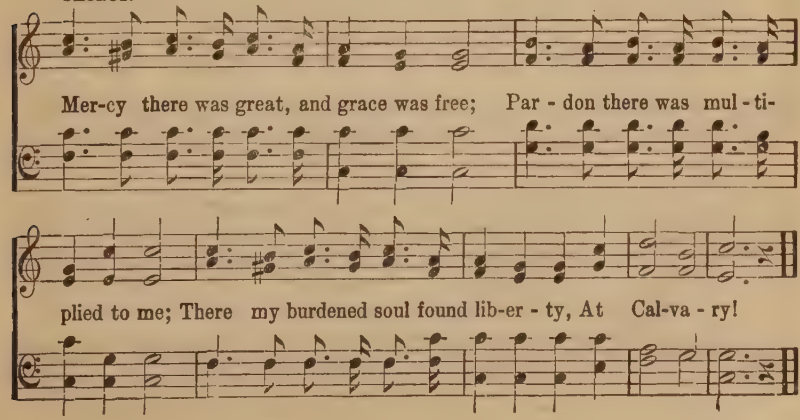
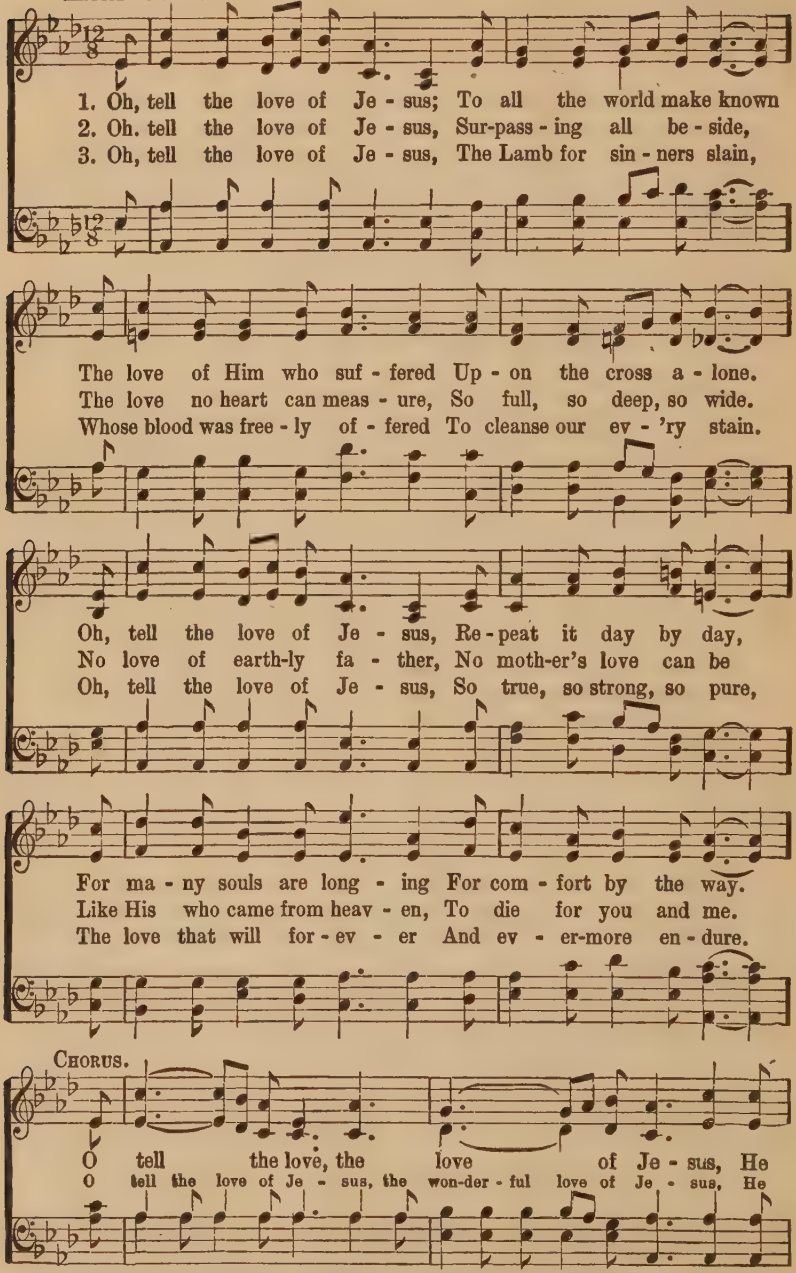
WM. R. NEWELL. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru-ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va - ry.
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt - y soul im-plor - ing turned To Cal-va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal-va - ry.
4. O the love that drew sal - va-tion's plan! O the grace that brought it down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va - ry!

CHORUS.


Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti- plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er - ty, At Cal-va - ry!

108 O Tell the Love of Jesus.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, tell the love of Je - sus; To all the world make known
2. Oh. tell the love of Je - sus, Sur-pass - ing all be - side,
3. Oh, tell the love of Je - sus, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
The love of Him who suf - fered Up - on the cross a - lone.
The love no heart can meas - ure, So full, so deep, so wide.
Whose blood was free - ly of - fered To cleanse our ev - 'ry stain.
Oh, tell the love of Je - sus, Re - peat it day by day,
No love of earth-ly fa - ther, No moth-er's love can be
Oh, tell the love of Je - sus, So true, so strong, so pure,
For ma - ny souls are long - ing For com - fort by the way.
Like His who came from heav - en, To die for you and me.
The love that will for - ev - er And ev - er-more en - dure.
CHORUS.
O tell the love, the love of Je - sus, He
O tell the love of Je - sus, the won-der - ful love of Je - sus, He

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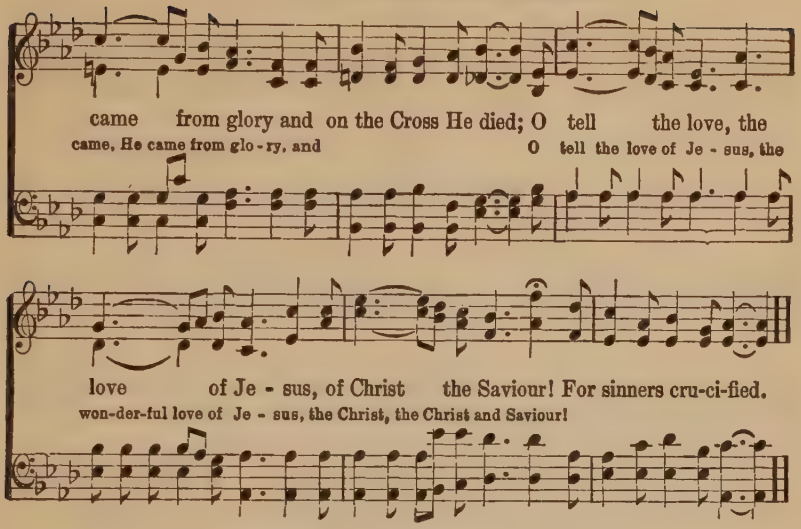
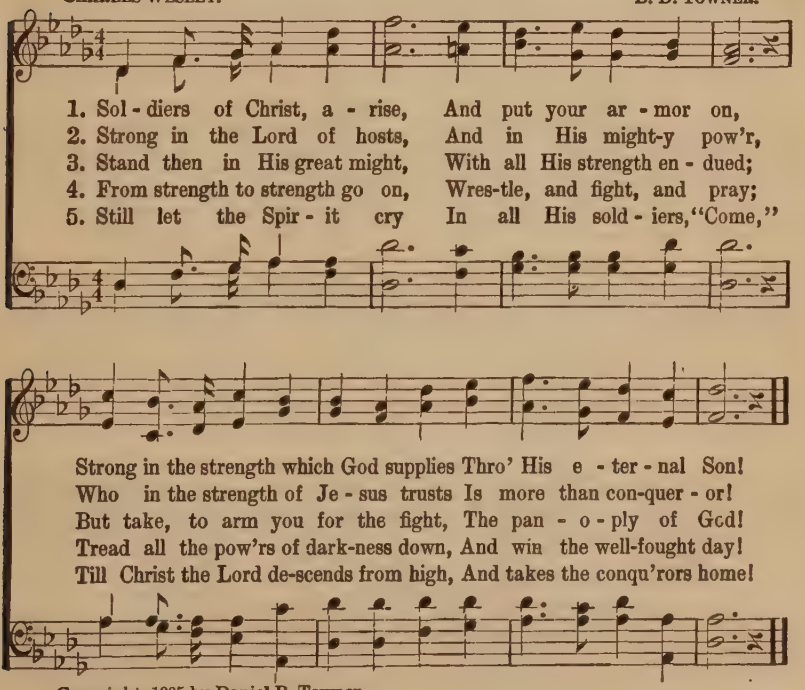
O Tell the Love of Jesus.


came from glory and on the Cross He died; O tell the love, the
came, He came from glo - ry, and
O tell the love of Je - sus, the
love of Je - sus, of Christ the Saviour! For sinners cru-ci-fied.
won-der-ful love of Je - sus, the Christ, the Christ and Saviour!

109 Soldiers of Christ, Asise!

CHARLES WESLEY. B. D. TOWNER.


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r,
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
4. From strength to strength go on, Wres-tle, and fight, and pray;
5. Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sold - iers, "Come,"
Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son!
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or!
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God!
Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day!
Till Christ the Lord de-scends from high, And takes the conqu'rors home!

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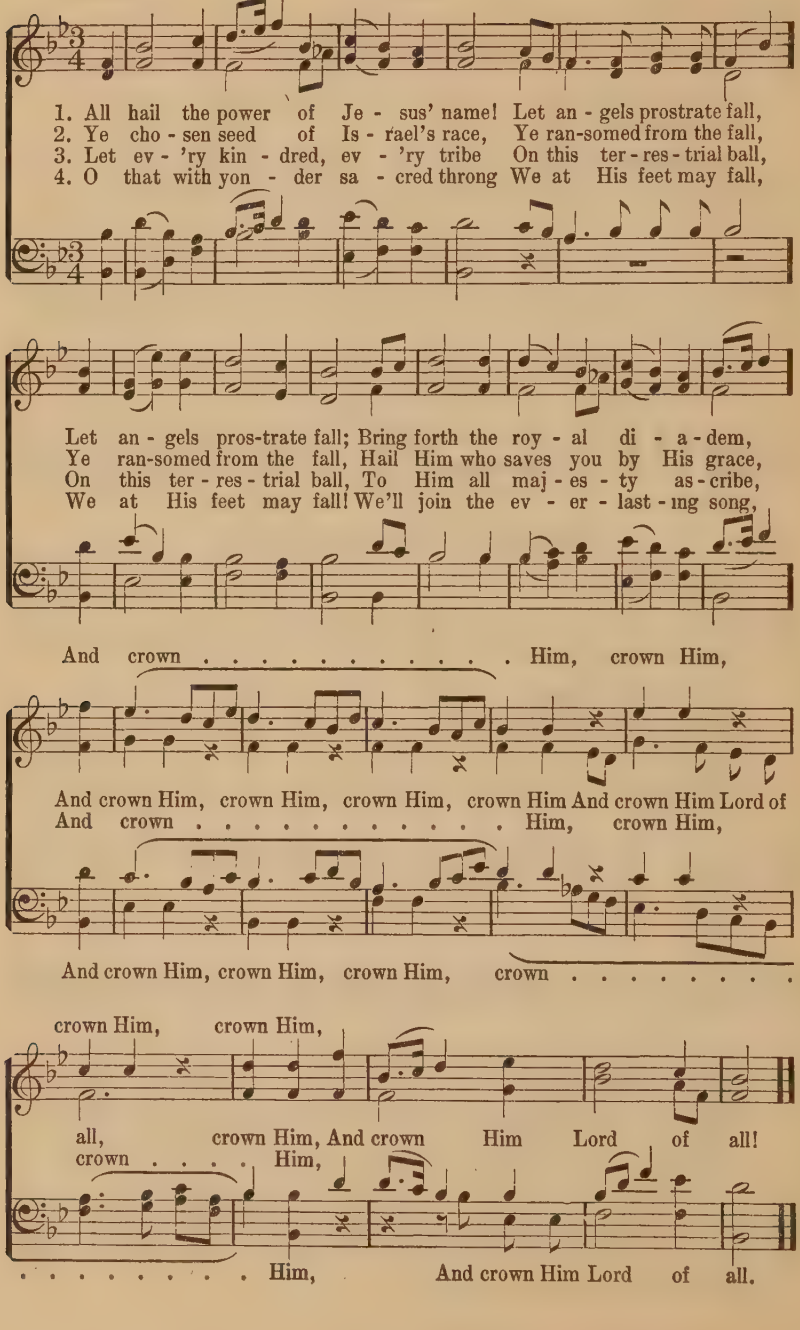
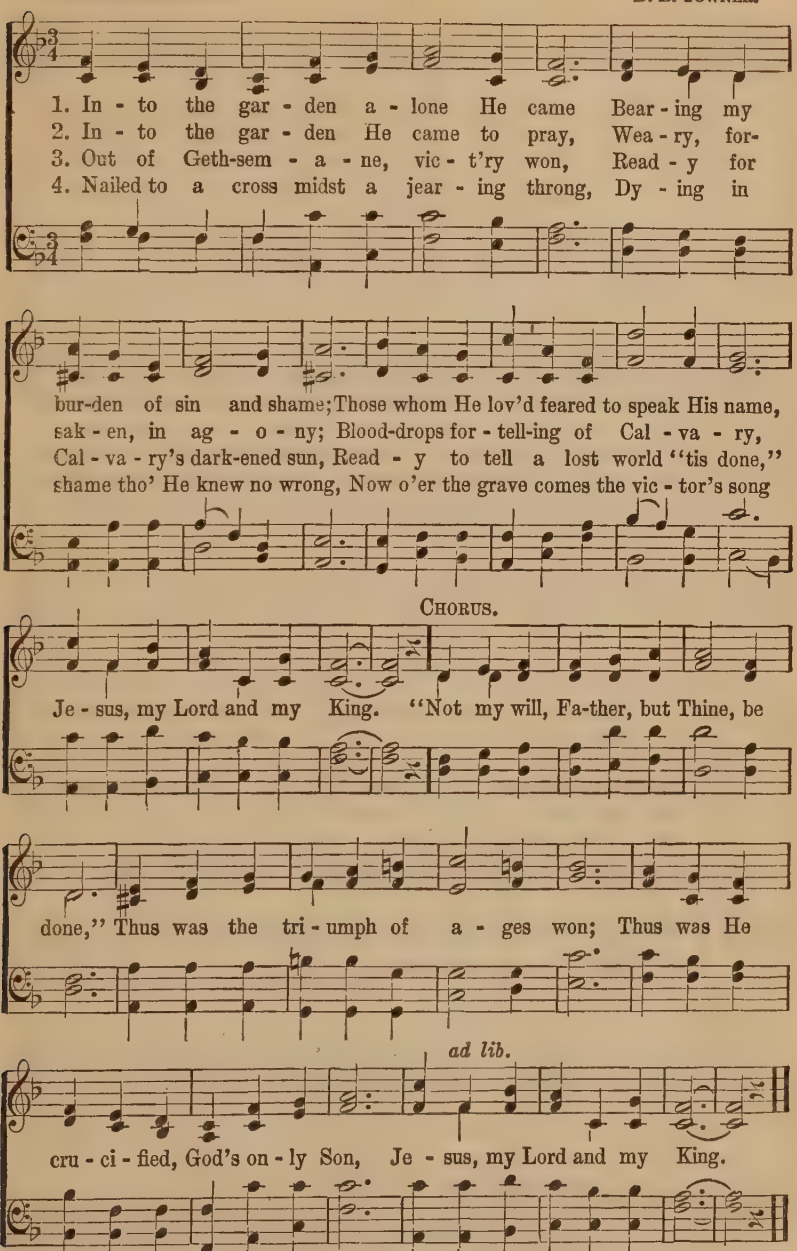
110 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. (DIADEM.)


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him,
all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . Him,
. . . . . Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

111 Jesus, My Lord, and My King.

ALBET SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.


1. In - to the gar - den a - lone He came Bear - ing my
2. In - to the gar - den He came to pray, Wea - ry, for-
3. Out of Geth-sem - a - ne, vic - t'ry won, Read - y for
4. Nailed to a cross midst a jear - ing throng, Dy - ing in
bur-den of sin and shame; Those whom He lov'd feared to speak His name,
sak - en, in ag - o - ny; Blood-drops for - tell-ing of Cal - va - ry,
Cal - va - ry's dark-ened sun, Read - y to tell a lost world "tis done,"
shame tho' He knew no wrong, Now o'er the grave comes the vic - tor's song
CHORUS.
Je - sus, my Lord and my King. "Not my will, Fa-ther, but Thine, be
done," Thus was the tri - umph of a - ges won; Thus was He
ad lib.
cru - ci - fied, God's on - ly Son, Je - sus, my Lord and my King.

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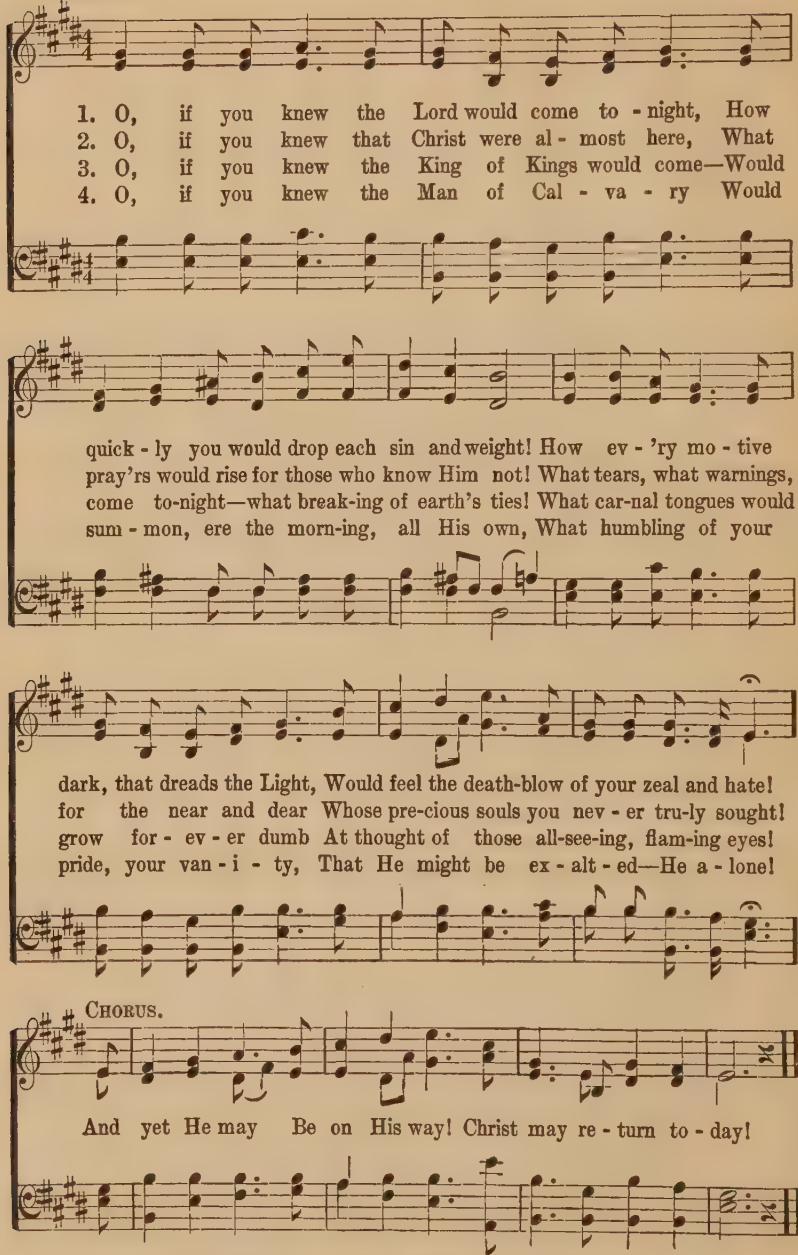
112 If You Knew the Lord Would Come To-Night.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O, if you knew the Lord would come to - night, How
2. O, if you knew that Christ were al - most here, What
3. O, if you knew the King of Kings would come—Would
4. O, if you knew the Man of Cal - va - ry Would
quick - ly you would drop each sin and weight! How ev - 'ry mo - tive
pray'rs would rise for those who know Him not! What tears, what warnings,
come to-night—what break-ing of earth's ties! What car-nal tongues would
sum - mon, ere the morn-ing, all His own, What humbling of your
dark, that dreads the Light, Would feel the death-blow of your zeal and hate!
for the near and dear Whose pre-cious souls you nev - er tru-ly sought!
grow for - ev - er dumb At thought of those all-see-ing, flam-ing eyes!
pride, your van - i - ty, That He might be ex - alt - ed—He a - lone!
CHORUS.
And yet He may Be on His way! Christ may re - turn to - day!

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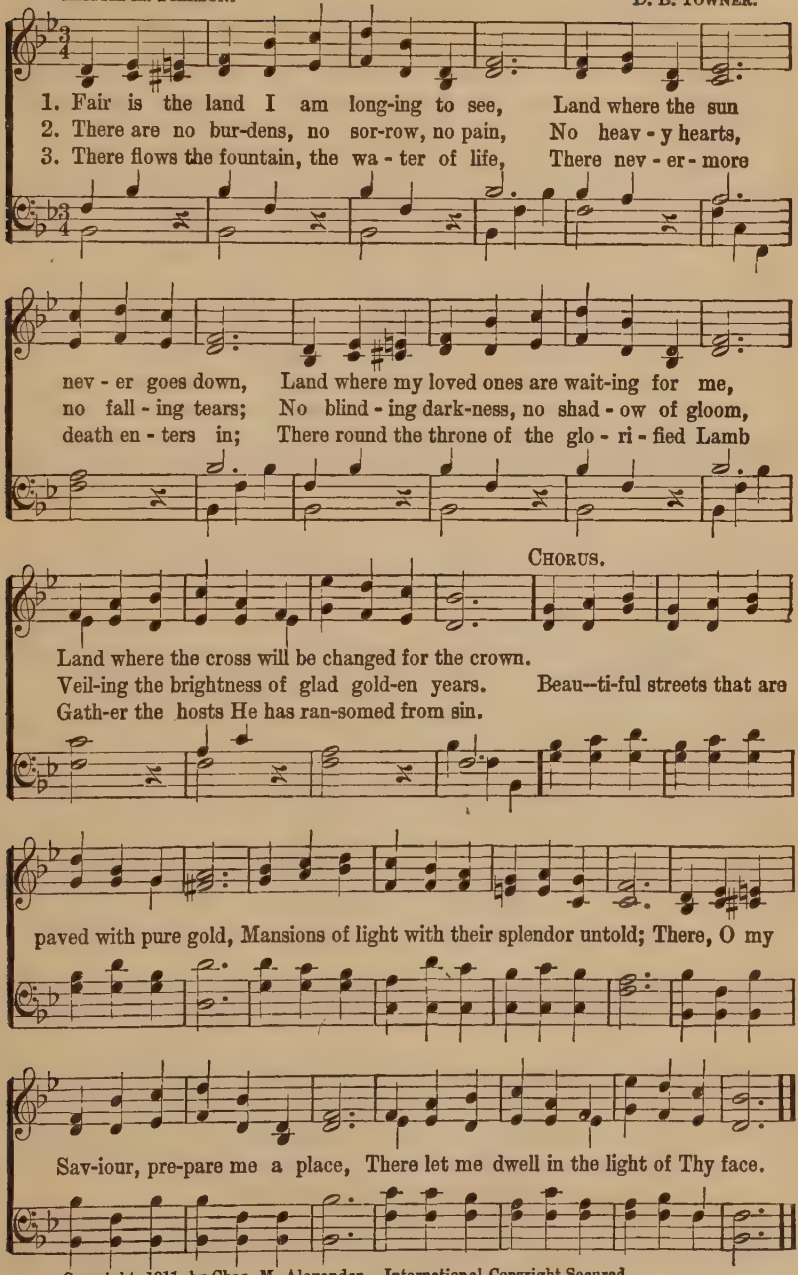
The Heavenly Land.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Fair is the land I am long-ing to see, Land where the sun
2. There are no bur-dens, no sor-row, no pain, No heav - y hearts,
3. There flows the fountain, the wa - ter of life, There nev - er - more
nev - er goes down, Land where my loved ones are wait-ing for me,
no fall - ing tears; No blind - ing dark-ness, no shad - ow of gloom,
death en - ters in; There round the throne of the glo - ri - fied Lamb
CHORUS.
Land where the cross will be changed for the crown.
Veil-ing the brightness of glad gold-en years. Beau--ti-ful streets that are
Gath-er the hosts He has ran-somed from sin.
paved with pure gold, Mansions of light with their splendor untold; There, O my
Sav-iour, pre-pare me a place, There let me dwell in the light of Thy face.

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Saving Grace.

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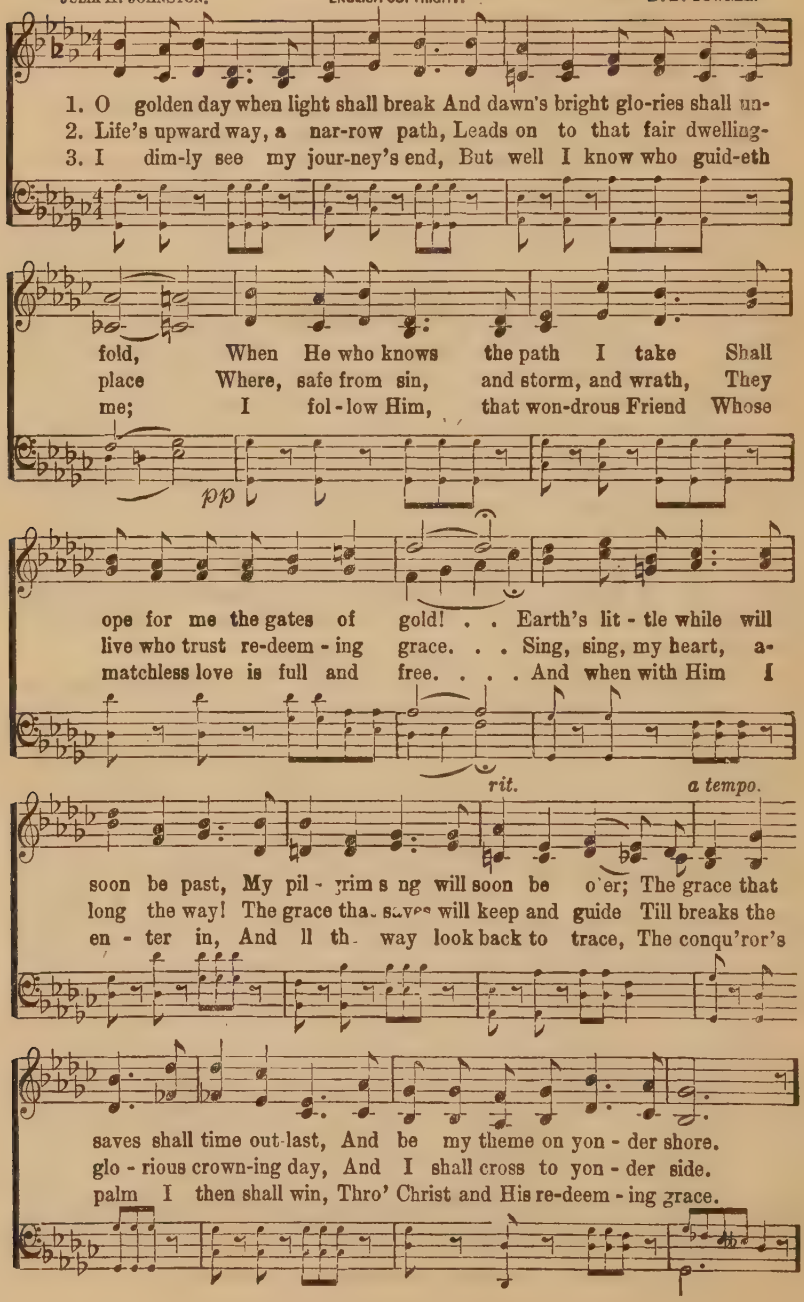
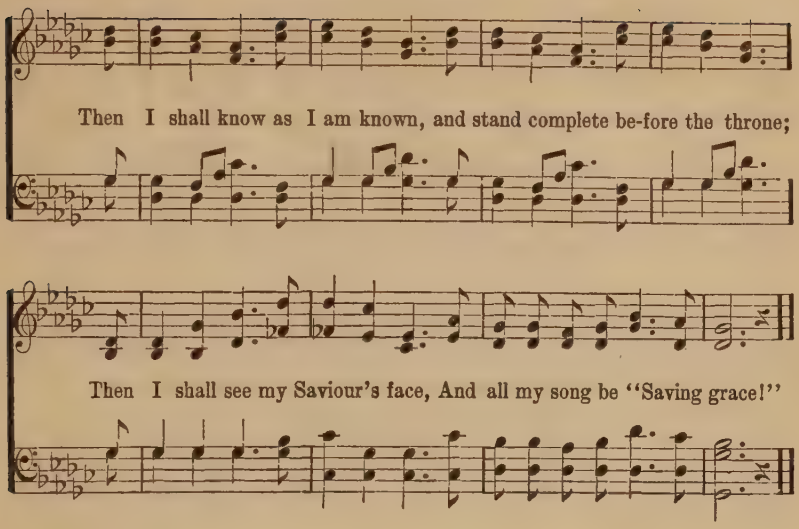
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

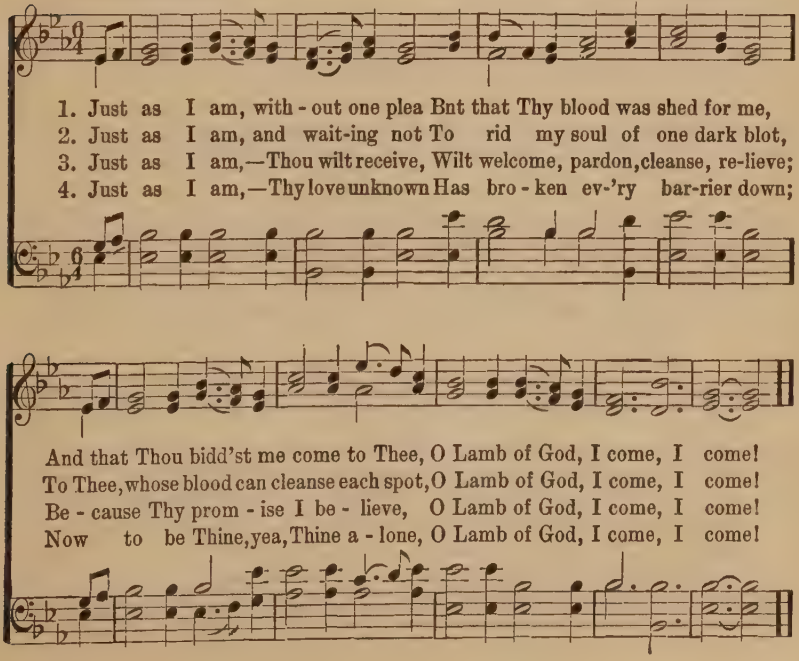

1. O golden day when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my jour-ney's end, But well I know who guid-eth
fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall
place Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose
pp
ope for me the gates of gold! . . Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-
matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I
rit.
a tempo.
soon be past, My pil-grim sing will soon be o'er; The grace that
long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The conqu'ror's
saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
glo-rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.

Saving Grace.

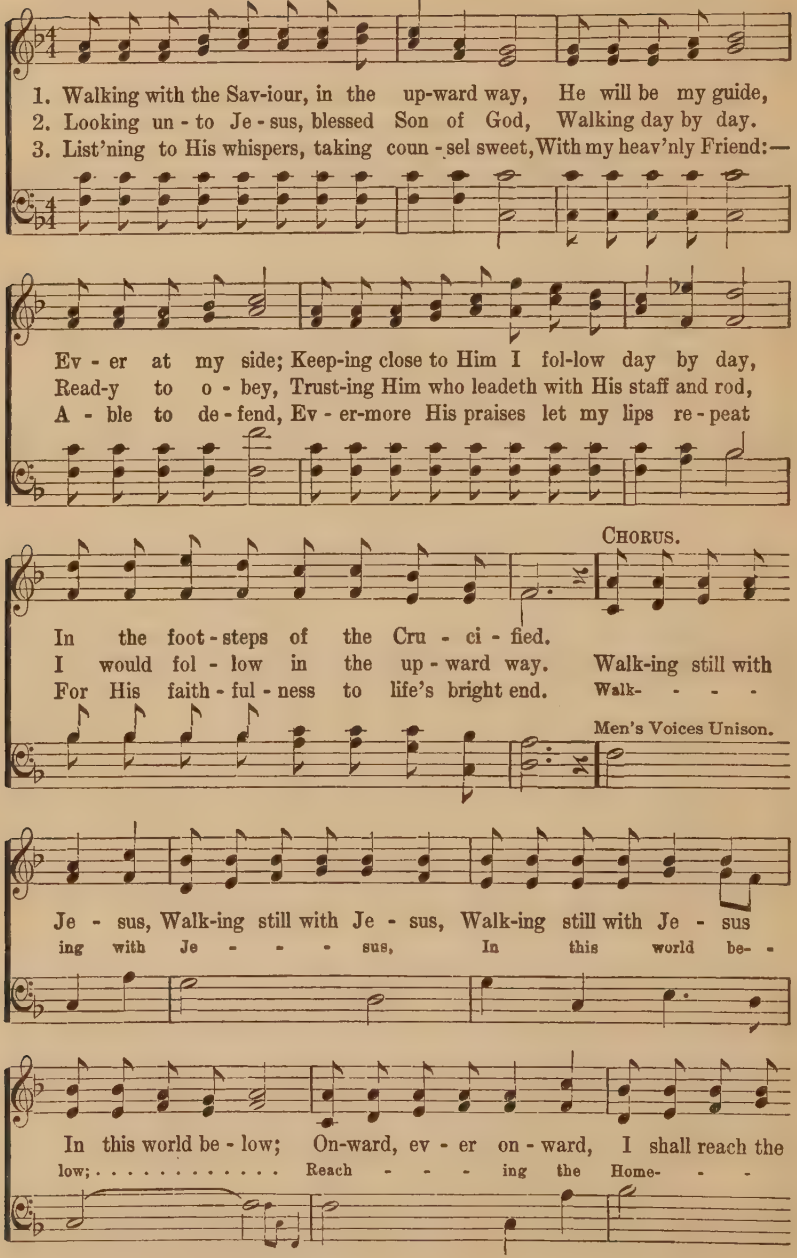

Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete be-fore the throne;
Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be "Saving grace!"

115 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea Bnt that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

"Walking With Jesus."

HARRIETTE WATERS. A. R. LYTLE.

1. Walking with the Sav-iour, in the up-ward way, He will be my guide,
2. Looking un - to Je - sus, blessed Son of God, Walking day by day.
3. List'ning to His whispers, taking coun - sel sweet, With my heav'nly Friend:—
Ev - er at my side; Keep-ing close to Him I fol-low day by day,
Read-y to o - bey, Trust-ing Him who leadeth with His staff and rod,
A - ble to de - fend, Ev - er-more His praises let my lips re - peat
CHORUS.
In the foot - steps of the Cru - ci - fied.
I would fol - low in the up - ward way. Walk-ing still with
For His faith - ful - ness to life's bright end. Walk- - - -
Men's Voices Unison.
Je - sus, Walk-ing still with Je - sus, Walk-ing still with Je - sus
ing with Je - - - sus, In this world be- -
In this world be - low; On-ward, ev - er on - ward, I shall reach the
low; . . . . . Reach - - - ing the Home- - -

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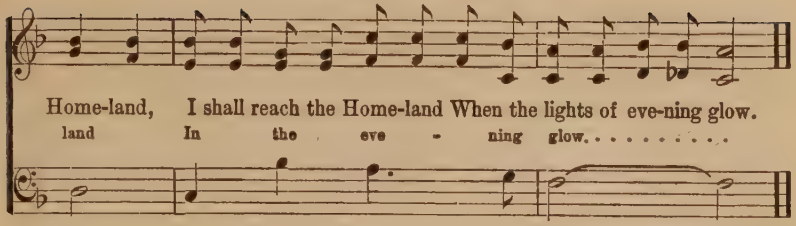
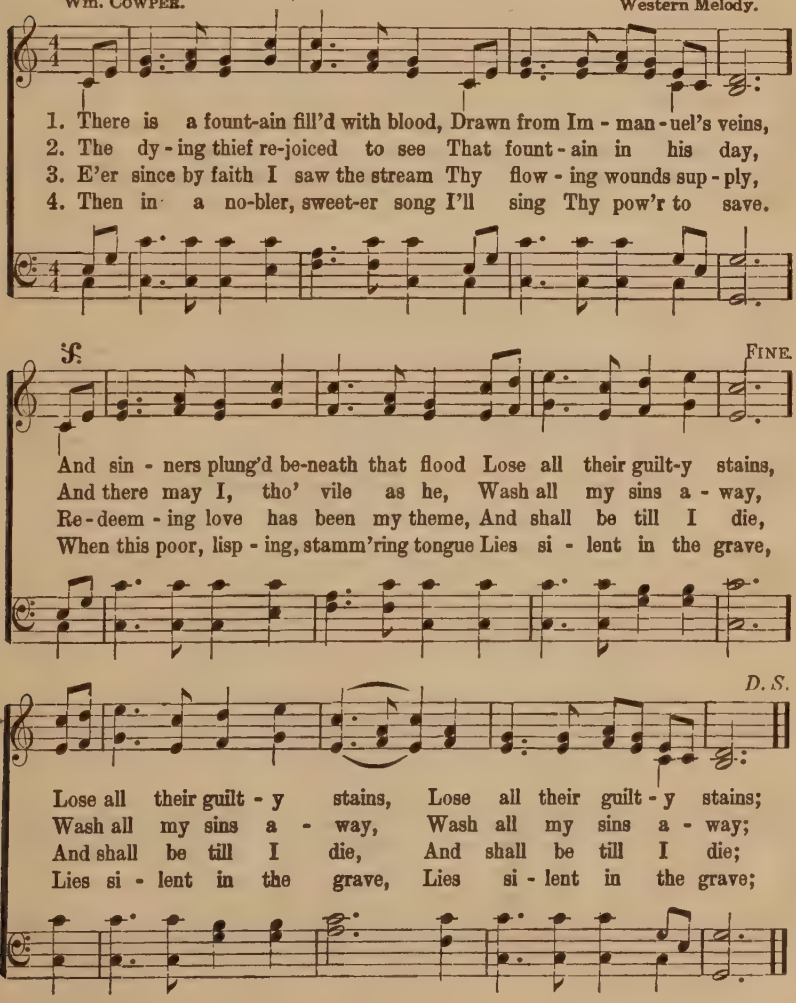
"Walking With Jesus."



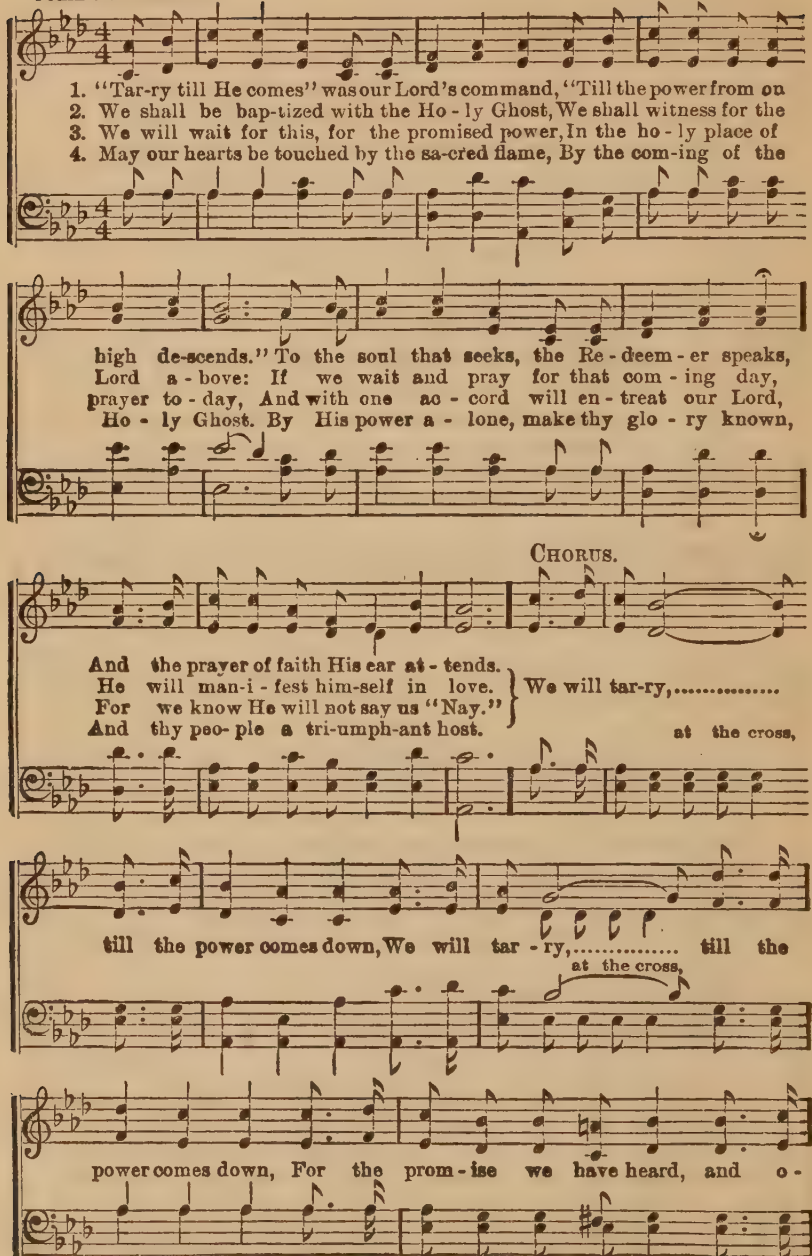
117 There is a Fountain.

Wm. COWPER. Western Melody.


1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount - ain in his day,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,
FINE.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

Tarry for the Power.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. "Tar-ry till He comes" was our Lord's command, "Till the power from on
2. We shall be bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost, We shall witness for the
3. We will wait for this, for the promised power, In the ho - ly place of
4. May our hearts be touched by the sa-cred flame, By the com-ing of the
high de-scends." To the soul that seeks, the Re - deem - er speaks,
Lord a - bove: If we wait and pray for that com - ing day,
prayer to - day, And with one ac - cord will en - treat our Lord,
Ho - ly Ghost. By His power a - lone, make thy glo - ry known,
CHORUS.
And the prayer of faith His ear at - tends.
He will man-i - fest him-self in love.
For we know He will not say us "Nay."
And thy peo- ple a tri-umph-ant host.
We will tar-ry,.....
at the cross,
till the power comes down, We will tar - ry,..... till the
at the cross,
power comes down, For the prom - ise we have heard, and o -

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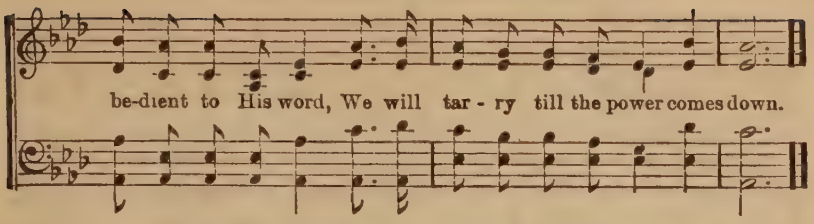
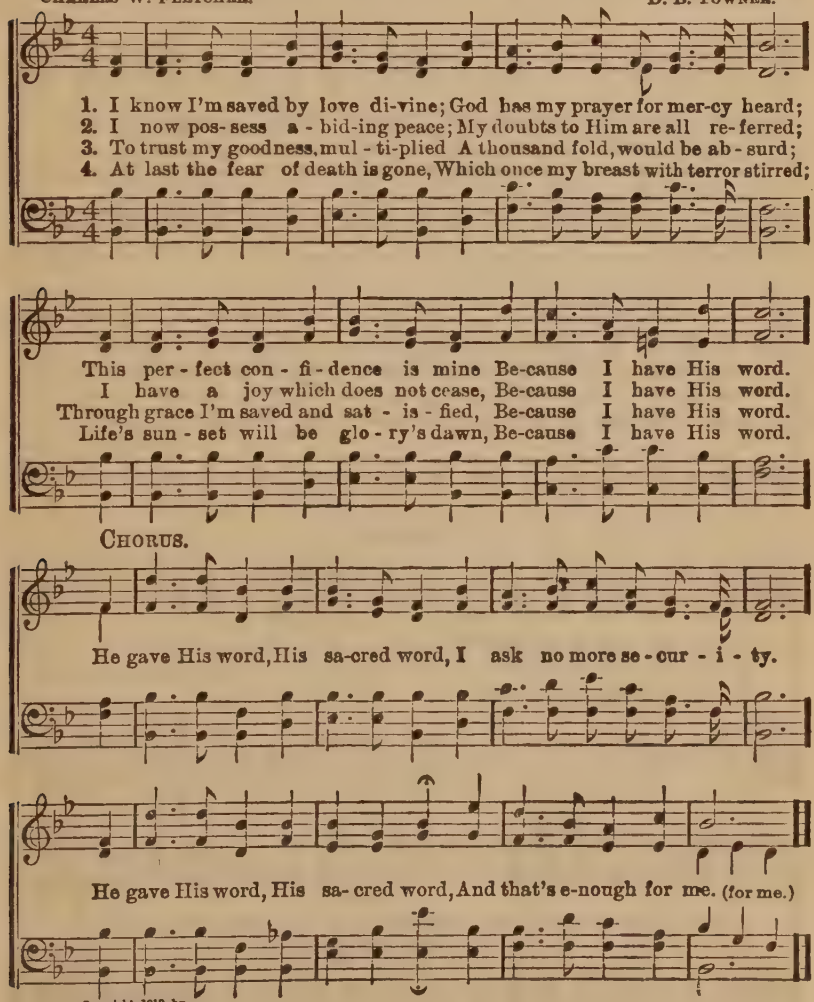


119 Because I Have His Word.

CHARLES W. FLETCHER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I know I'm saved by love di-vine; God has my prayer for mer-cy heard;
2. I now pos- sess a - bid-ing peace; My doubts to Him are all re- ferred;
3. To trust my goodness, mul - ti-plied A thousand fold, would be ab - surd;
4. At last the fear of death is gone, Which once my breast with terror stirred;
This per - fect con - fi - dence is mine Be-cause I have His word.
I have a joy which does not cease, Be-cause I have His word.
Through grace I'm saved and sat - is - fied, Be-cause I have His word.
Life's sun - set will be glo - ry's dawn, Be-cause I have His word.
CHORUS.
He gave His word, His sa-cred word, I ask no more se - cur - i - ty.
He gave His word, His sa- cred word, And that's e-nough for me. (for me.)

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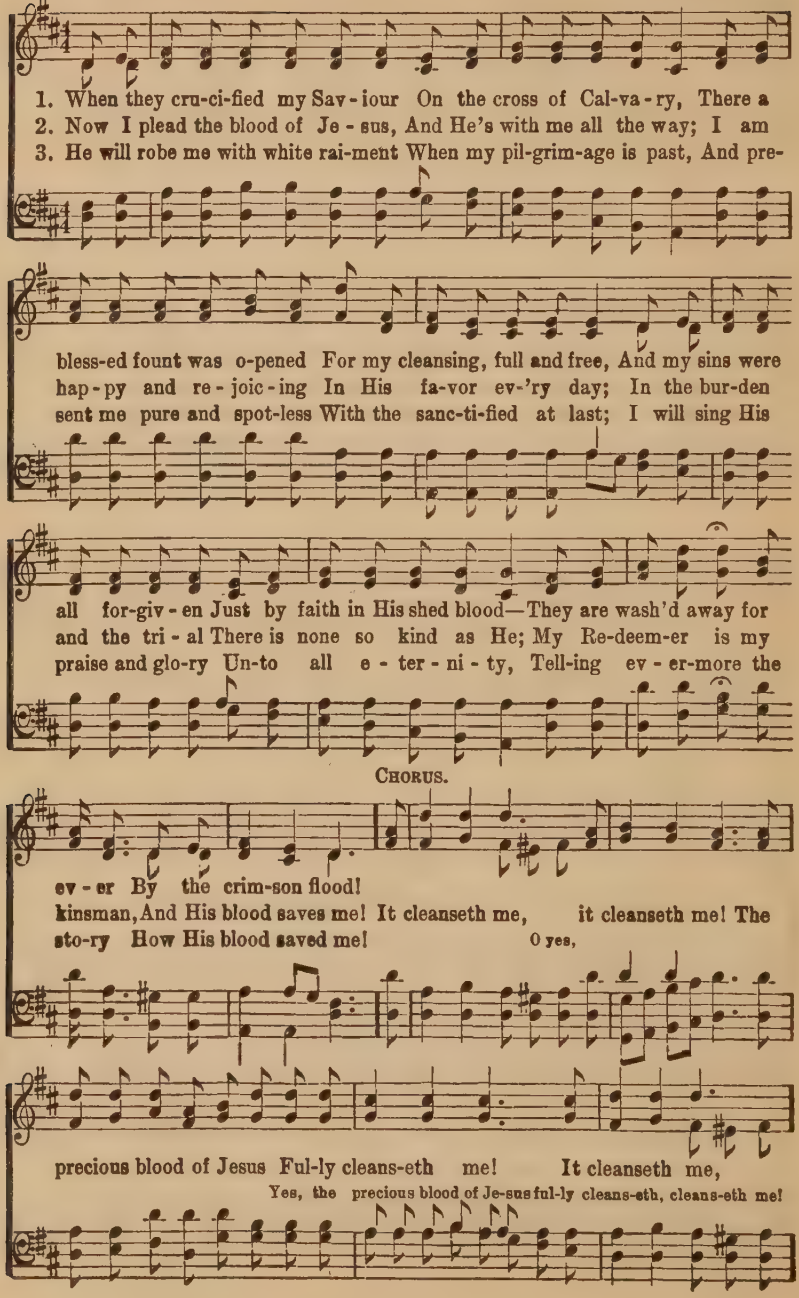
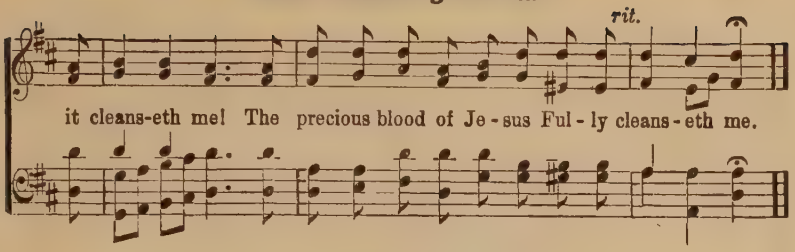
The Cleansing Blood.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller. copyright, 1903, by oscar a. miller. Oscar A. Miller.


1. When they cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour On the cross of Cal-va-ry, There a
2. Now I plead the blood of Je-sus, And He's with me all the way; I am
3. He will robe me with white rai-ment When my pil-grim-age is past, And pre-
bless-ed fount was o-pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my sins were
hap-py and re-joic-ing In His fa-vor ev-'ry day; In the bur-den
sent me pure and spot-less With the sanc-ti-fied at last; I will sing His
all for-giv-en Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for
and the tri-al There is none so kind as He; My Re-deem-er is my
praise and glo-ry Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the
Chorus.
ev-er By the crim-son flood!
kinsman, And His blood saves me! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! The
sto-ry How His blood saved me! O yes,
precious blood of Jesus Ful-ly cleans-eth me! It cleanseth me,
Yes, the precious blood of Je-sus ful-ly cleans-eth, cleans-eth me!

The Cleansing Blood.



121 He Died for Thee.

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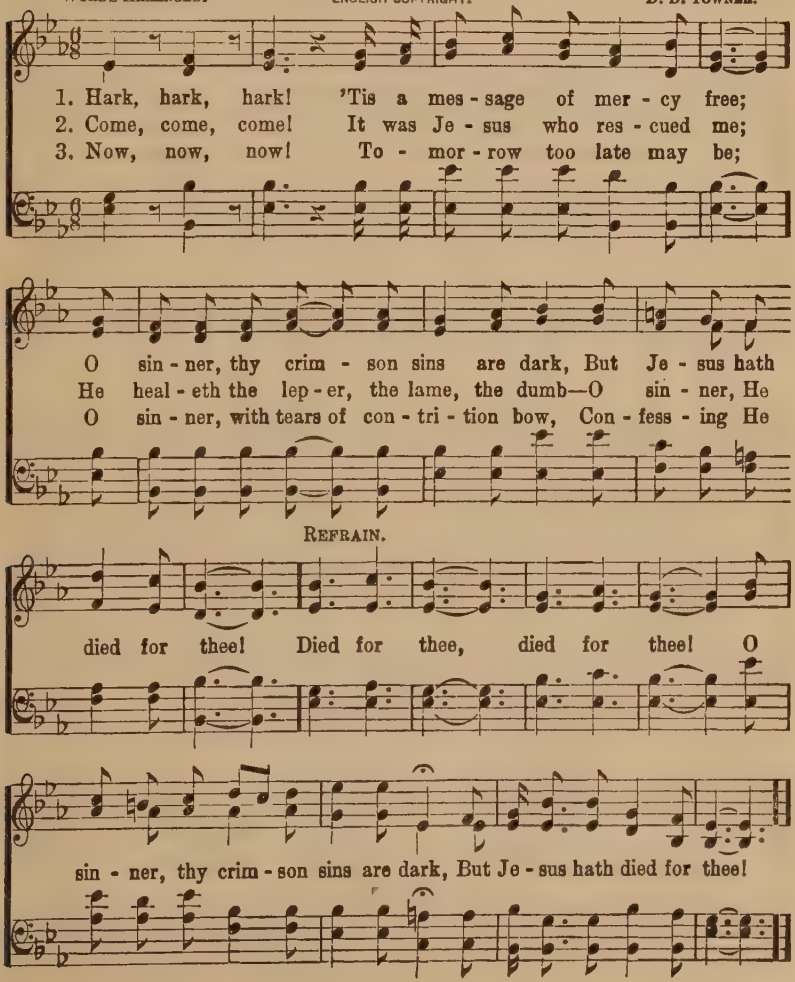
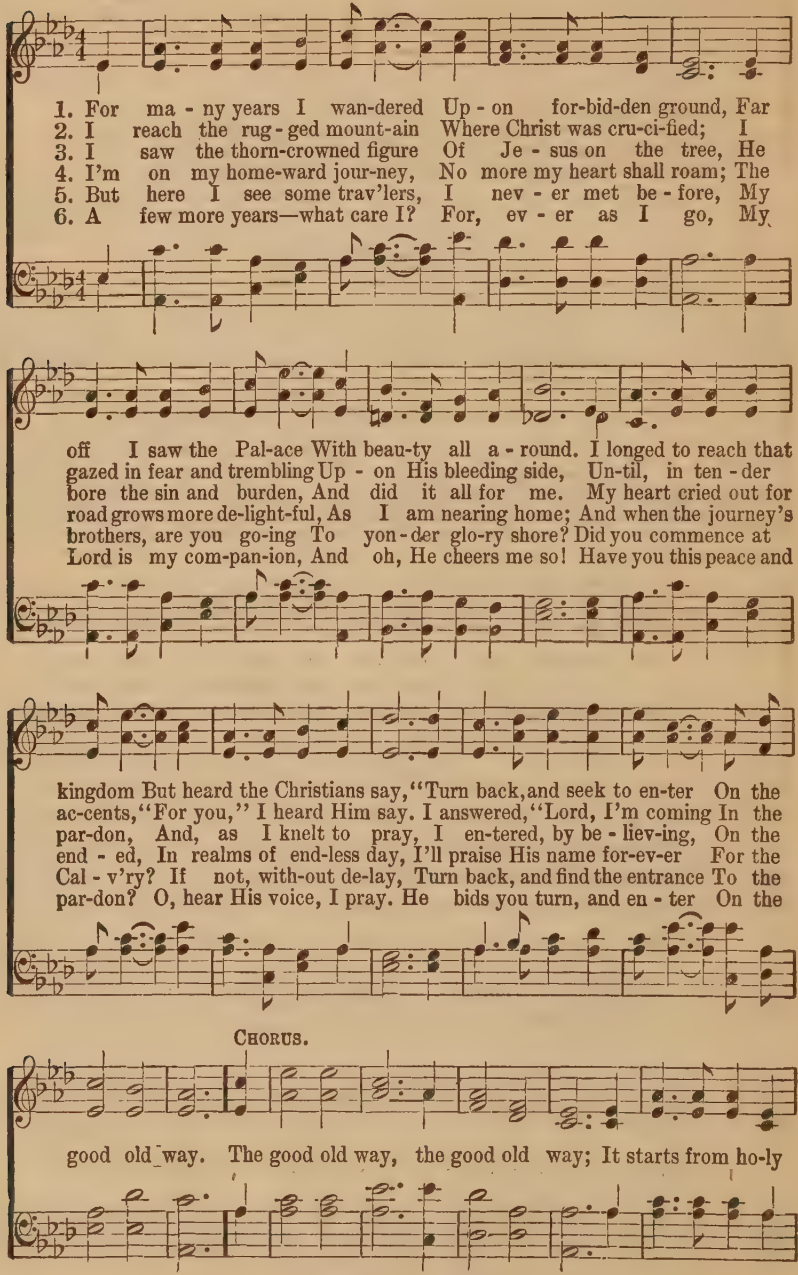

1. Hark, hark, hark! 'Tis a mes-sage of mer-cy free;
2. Come, come, come! It was Je-sus who res-cued me;
3. Now, now, now! To-mor-row too late may be;
O sin-ner, thy crim-son sins are dark, But Je-sus hath
He heal-eth the lep-er, the lame, the dumb—O sin-ner, He
O sin-ner, with tears of con-tri-tion bow, Con-fess-ing He
REFRAIN.
died for thee! Died for thee, died for thee! O
sin-ner, thy crim-son sins are dark, But Je-sus hath died for thee!

The Good Old Way.

J. JOHNSEN. J. JOHNSEN.


1. For ma - ny years I wan-dered Up - on for-bid-den ground, Far
2. I reach the rug - ged mount-ain Where Christ was cru-ci-fied; I
3. I saw the thorn-crowned figure Of Je - sus on the tree, He
4. I'm on my home-ward jour-ney, No more my heart shall roam; The
5. But here I see some trav'lers, I nev - er met be - fore, My
6. A few more years—what care I? For, ev - er as I go, My
off I saw the Pal-ace With beau-ty all a - round. I longed to reach that
gazed in fear and trembling Up - on His bleeding side, Un-til, in ten - der
bore the sin and burden, And did it all for me. My heart cried out for
road grows more de-light-ful, As I am nearing home; And when the journey's
brothers, are you go-ing To yon - der glo-ry shore? Did you commence at
Lord is my com-pan-ion, And oh, He cheers me so! Have you this peace and
kingdom But heard the Christians say, "Turn back, and seek to en-ter On the
ac-cents, "For you," I heard Him say. I answered, "Lord, I'm coming In the
par-don, And, as I knelt to pray, I en-tered, by be - liev-ing, On the
end - ed, In realms of end-less day, I'll praise His name for-ev-er For the
Cal - v'ry? If not, with-out de-lay, Turn back, and find the entrance To the
par-don? O, hear His voice, I pray. He bids you turn, and en - ter On the
CHORUS.
good old way. The good old way, the good old way; It starts from ho-ly

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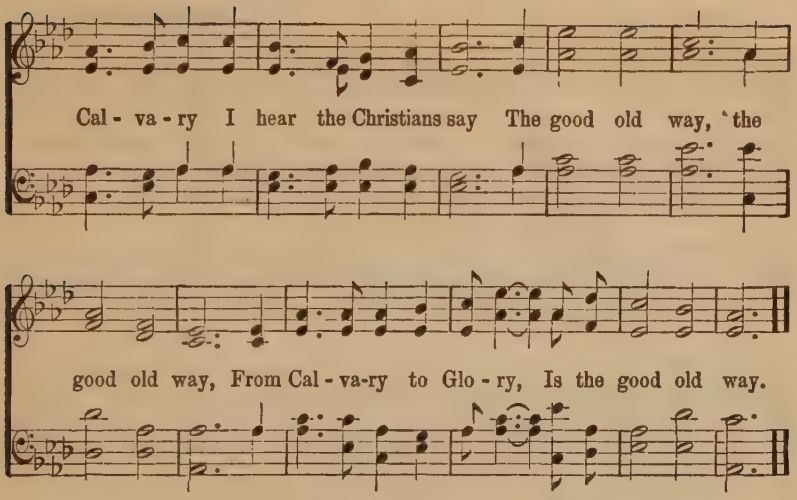
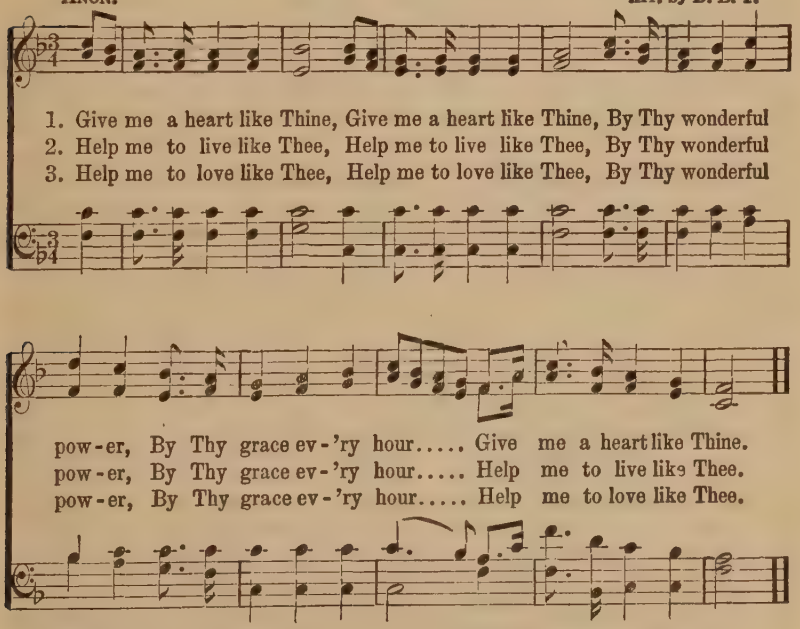
The Good Old Way.



123 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

ANON. Arr. by D. B. T.


1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy wonderful
2. Help me to live like Thee, Help me to live like Thee, By Thy wonderful
3. Help me to love like Thee, Help me to love like Thee, By Thy wonderful
pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour..... Give me a heart like Thine.
pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour..... Help me to live like Thee.
pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour..... Help me to love like Thee.

4 Help me to pray like Thee.

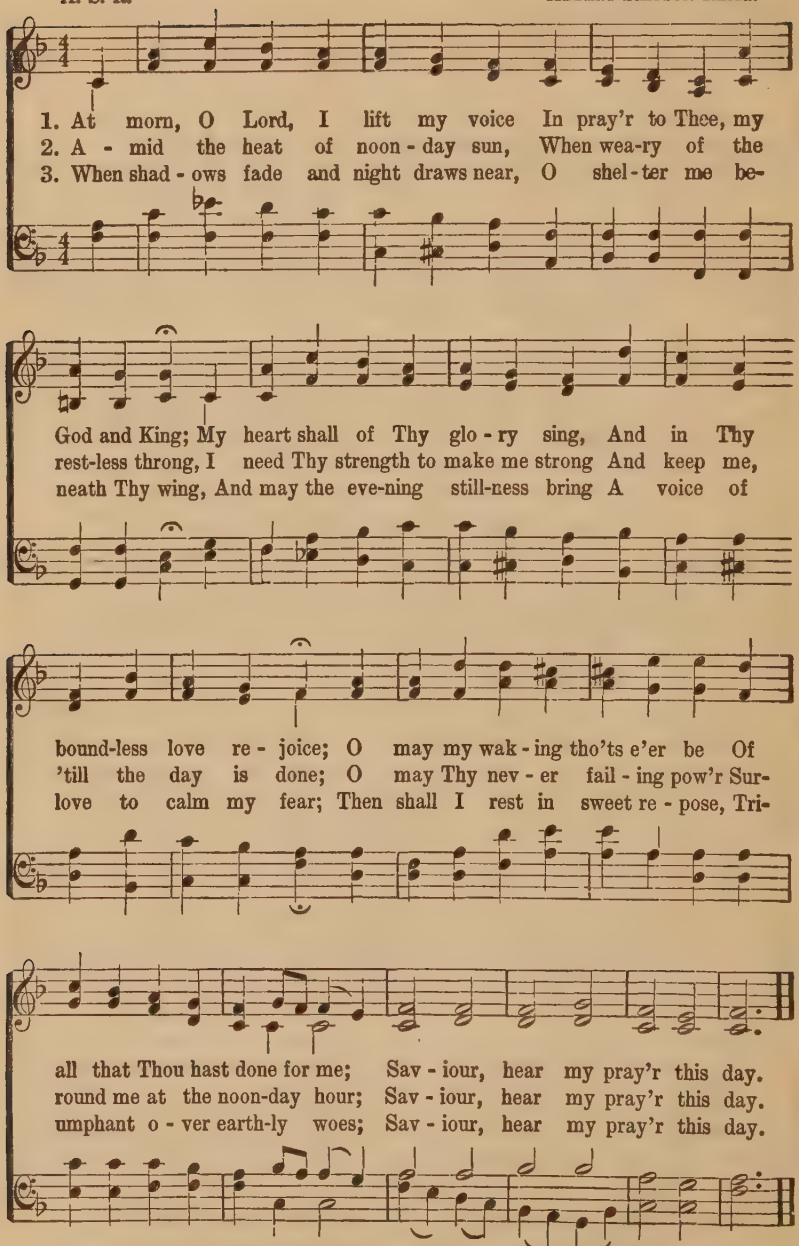
5 Help me to give like Thee.

6 Help me to speak like Thee.

7 Help me to work like Thee.

124 My Prayer This Day.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. At morn, O Lord, I lift my voice In pray'r to Thee, my
2. A - mid the heat of noon - day sun, When wea-ry of the
3. When shad - ows fade and night draws near, O shel - ter me be-
God and King; My heart shall of Thy glo - ry sing, And in Thy
rest-less throng, I need Thy strength to make me strong And keep me,
neath Thy wing, And may the eve-ning still-ness bring A voice of
bound-less love re - joice; O may my wak - ing tho'ts e'er be Of
'till the day is done; O may Thy nev - er fail - ing pow'r Sur-
love to calm my fear; Then shall I rest in sweet re - pose, Tri-
all that Thou hast done for me; Sav - iour, hear my pray'r this day.
round me at the noon-day hour; Sav - iour, hear my pray'r this day.
umphant o - ver earth-ly woes; Sav - iour, hear my pray'r this day.

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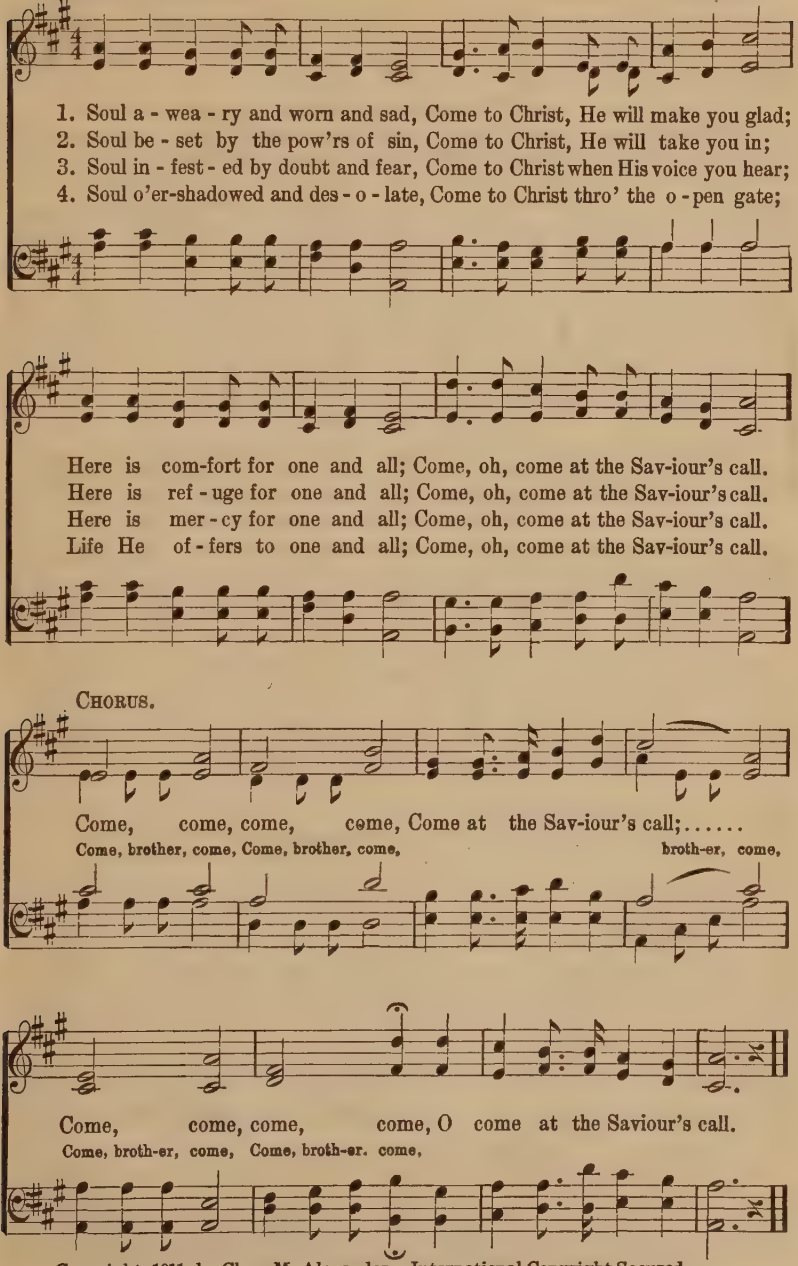
125 Come at the Saviour's Call.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Soul a - wea - ry and worn and sad, Come to Christ, He will make you glad;
2. Soul be - set by the pow'rs of sin, Come to Christ, He will take you in;
3. Soul in - fest - ed by doubt and fear, Come to Christ when His voice you hear;
4. Soul o'er-shadowed and des - o - late, Come to Christ thro' the o - pen gate;
Here is com-fort for one and all; Come, oh, come at the Sav-iour's call.
Here is ref - uge for one and all; Come, oh, come at the Sav-iour's call.
Here is mer - cy for one and all; Come, oh, come at the Sav-iour's call.
Life He of - fers to one and all; Come, oh, come at the Sav-iour's call.
CHORUS.
Come, come, come, come, Come at the Sav-iour's call;.....
Come, brother, come, Come, brother, come, broth-er, come,
Come, come, come, come, O come at the Saviour's call.
Come, broth-er, come, Come, broth-er. come,

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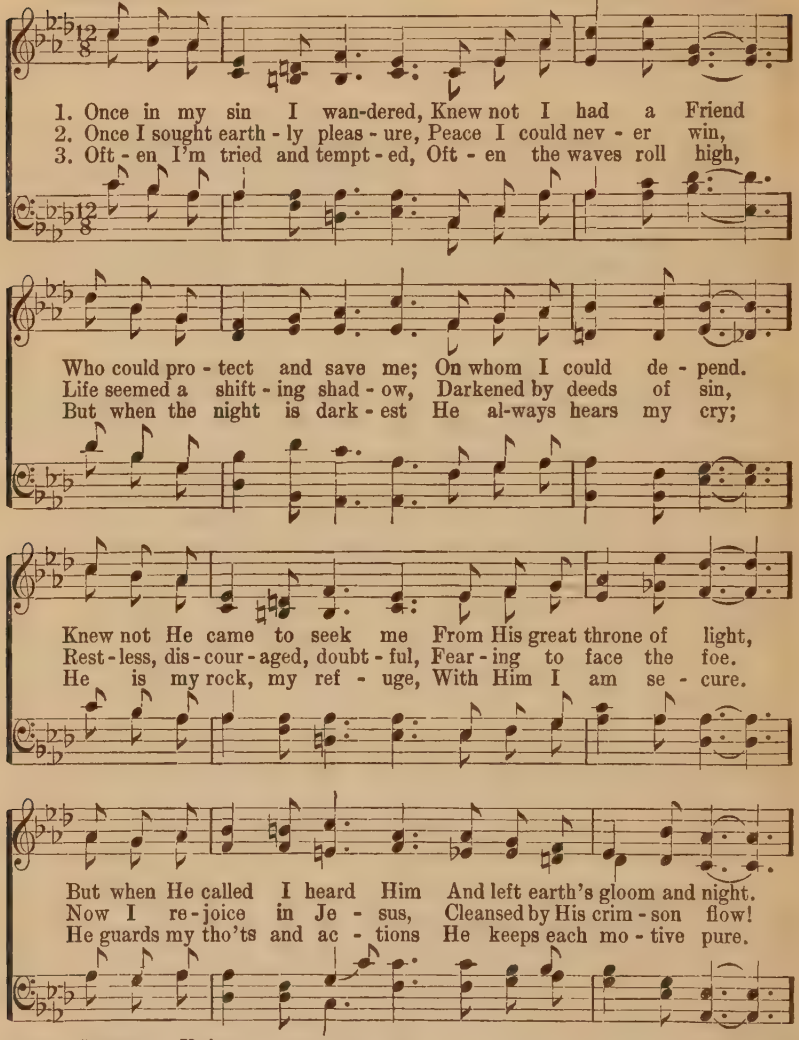
126 Once In My Sin I Wandered.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. E. O. SELLERS.


1. Once in my sin I wan-dered, Knew not I had a Friend
2. Once I sought earth - ly pleas - ure, Peace I could nev - er win,
3. Oft - en I'm tried and tempt - ed, Oft - en the waves roll high,
Who could pro - tect and save me; On whom I could de - pend.
Life seemed a shift - ing shad - ow, Darkened by deeds of sin,
But when the night is dark - est He al-ways hears my cry;
Knew not He came to seek me From His great throne of light,
Rest - less, dis - cour - aged, doubt - ful, Fear - ing to face the foe.
He is my rock, my ref - uge, With Him I am se - cure.
But when He called I heard Him And left earth's gloom and night.
Now I re - joice in Je - sus, Cleansed by His crim - son flow!
He guards my tho'ts and ac - tions He keeps each mo - tive pure.
CHORUS. *Unison.*
In - to the ra - diant morn - ing of His im-mor-tal love, In-to the

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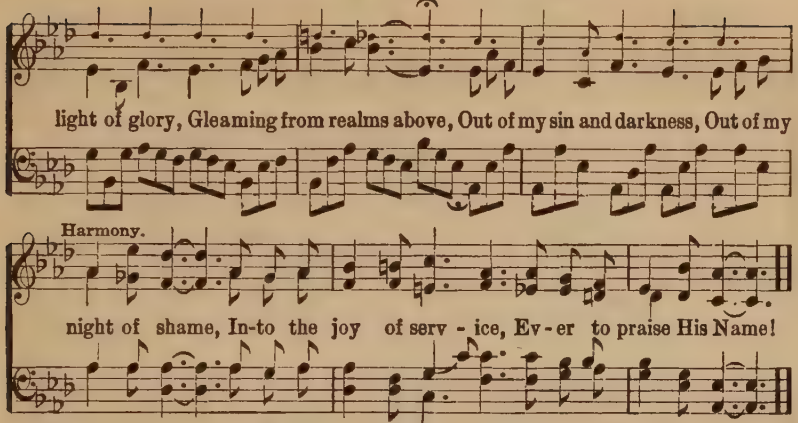
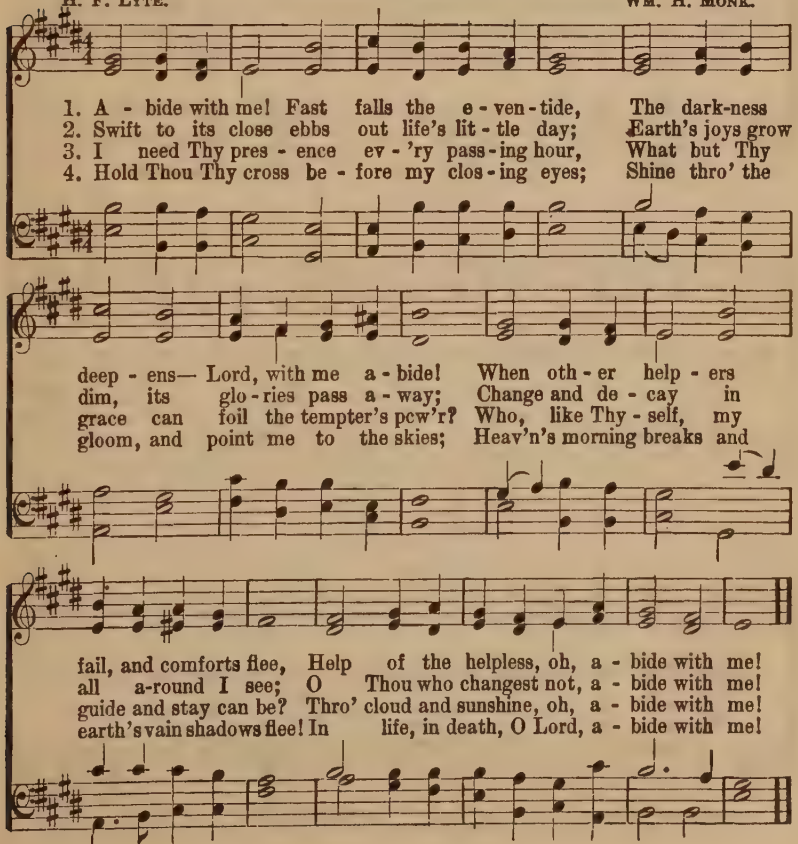
Once In My Sin I Wandered.


light of glory, Gleaming from realms above, Out of my sin and darkness, Out of my
Harmony.
night of shame, In-to the joy of serv - ice, Ev - er to praise His Name!

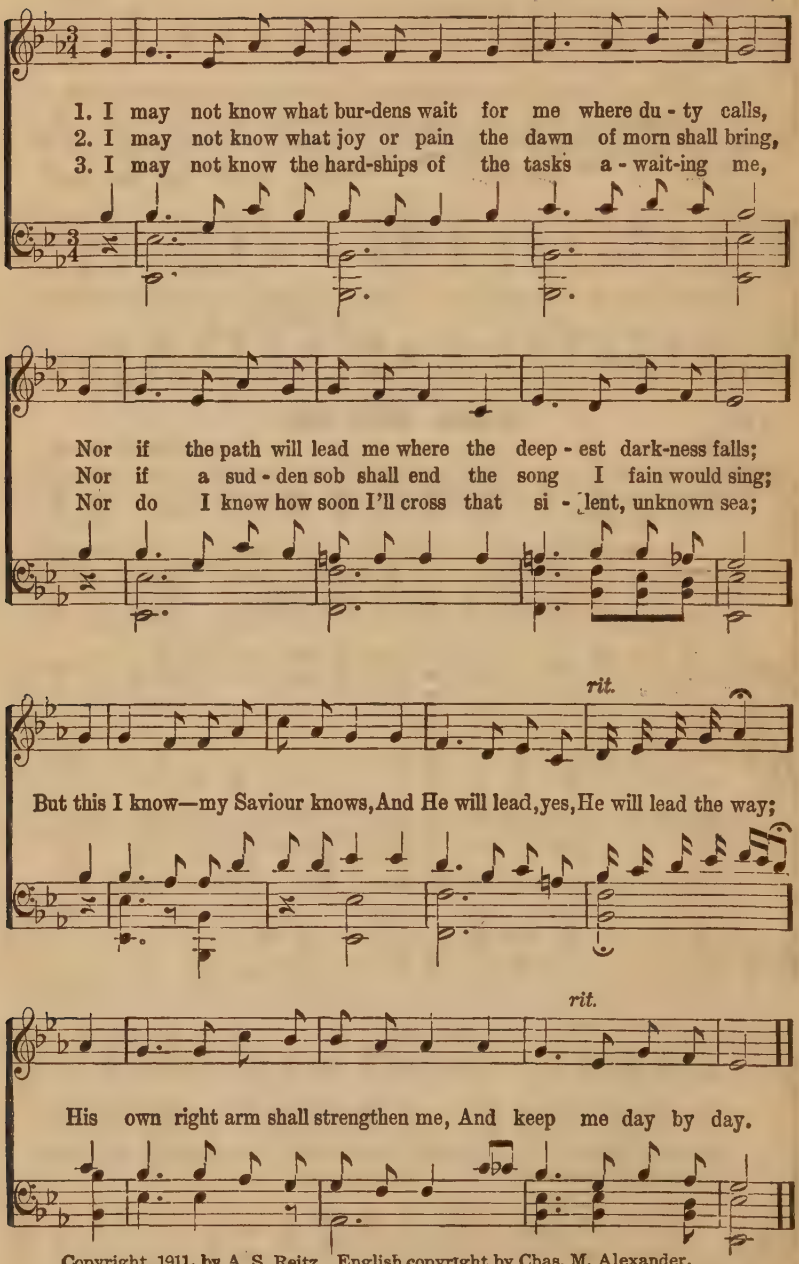
127 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

I May Not Know.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. I may not know what bur-dens wait for me where du - ty calls,
2. I may not know what joy or pain the dawn of morn shall bring,
3. I may not know the hard-ships of the tasks a - wait-ing me,
Nor if the path will lead me where the deep - est dark-ness falls;
Nor if a sud - den sob shall end the song I fain would sing;
Nor do I know how soon I'll cross that si - lent, unknown sea;
rit.
But this I know—my Saviour knows, And He will lead, yes, He will lead the way;
rit.
His own right arm shall strengthen me, And keep me day by day.

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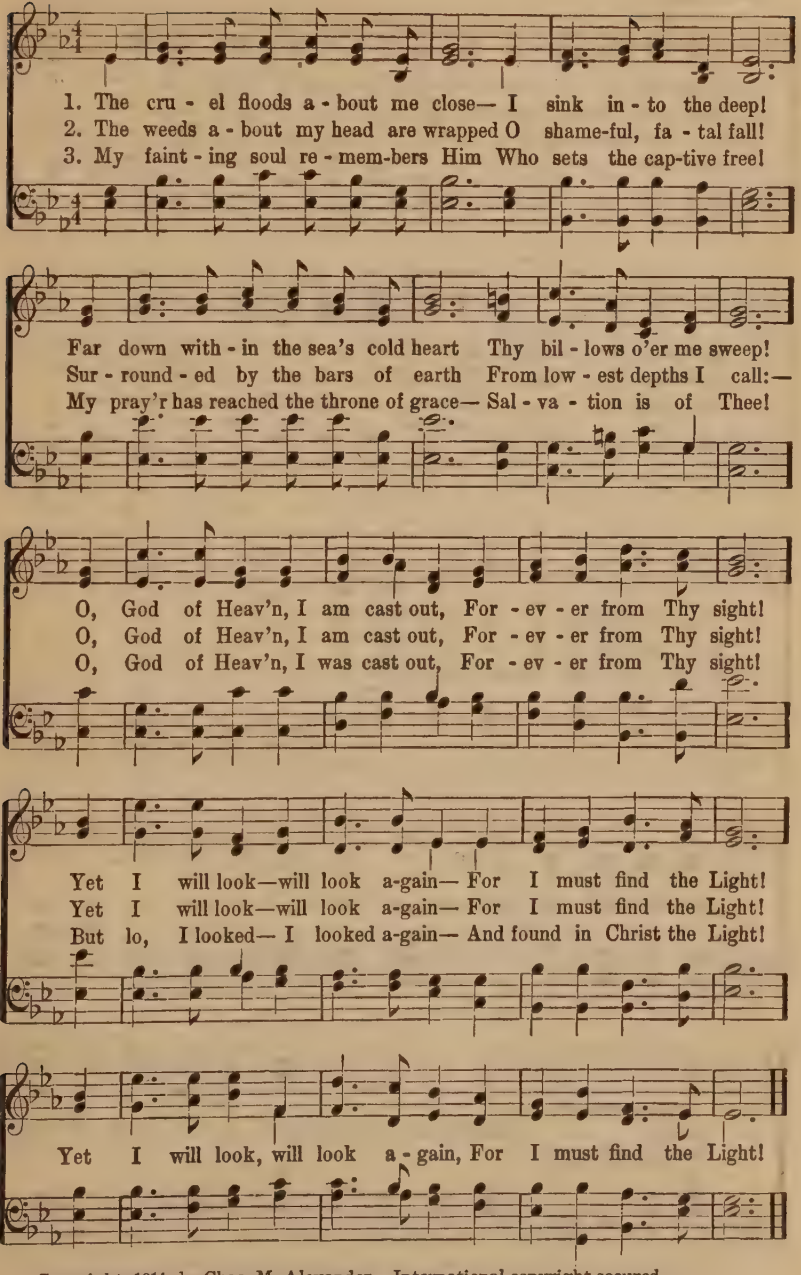
129 Yet I Will Look Again.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. The cru - el floods a - bout me close— I sink in - to the deep!
2. The weeds a - bout my head are wrapped O shame-ful, fa - tal fall!
3. My faint - ing soul re - mem-bers Him Who sets the cap-tive free!
Far down with - in the sea's cold heart Thy bil - lows o'er me sweep!
Sur - round - ed by the bars of earth From low - est depths I call:—
My pray'r has reached the throne of grace— Sal - va - tion is of Thee!
O, God of Heav'n, I am cast out, For - ev - er from Thy sight!
O, God of Heav'n, I am cast out, For - ev - er from Thy sight!
O, God of Heav'n, I was cast out, For - ev - er from Thy sight!
Yet I will look—will look a-gain— For I must find the Light!
Yet I will look—will look a-gain— For I must find the Light!
But lo, I looked— I looked a-gain— And found in Christ the Light!
Yet I will look, will look a - gain, For I must find the Light!

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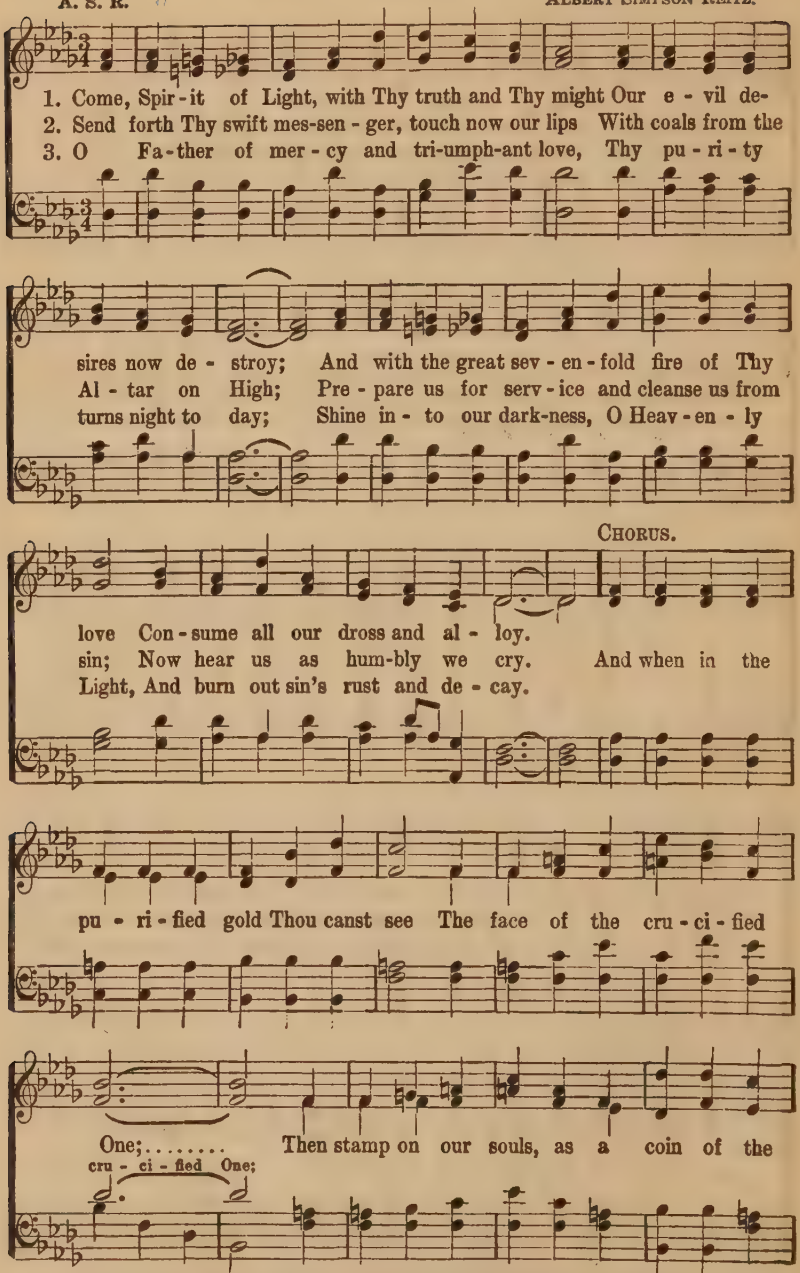
The Image of Jesus.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

1. Come, Spir - it of Light, with Thy truth and Thy might Our e - vil de-
2. Send forth Thy swift mes-sen - ger, touch now our lips With coals from the
3. O Fa - ther of mer - cy and tri-umph-ant love, Thy pu - ri - ty
sires now de - stroy; And with the great sev - en - fold fire of Thy
Al - tar on High; Pre - pare us for serv - ice and cleanse us from
turns night to day; Shine in - to our dark-ness, O Heav - en - ly
CHORUS.
love Con - sume all our dross and al - loy.
sin; Now hear us as hum-bly we cry. And when in the
Light, And burn out sin's rust and de - cay.
pu - ri - fied gold Thou canst see The face of the cru - ci - fied
One;..... Then stamp on our souls, as a coin of the
cru - ci - fied One;

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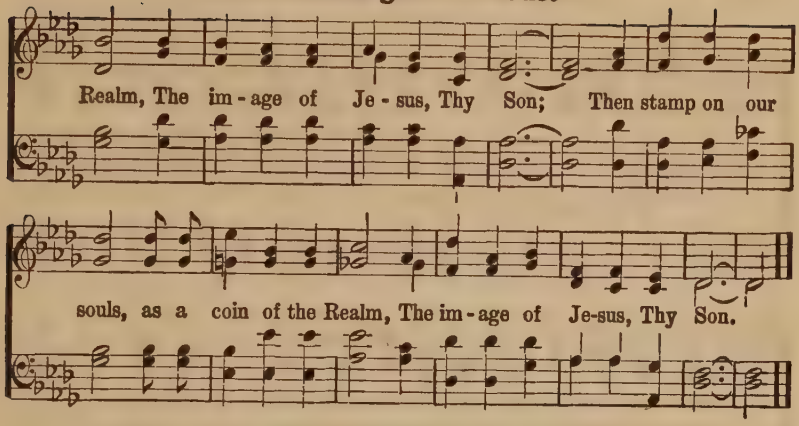
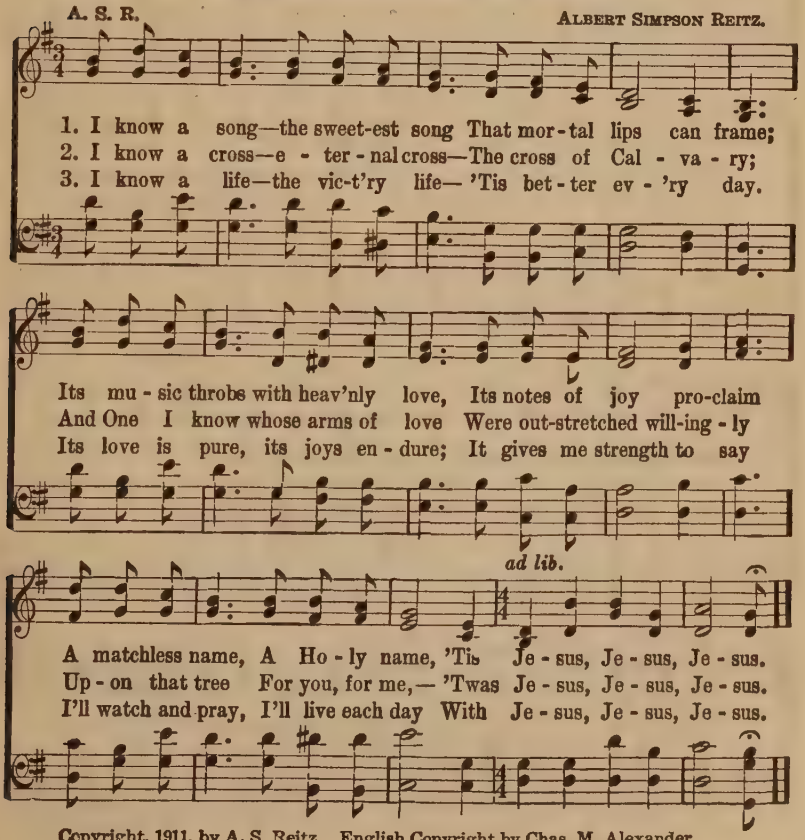
The Image of Jesus.



131 A Song, a Cross, a Life.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. I know a song—the sweet-est song That mor - tal lips can frame;
2. I know a cross—e - ter - nal cross—The cross of Cal - va - ry;
3. I know a life—the vic-t'ry life— 'Tis bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
Its mu - sic throbs with heav'nly love, Its notes of joy pro-claim
And One I know whose arms of love Were out-stretched will-ing - ly
Its love is pure, its joys en - dure; It gives me strength to say
ad lib.
A matchless name, A Ho - ly name, 'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus.
Up - on that tree For you, for me,— 'Twas Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus.
I'll watch and pray, I'll live each day With Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus.

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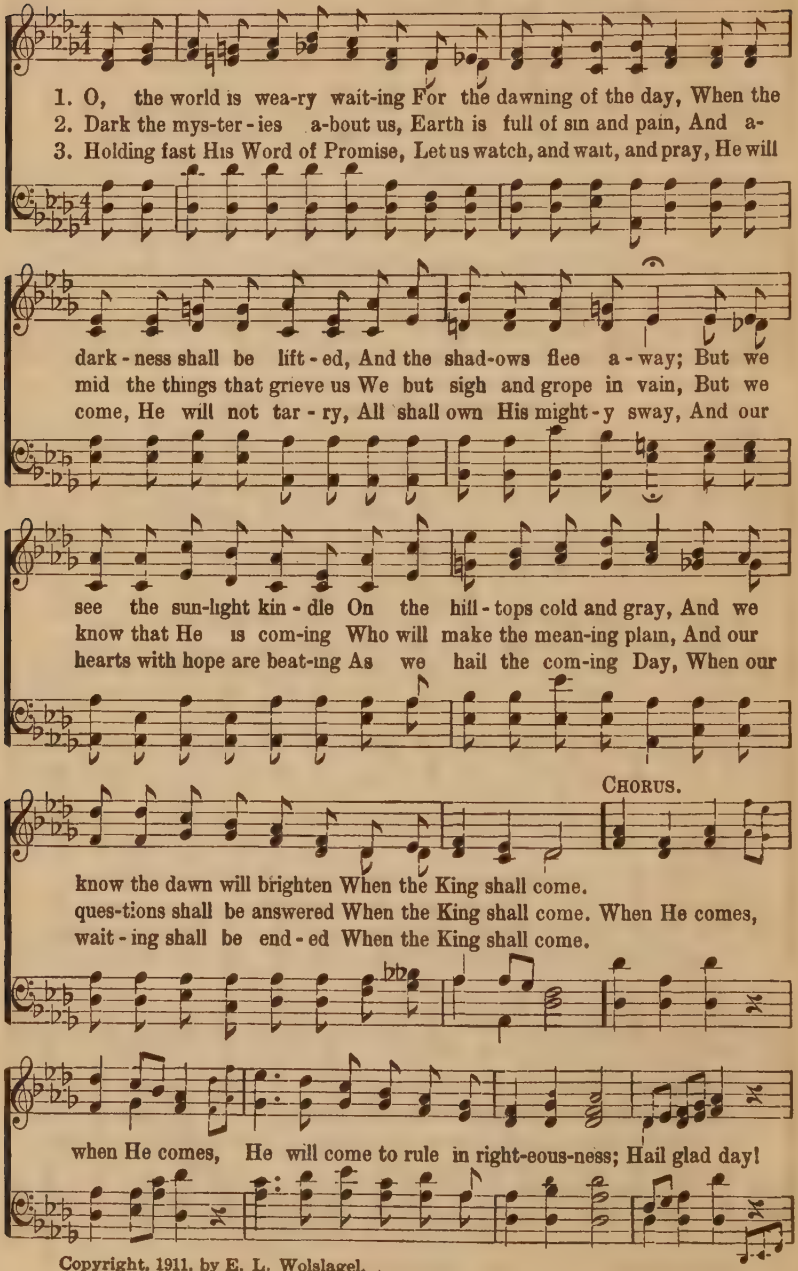
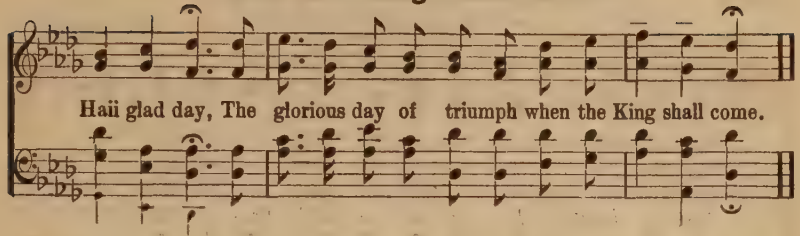
132 When the King Shall Come.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. E. L. WOLSLAGEL.


1. O, the world is wea-ry wait-ing For the dawning of the day, When the
2. Dark the mys-ter-ies a-bout us, Earth is full of sin and pain, And a-
3. Holding fast His Word of Promise, Let us watch, and wait, and pray, He will
dark-ness shall be lift-ed, And the shad-ows flee a-way; But we
mid the things that grieve us We but sigh and grope in vain, But we
come, He will not tar-ry, All shall own His might-y sway, And our
see the sun-light kin-dle On the hill-tops cold and gray, And we
know that He is com-ing Who will make the mean-ing plain, And our
hearts with hope are beat-ing As we hail the com-ing Day, When our
CHORUS.
know the dawn will brighten When the King shall come.
ques-tions shall be answered When the King shall come. When He comes,
wait-ing shall be end-ed When the King shall come.
when He comes, He will come to rule in right-eous-ness; Hail glad day!

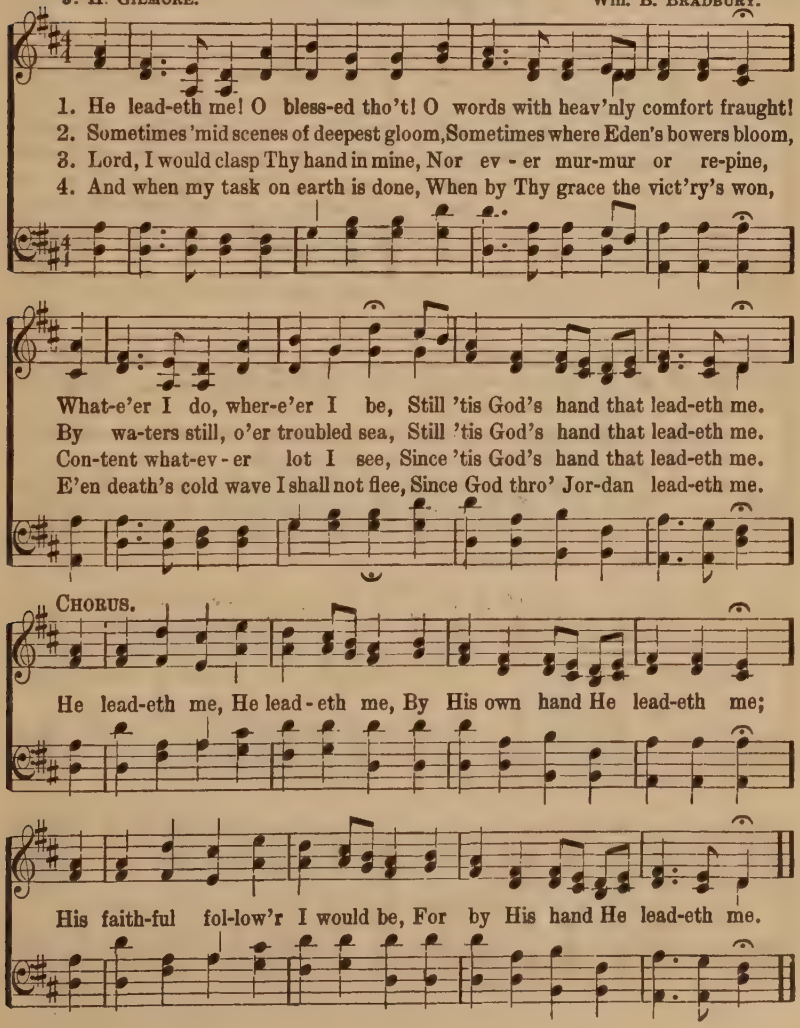
Copyright, 1911, by E. L. Wolslagel.

When the King Shall Come.



133 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE. Wm. B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I shall not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
CHORUS.
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

The Victor's Crown.

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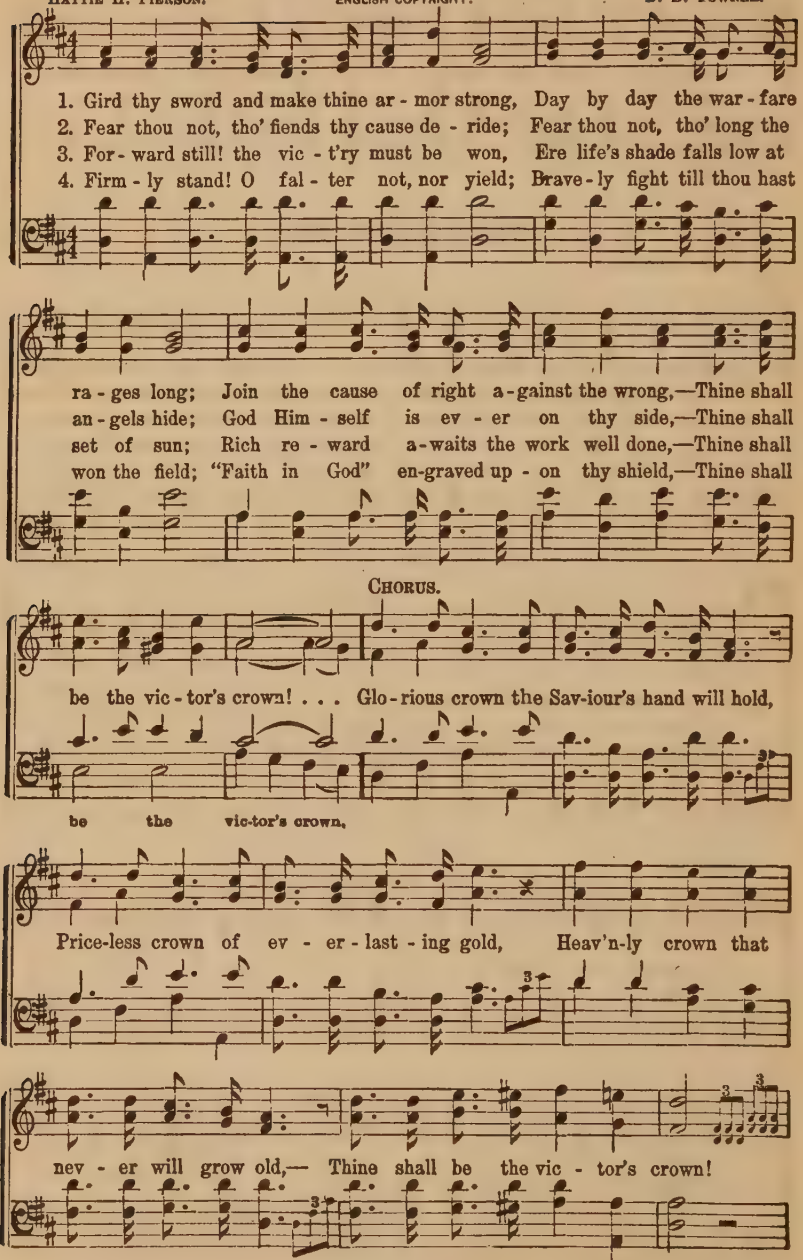
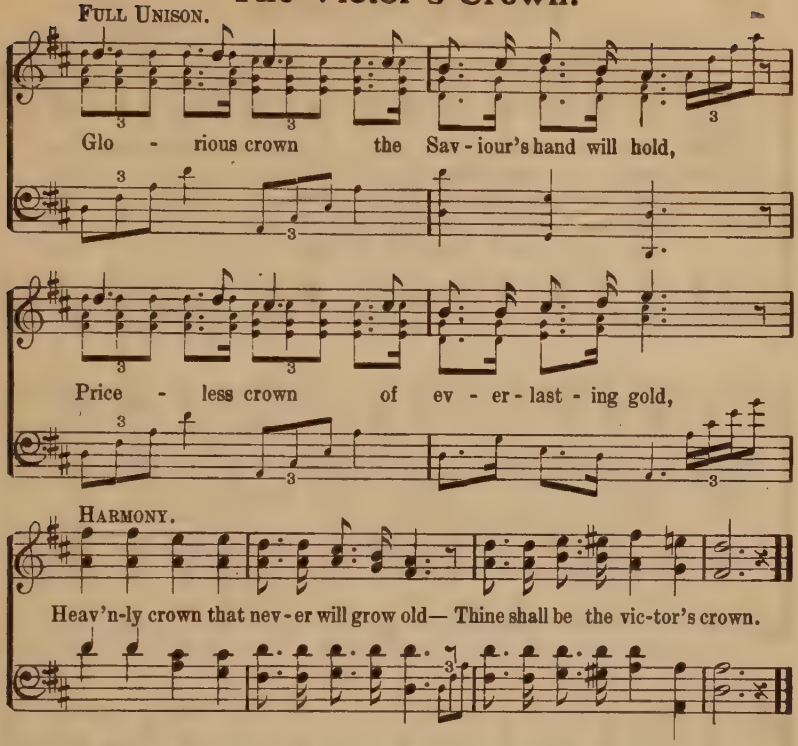
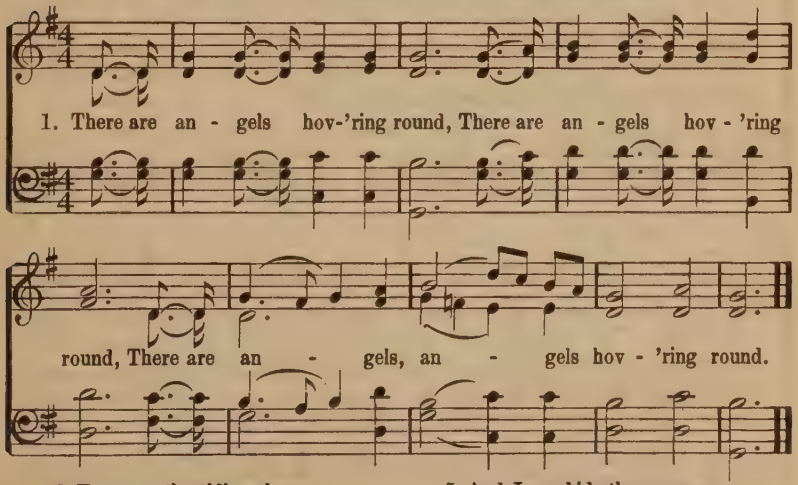
HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Gird thy sword and make thine ar - mor strong, Day by day the war - fare
2. Fear thou not, tho' fiends thy cause de - ride; Fear thou not, tho' long the
3. For - ward still! the vic - t'ry must be won, Ere life's shade falls low at
4. Firm - ly stand! O fal - ter not, nor yield; Brave - ly fight till thou hast
ra - ges long; Join the cause of right a - gainst the wrong,—Thine shall
an - gels hide; God Him - self is ev - er on thy side,—Thine shall
set of sun; Rich re - ward a - waits the work well done,—Thine shall
won the field; "Faith in God" en - graved up - on thy shield,—Thine shall
CHORUS.
be the vic - tor's crown! . . . Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,
be the vic - tor's crown,
Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold, Heav'n - ly crown that
nev - er will grow old,— Thine shall be the vic - tor's crown!

The Victor's Crown.


FULL UNISON.
Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,
Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold,
HARMONY.
Heav'n-ly crown that nev - er will grow old— Thine shall be the vic-tor's crown.

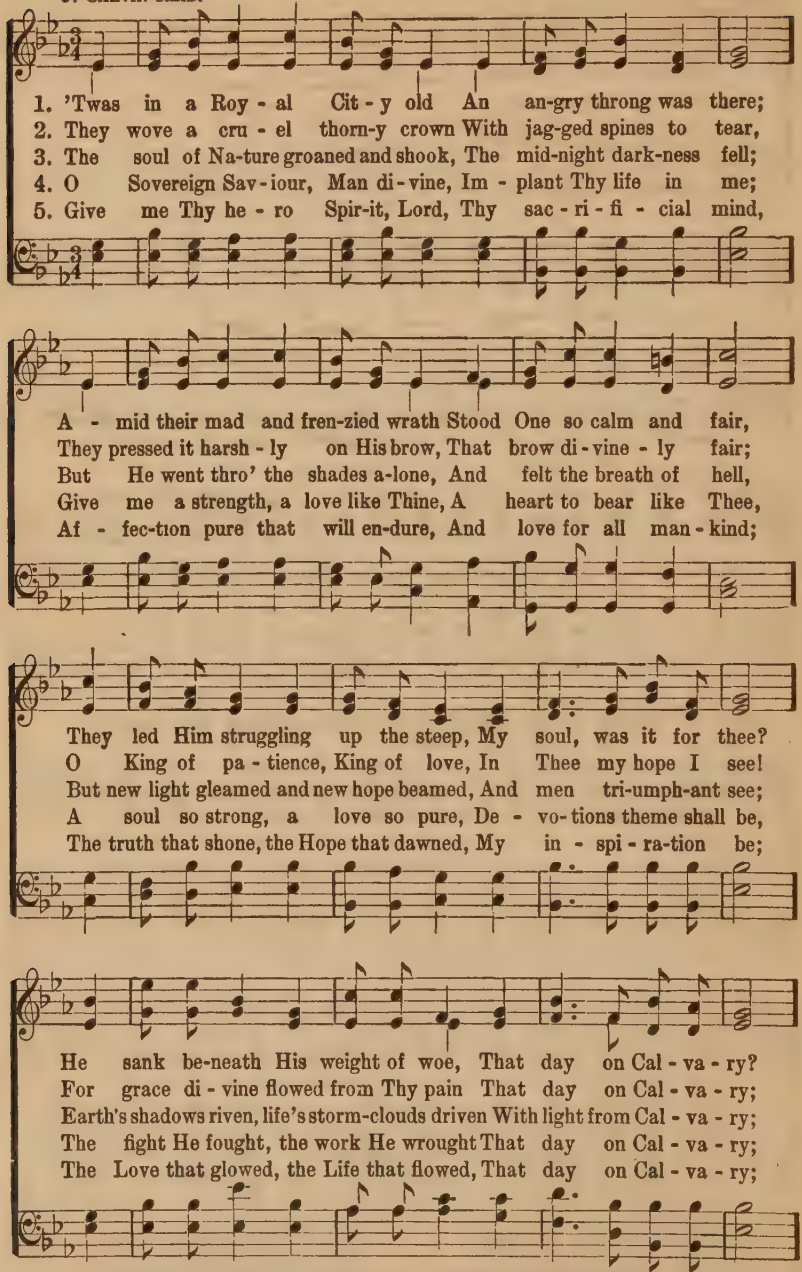
135 There are Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

136 That Day On Calvary.

J. Calvin Reid. D. B. Towner.


1. 'Twas in a Roy - al Cit - y old An an-gry throng was there;
2. They wove a cru - el thorn-y crown With jag-ged spines to tear,
3. The soul of Na-ture groaned and shook, The mid-night dark-ness fell;
4. O Sovereign Sav - iour, Man di - vine, Im - plant Thy life in me;
5. Give me Thy he - ro Spir-it, Lord, Thy sac - ri - fi - cial mind,
A - mid their mad and fren-zied wrath Stood One so calm and fair,
They pressed it harsh - ly on His brow, That brow di - vine - ly fair;
But He went thro' the shades a-lone, And felt the breath of hell,
Give me a strength, a love like Thine, A heart to bear like Thee,
Af - fec-tion pure that will en-dure, And love for all man - kind;
They led Him struggling up the steep, My soul, was it for thee?
O King of pa - tience, King of love, In Thee my hope I see!
But new light gleamed and new hope beamed, And men tri-umph-ant see;
A soul so strong, a love so pure, De - vo-tions theme shall be,
The truth that shone, the Hope that dawned, My in - spi - ra-tion be;
He sank be-neath His weight of woe, That day on Cal - va - ry?
For grace di - vine flowed from Thy pain That day on Cal - va - ry;
Earth's shadows riven, life's storm-clouds driven With light from Cal - va - ry;
The fight He fought, the work He wrought That day on Cal - va - ry;
The Love that glowed, the Life that flowed, That day on Cal - va - ry;

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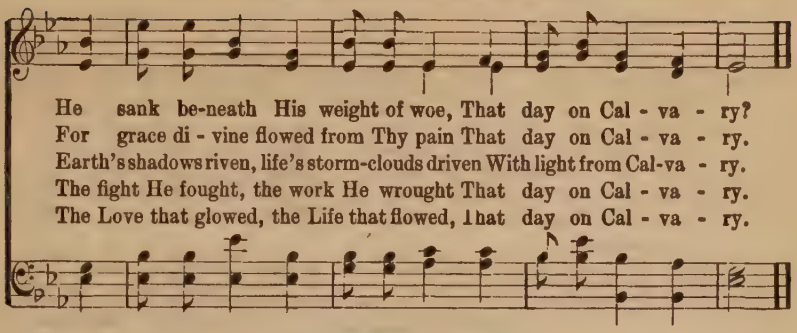
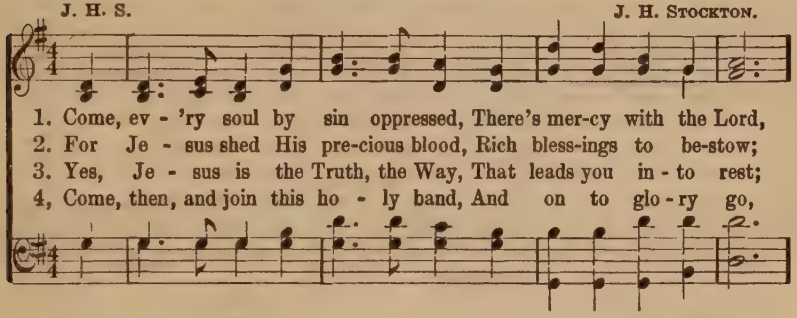
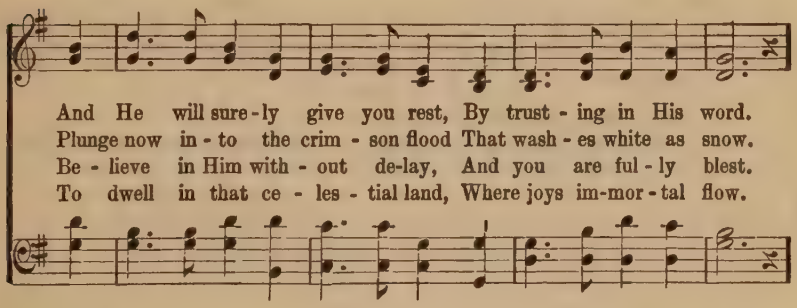
That Day On Calvary.

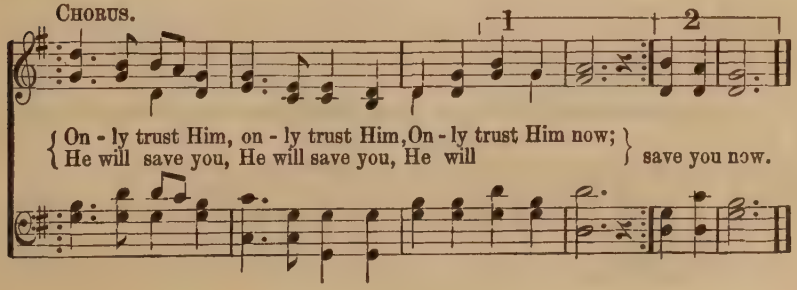

He sank be-neath His weight of woe, That day on Cal - va - ry?
For grace di - vine flowed from Thy pain That day on Cal - va - ry.
Earth's shadows riven, life's storm-clouds driven With light from Cal-va - ry.
The fight He fought, the work He wrought That day on Cal - va - ry.
The Love that glowed, the Life that flowed, That day on Cal - va - ry.

137 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4, Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

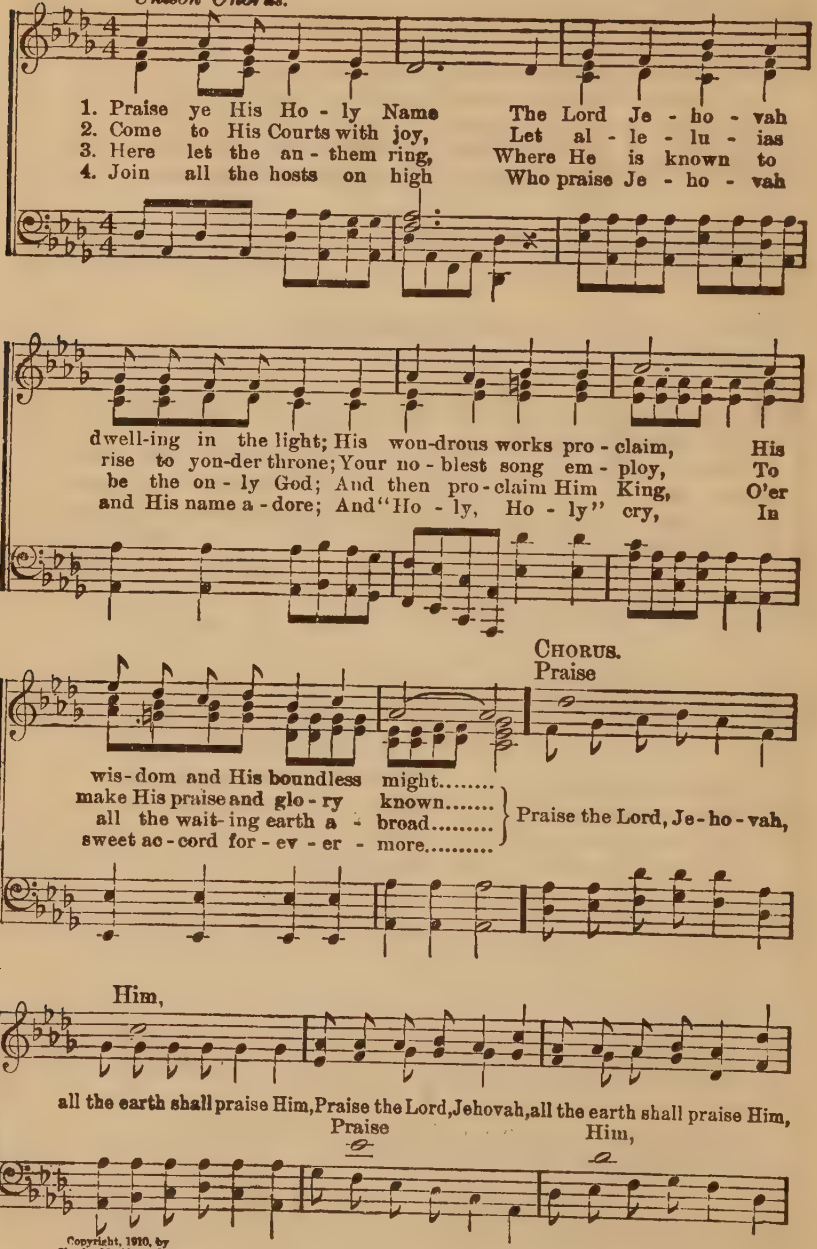

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.



138 Exalt and Praise His Holy Name.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

Unison Chorus.


1. Praise ye His Ho - ly Name The Lord Je - ho - vah
2. Come to His Courts with joy, Let al - le - lu - ias
3. Here let the an - them ring, Where He is known to
4. Join all the hosts on high Who praise Je - ho - vah
dwell-ing in the light; His won-drous works pro - claim, His
rise to yon-der throne; Your no - blest song em - ploy, To
be the on - ly God; And then pro - claim Him King, O'er
and His name a - dore; And "Ho - ly, Ho - ly" cry, In
CHORUS.
Praise
wis - dom and His boundless might.....
make His praise and glo - ry known.....
all the wait - ing earth a - broad.....
sweet ac - cord for - ev - er - more.....
Praise the Lord, Je - ho - vah,
Him,
all the earth shall praise Him, Praise the Lord, Jehovah, all the earth shall praise Him,
Praise
Him,

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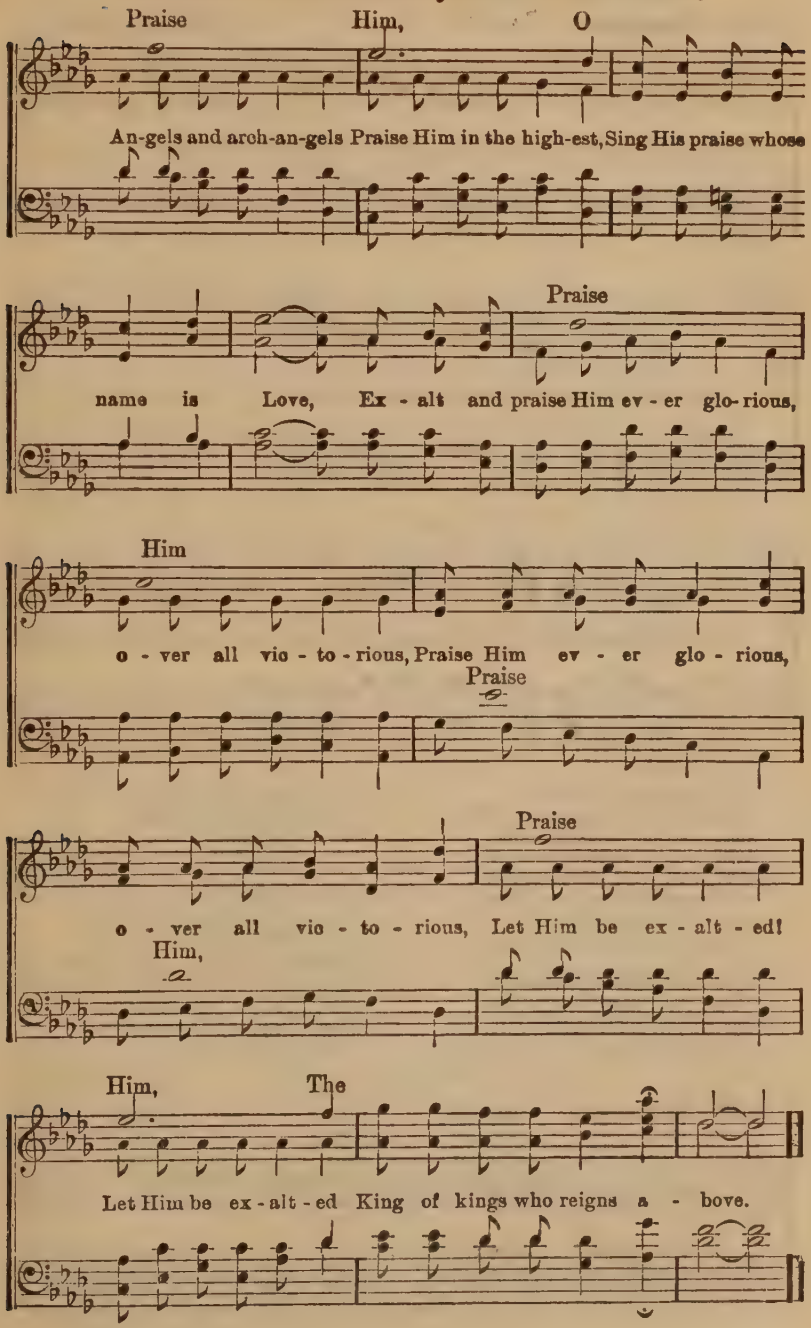
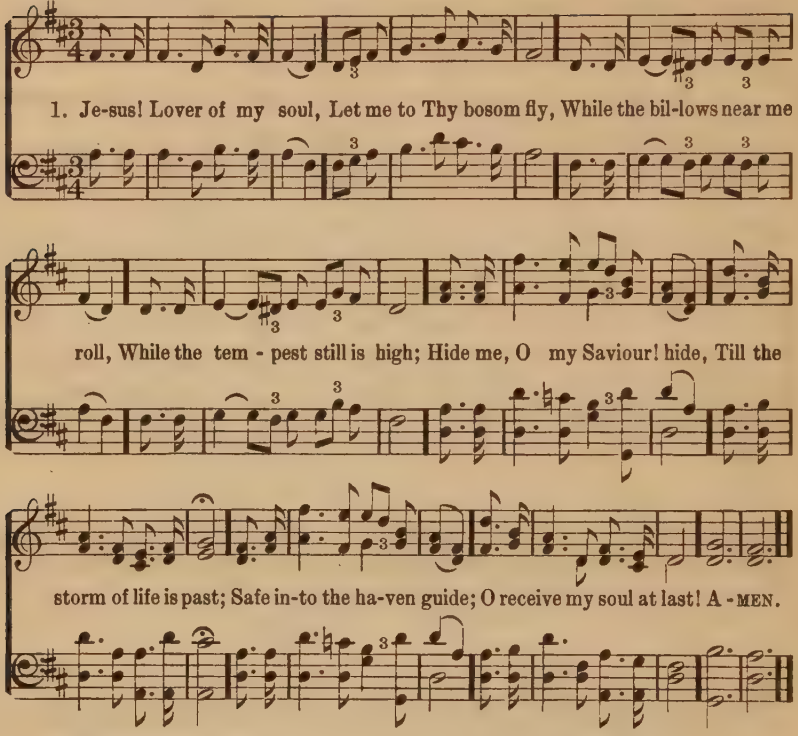
Exalt and Praise His Holy Name.—Concluded.

Praise Him, O
An-gels and arch-an-gels Praise Him in the high-est, Sing His praise whose
Praise
name is Love, Ex - alt and praise Him ev - er glo-rious,
Him
o - ver all vic - to - rious, Praise Him ev - er glo - rious,
Praise
Praise
o - ver all vic - to - rious, Let Him be ex - alt - ed!
Him,
Him, The
Let Him be ex - alt - ed King of kings who reigns a - bove.

139 Refuge. 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je-sus! Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me
roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O receive my soul at last! A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

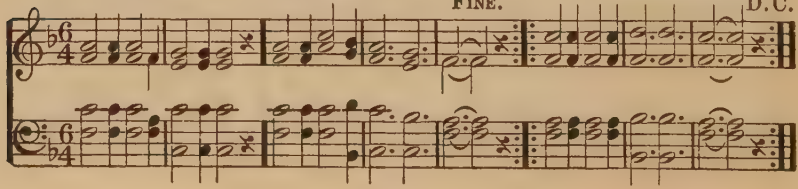
3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

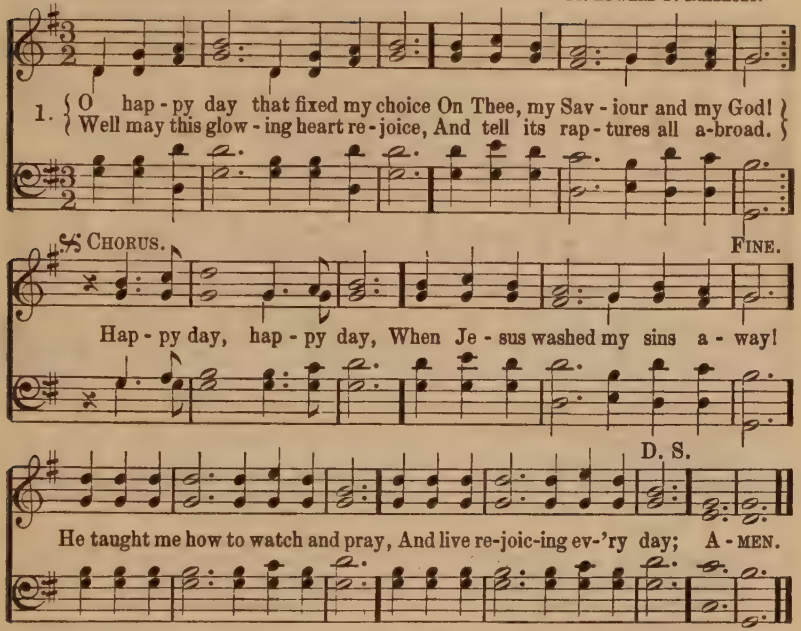
140 Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.



141 Happy Day. L. M.

Fr. Edward F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
Chorus.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; A - men.

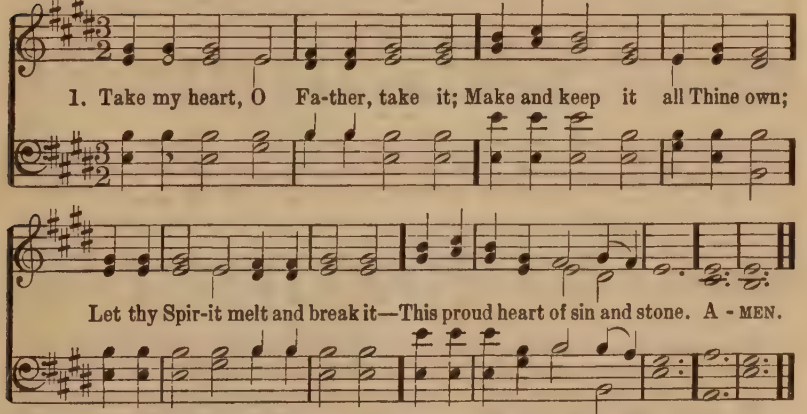
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Philip Doddridge.

142 Talmar. 8s, 7s.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

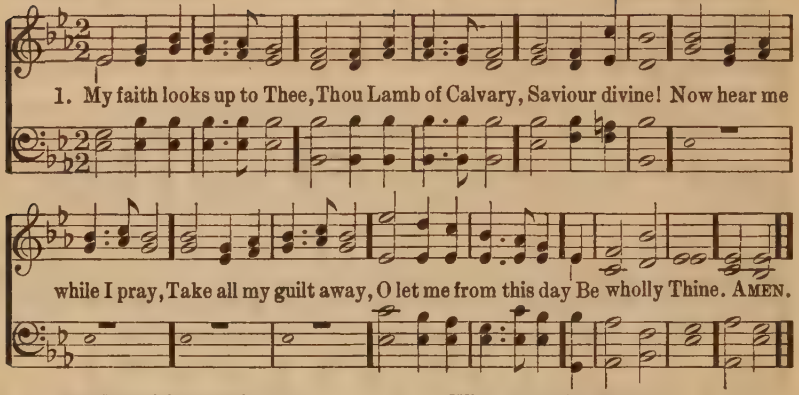

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let thy Spir-it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone. A - men.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

143 Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine. AMEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

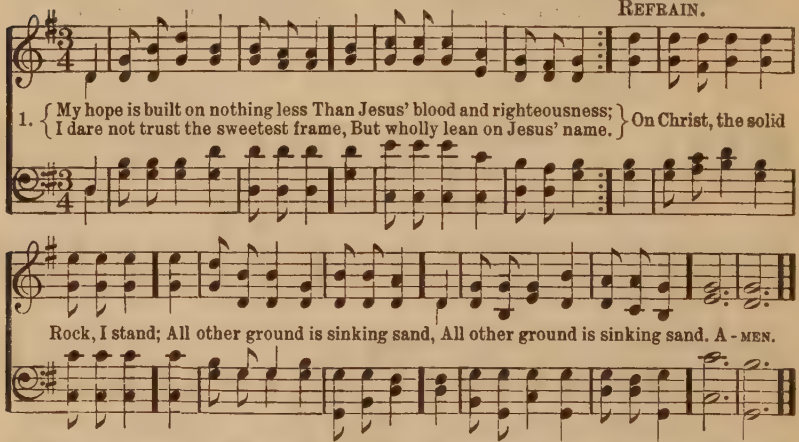
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

144 Solid Rock. L. M. 61.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ, the solid
Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand. A - MEN.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

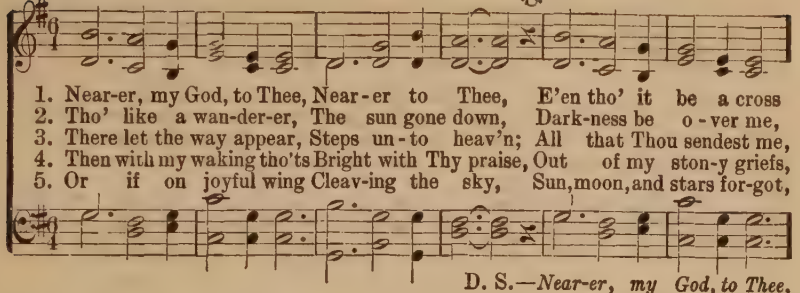
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

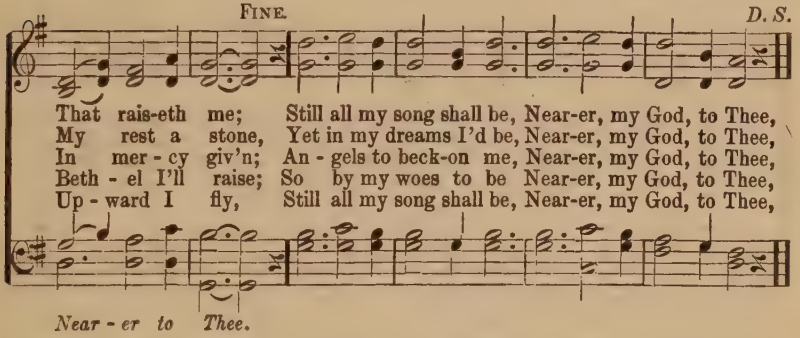
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

Edward Mote.

145 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

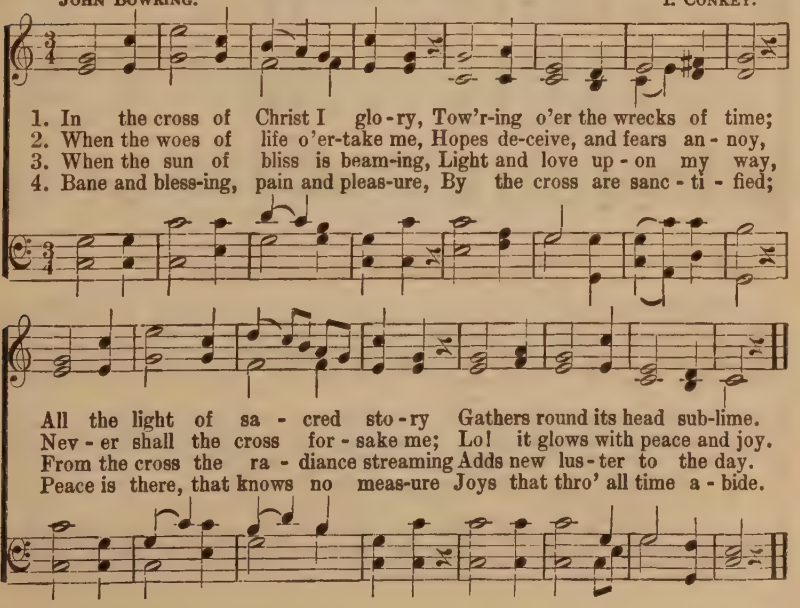
SARAH F. ADAMS. 8s. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
5. Or if on joyful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,


FINE.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee.

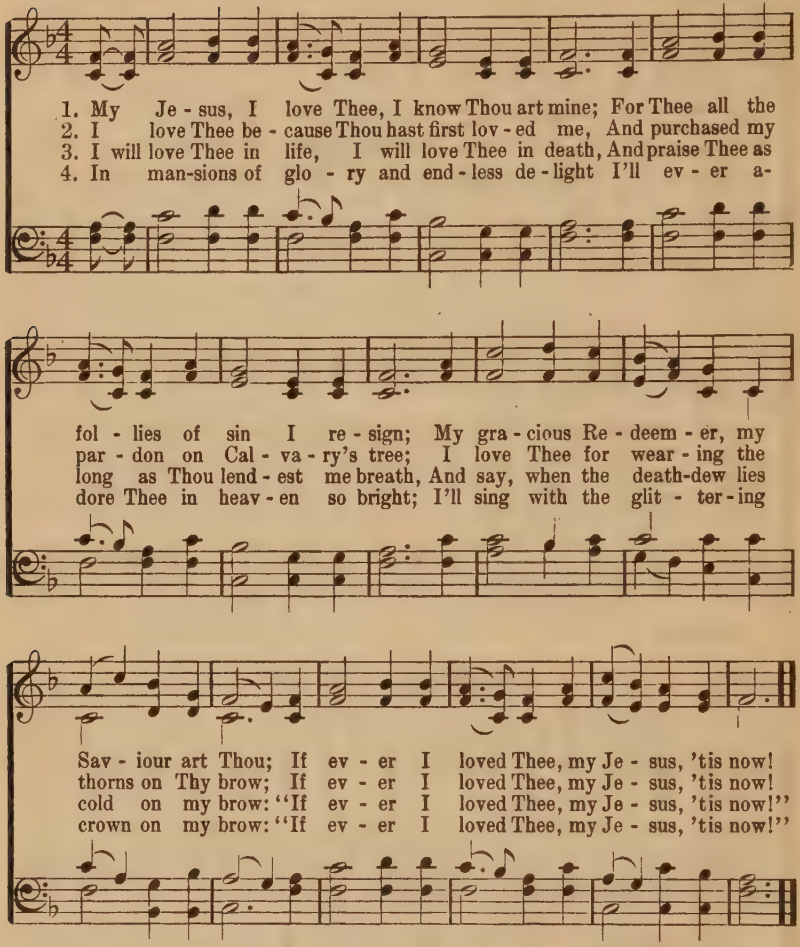
146 Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. I. CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing, Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

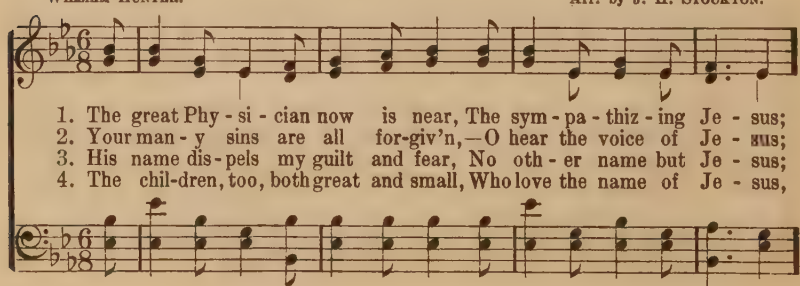
147 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.

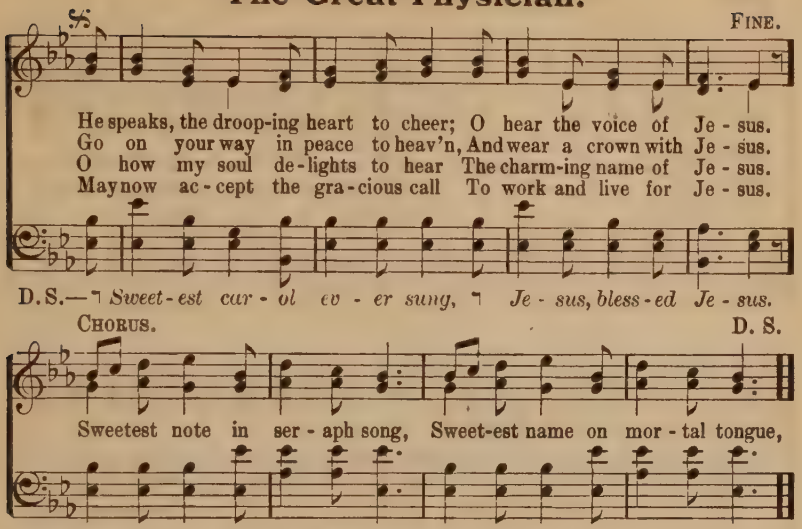

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say, when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"

148 The Great Physician.

William Hunter. Arr. by J. H. Stockton.


1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n,—O hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
4. The chil-dren, too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus,

The Great Physician.


FINE.
He speaks, the droop-ing heart to cheer; O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
O how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.
May now ac-cept the gra-cious call To work and live for Je - sus.
D.S.— Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

149 I am Coming, Lord!

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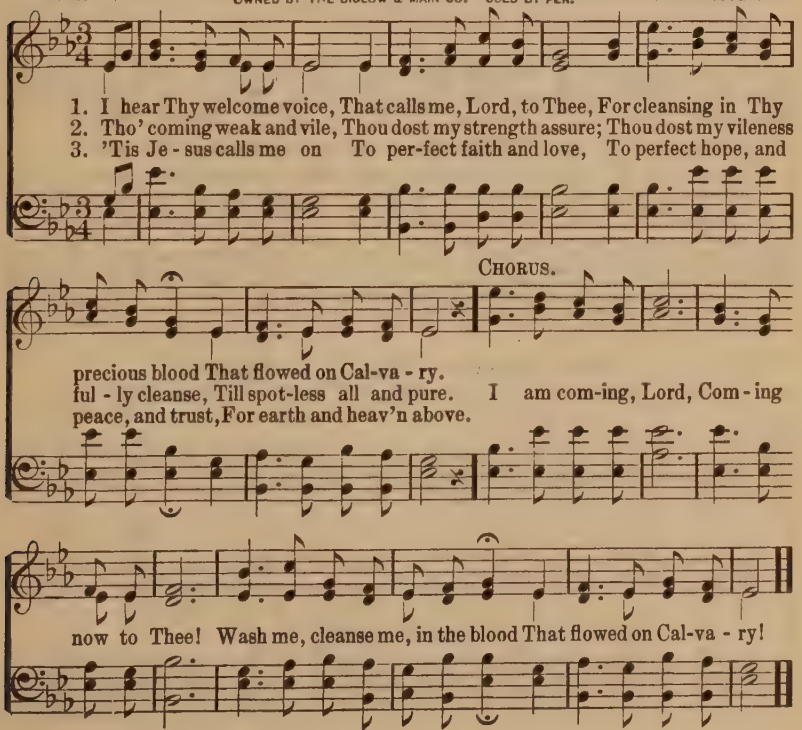
OWNED BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. USED BY PER.

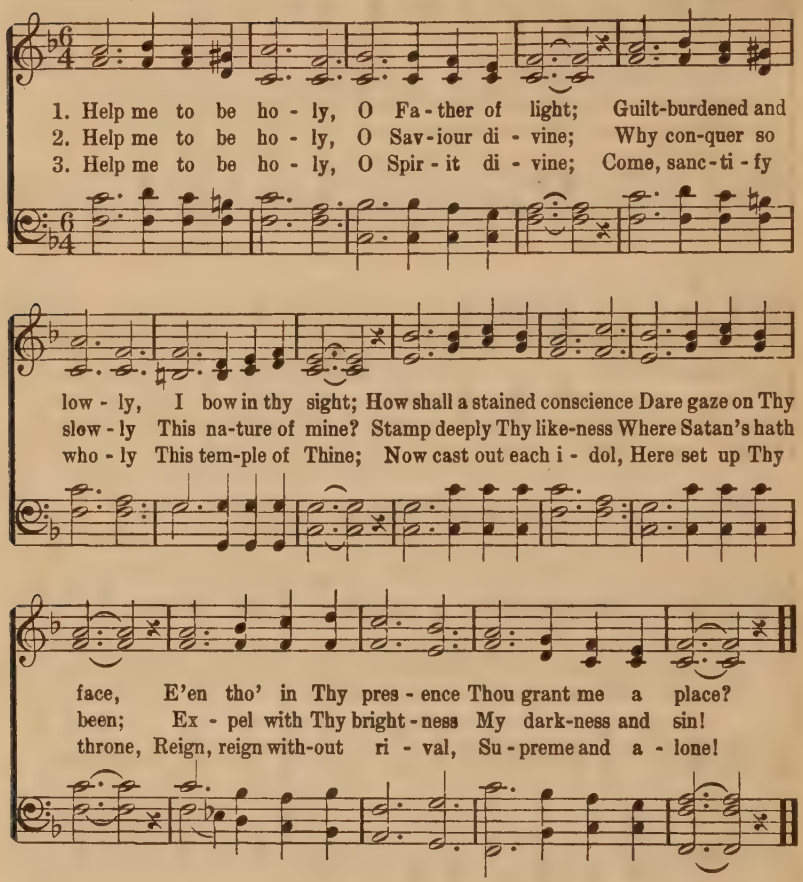
L. H. L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and
CHORUS.
precious blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord, Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry!

150 Help Me to be Holy!

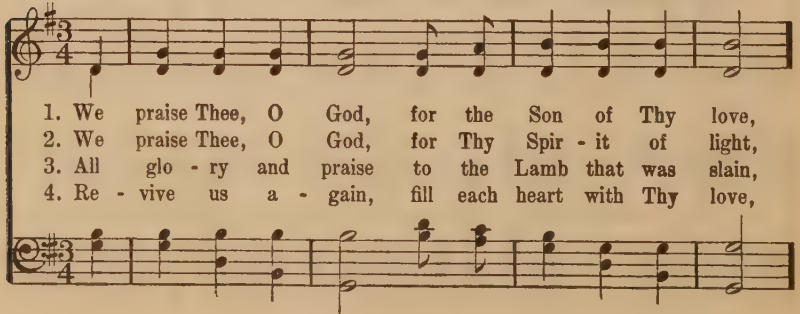
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY D. B. TOWNER.

ADONIRAM J. GORDON. D. B. TOWNER.

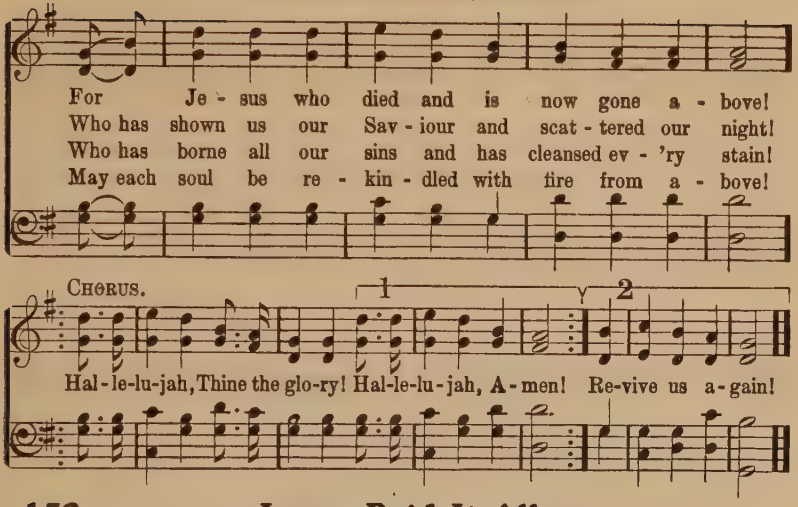

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa - ther of light; Guilt-burdened and
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav - iour di - vine; Why con-quer so
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc - ti - fy
low - ly, I bow in thy sight; How shall a stained conscience Dare gaze on Thy
slow - ly This na-ture of mine? Stamp deeply Thy like-ness Where Satan's hath
who - ly This tem-ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy
face, E'en tho' in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
been; Ex - pel with Thy bright - ness My dark-ness and sin!
throne, Reign, reign with-out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone!

151 We Praise Thee, O God!

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

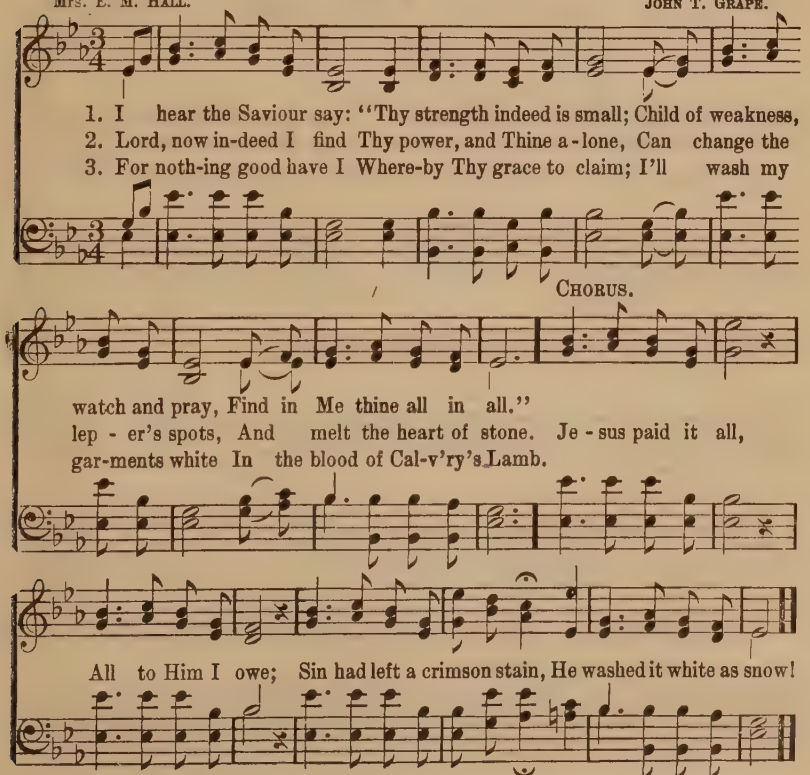

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love,

We Praise Thee, O God.


For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove!
Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night!
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain!
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove!
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le-lu-jah, Thine the glo-ry! Hal-le-lu - jah, A - men! Re-vive us a - gain!

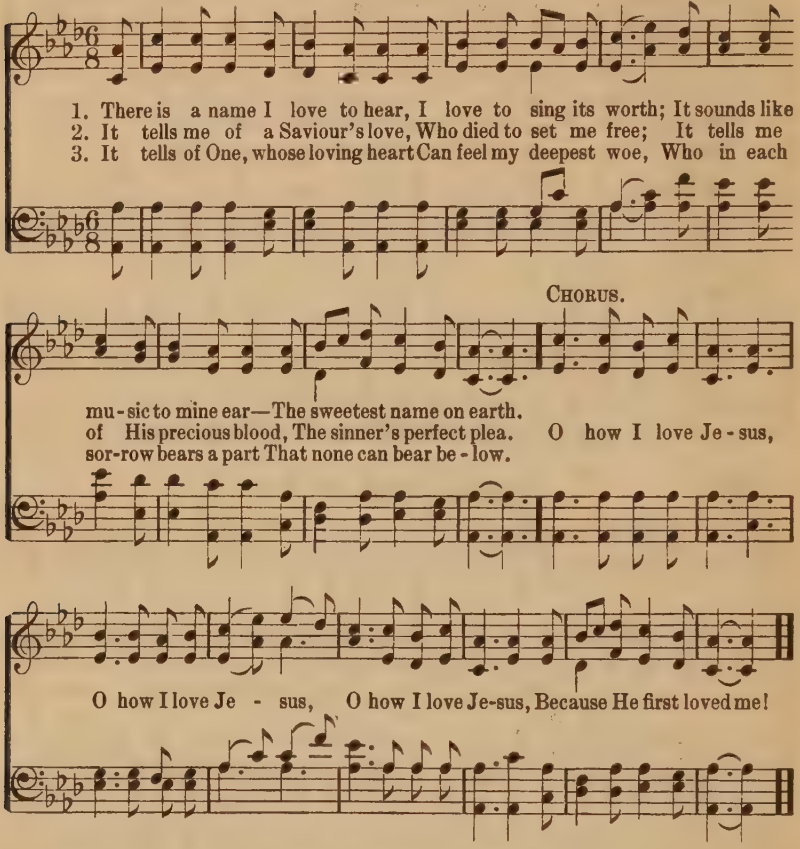
152 Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Saviour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my
CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow!

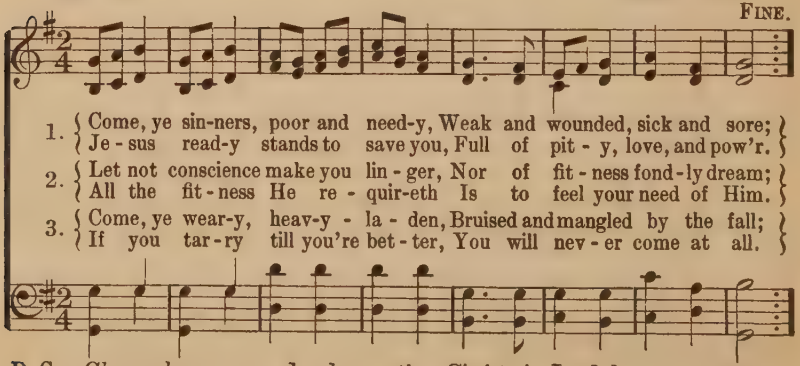
153 How I Love Jesus!

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. American Spiritual.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells of One, whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each
CHORUS.
mu-sic to mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea. O how I love Je-sus,
sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.
O how I love Je-sus, O how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me!

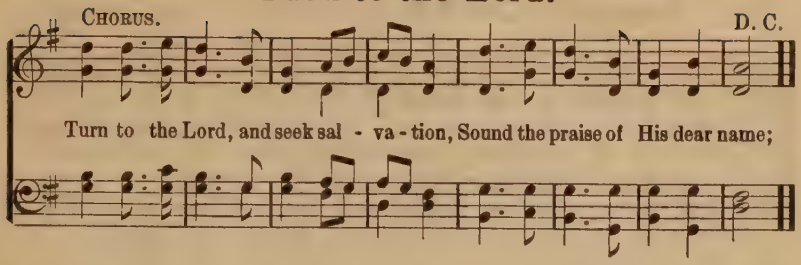
154 Turn to the Lord.

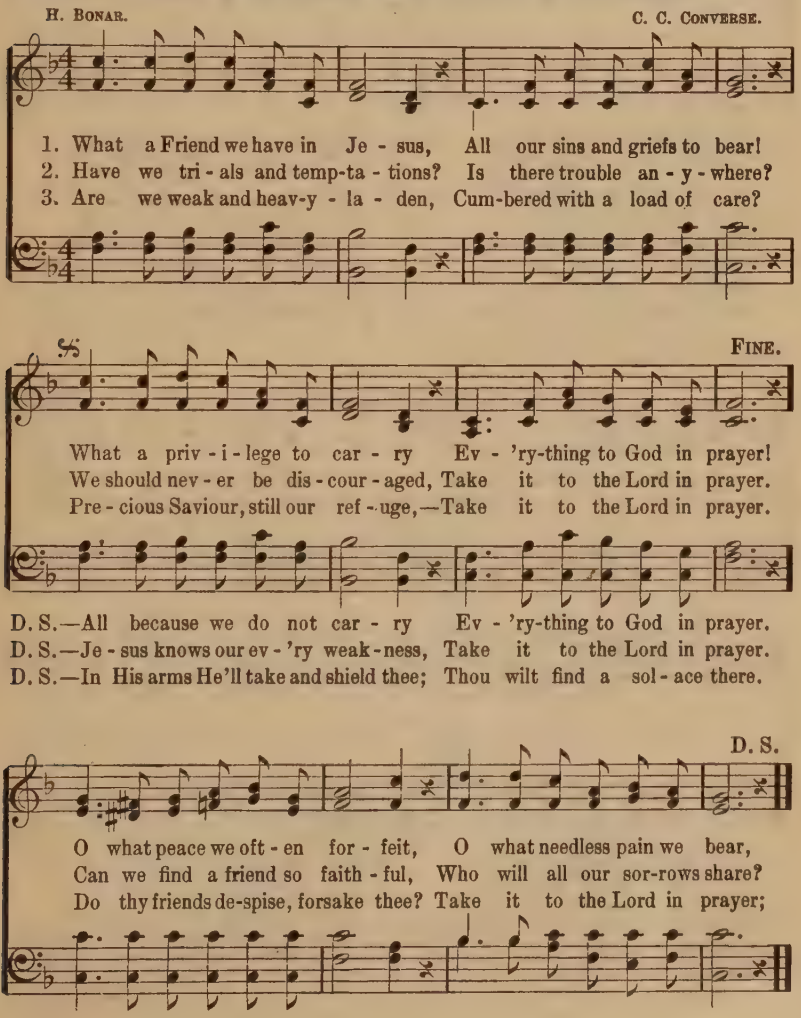
JOSEPH HART. JEREMIAH INGALLS.


FINE.
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r.
2. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
3. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

D. C.—*Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.*

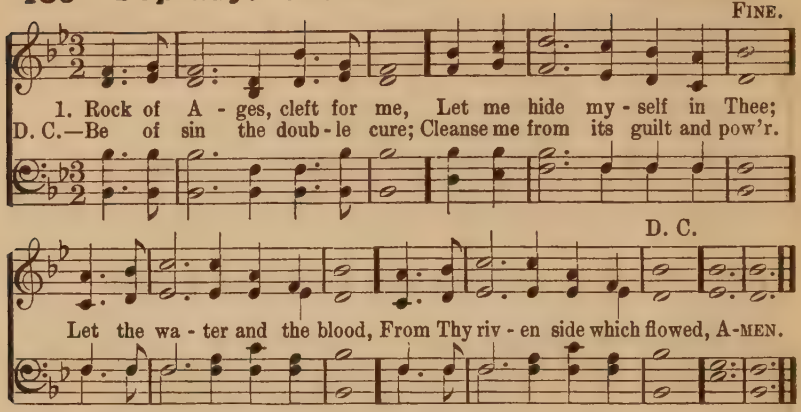
Turn to the Lord.



155 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. BONAR.
C. C. CONVERSE.
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

156 Toplady. 7s. 6 l.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A-MEN.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

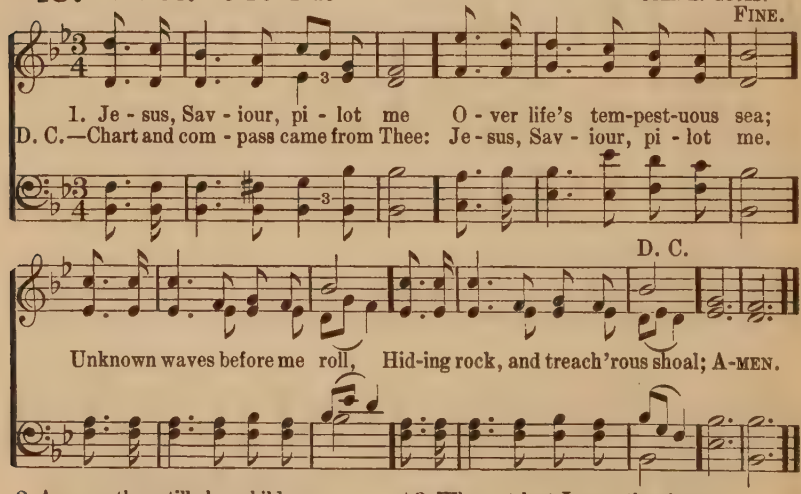
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

157 Pilot. 7s. 6 l.

JOHN E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock, and treach'rous shoal; A-MEN.

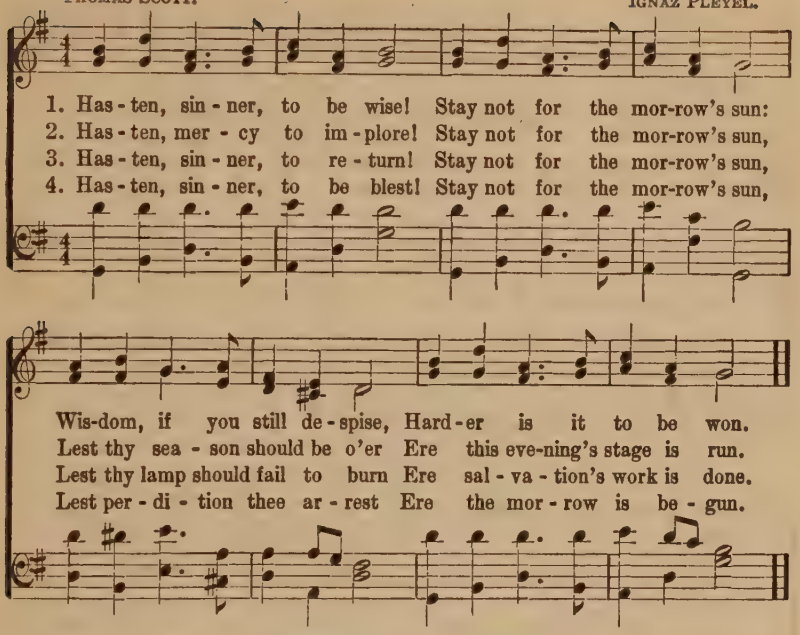
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.

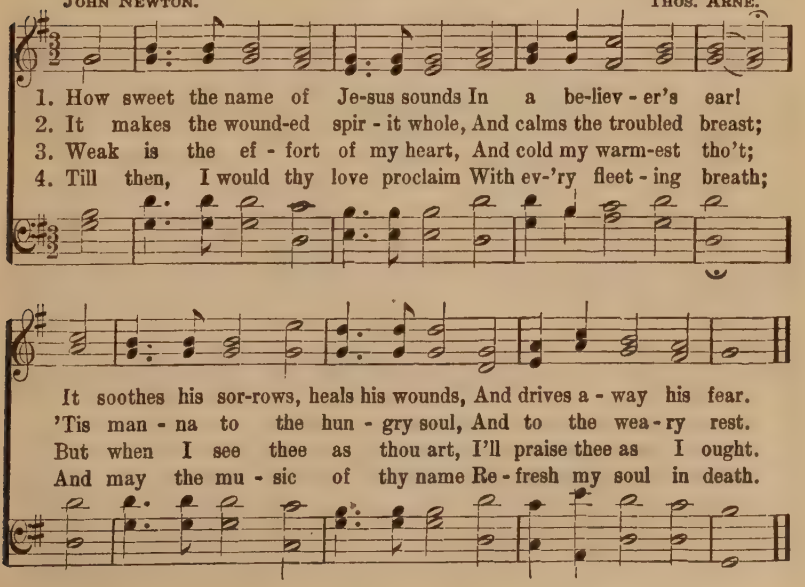
158 Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT. IGNAZ PLEYEL.


1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:
2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im - plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
Wis-dom, if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this eve-ning's stage is run.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

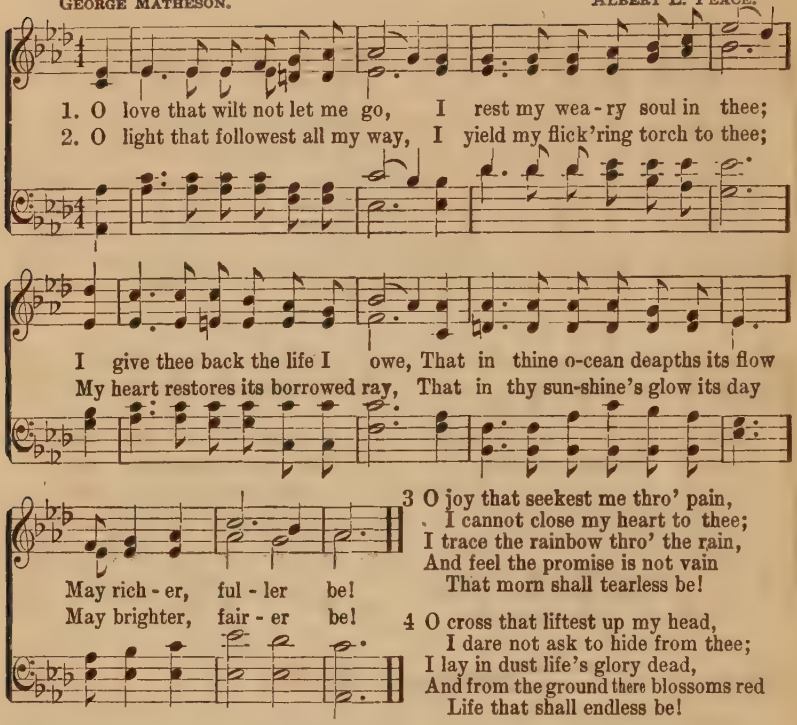
159 Arlington. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. THOS. ARNE.


1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't;
4. Till then, I would thy love proclaim With ev-'ry fleet - ing breath;
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

160 St. Margaret. 8s 6.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.

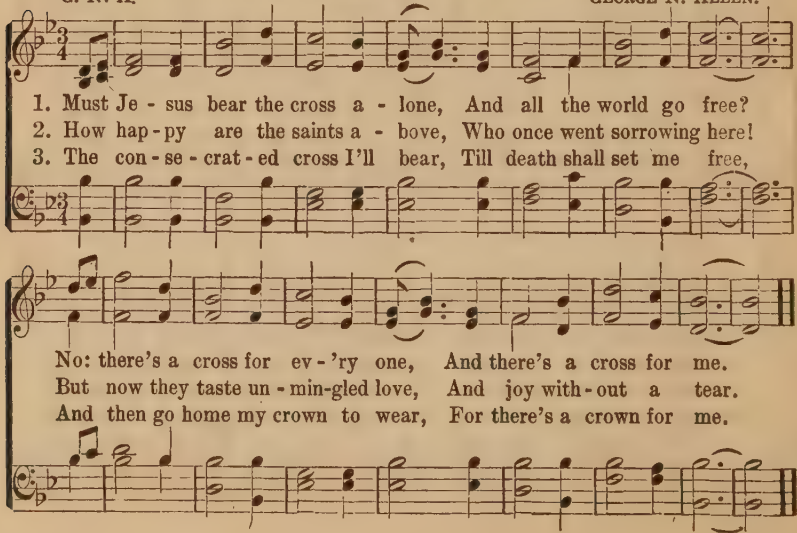

1. O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in thee;
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee;
I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine o-cean deapths its flow
My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in thy sun-shine's glow its day
May rich-er, ful-ler be!
May brighter, fair-er be!

3 O joy that seekest me thro' pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be!

4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be!

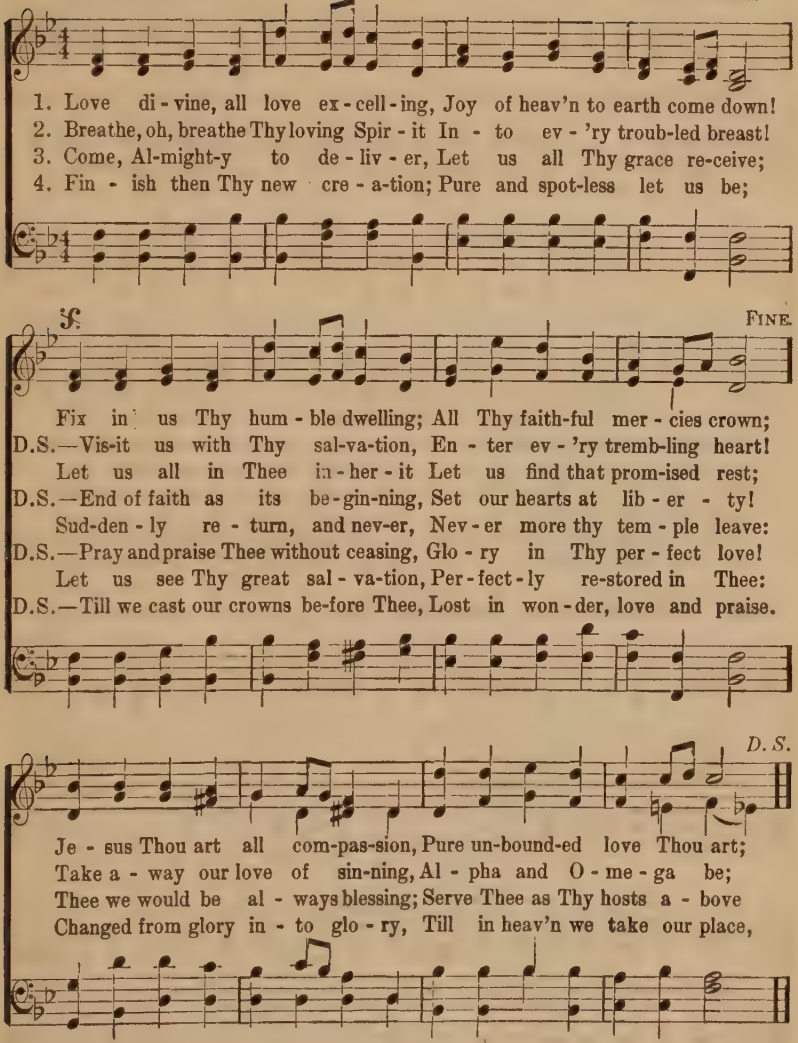
161 Maitland. C, M.

G. N. A. GEORGE N. ALLEN.


1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
No: there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

162 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown;
D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb-ling heart!
Let us all in Thee in - her - it Let us find that prom-ised rest;
D.S.—End of faith as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev-er, Nev - er more thy tem - ple leave:
D.S.—Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love!
Let us see Thy great sal - va-tion, Per - fect - ly re-stored in Thee:
D.S.—Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.
Je - sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our love of sin-ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove
Changed from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
FINE.
D. S.

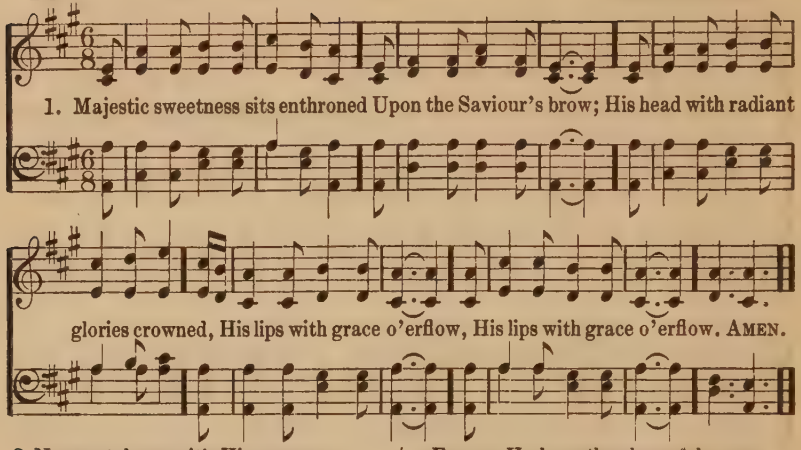
163 God is Love.

1 God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woes He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth,
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

164 Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. AMEN.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

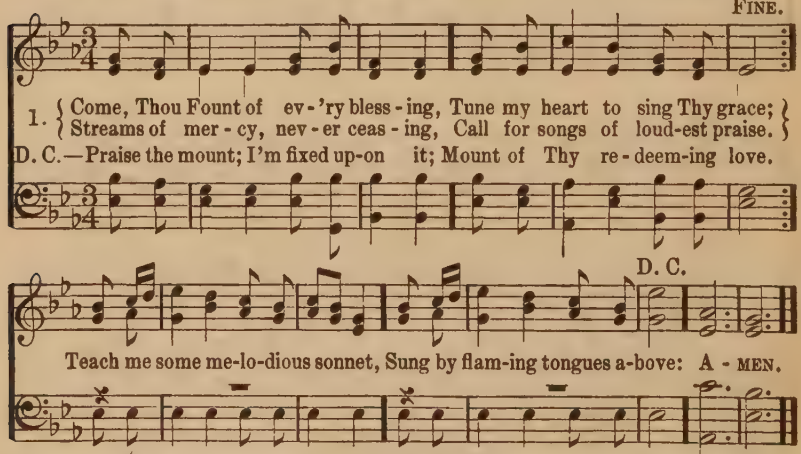
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

Samuel Stennett.

165 Nettleton. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.


FINE.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it; Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove: A-MEN.

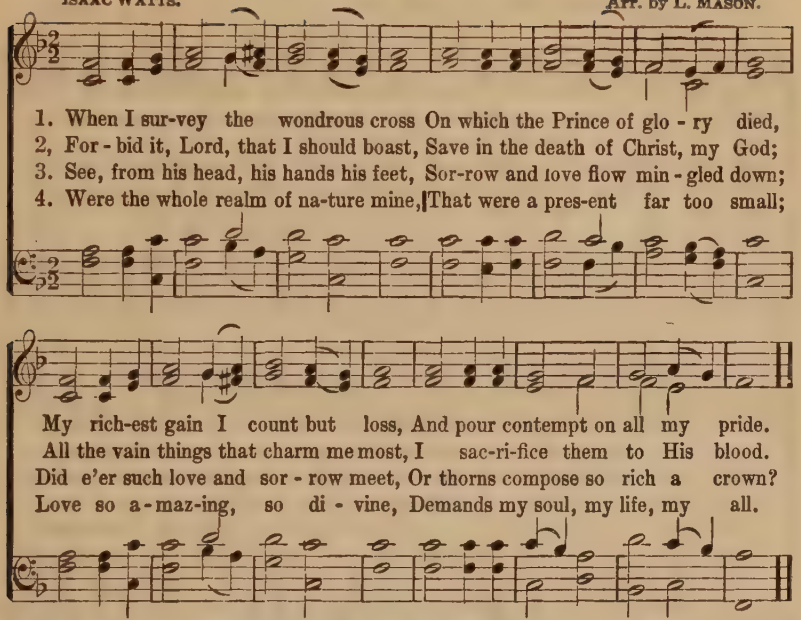
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

166 Hamburg. L. M.

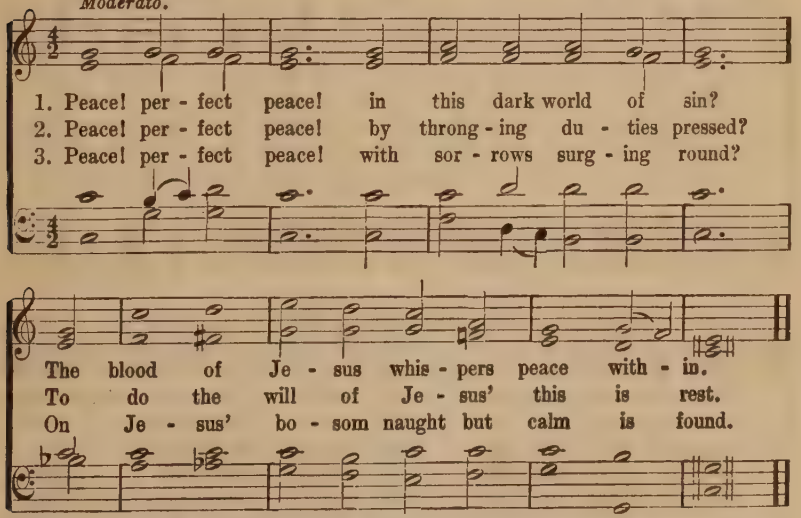
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by L. MASON.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2, For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands his feet, Sor-row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

167 Peace! Perfect Peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.

Moderato.


1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus' this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

168 Arise, My Soul, Arise!

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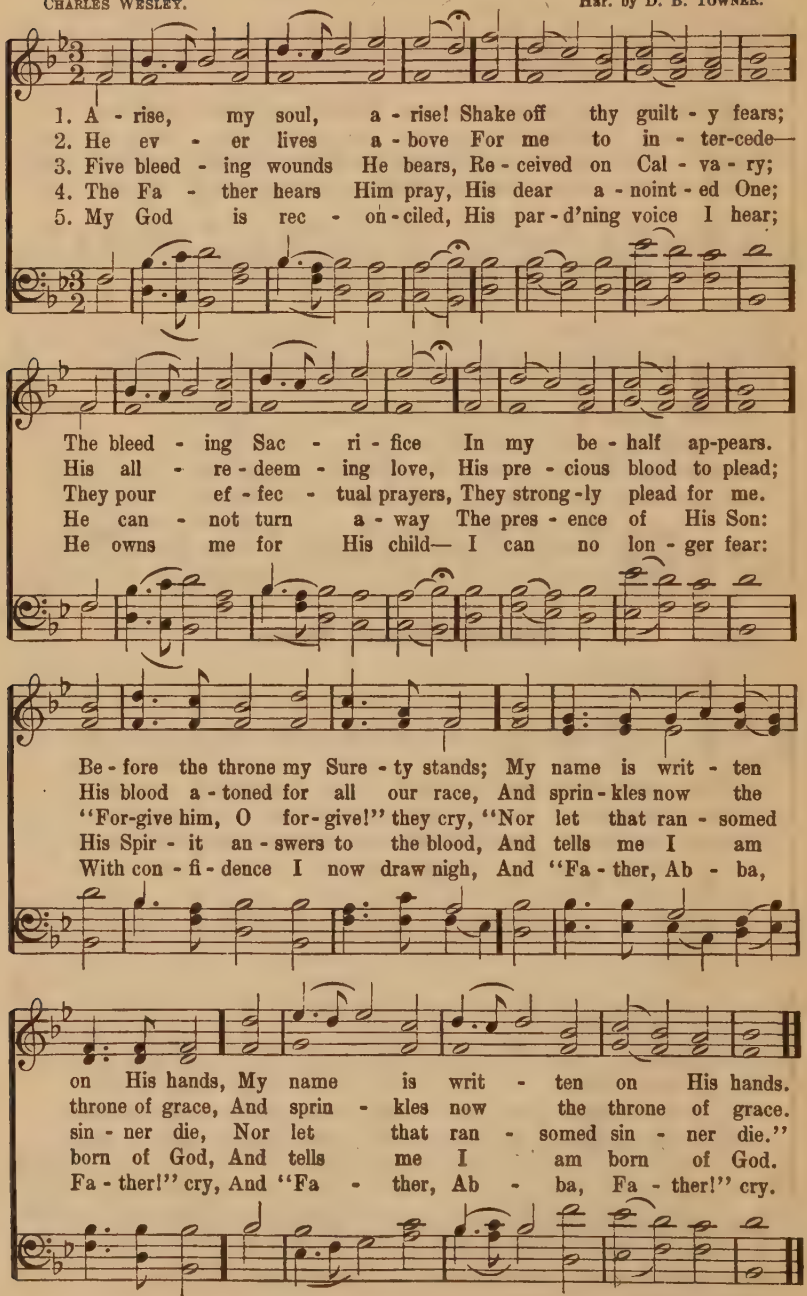
CHARLES WESLEY. Har. by D. B. TOWNER.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter-cede—
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled, His par - d'ning voice I hear;
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears.
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me.
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
He owns me for His child— I can no lon - ger fear:
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the
"For-give him, O for - give!" they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba,
on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
Fa - ther!" cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

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